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THE POURTRAYTURE OF Eua
Fliegen the Miraculous
Maide that liued at Meurs in cleueland without Food: anno
'Twas I that pray'd I neuer might eate more
(Cause my stepmother grutched mee my food):
Whether on flowers I fed; as I had store:
Or on a dew, that euery morinng stood
Like honey on my lips, full seauenteene years
This is a truth, if you the truth will heare.

'A maide . . . *of Meurs* . . . that hath not taken any foode this 16 yeares.'—*From a contemporary print. A variant of No. X: see p.* 55. 'Whether' = 'Wherefor'

THE SHIRBURN BALLADS

1585—1616

EDITED FROM THE MS

BY

ANDREW CLARK

HONORARY FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1907

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ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM BLACK-LETTER COPIES

P. 12. When he in prison lay full poore: I [3] 1.

A person looks in through the prison-bars to the cell in which a prisoner is fettered: Wood 401, f. 144. The engraver was so accustomed to put tufts of grass at the feet of his figures that he could not leave bare the floor of the prison.

P. 20. A gentleman he was of courage bould: II [3] 1.

The gallant: from the Black-letter copy of this ballad in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 204 (olim 315). In Wood 401, f. 89^{v}, the figure is very dim and faces the other way.

P. 23. The man of death his part did playe: II [22] 1.

Execution scene: from the Black-letter copy of this ballad: 4to Rawl. 566, f. 204 (olim 315); Wood 401, f. 90.

P. 25. Good people all, repent with speede: III [1] 1.

'The sign of the son of man,' a favourite heading in day-of-judgement ballads: from the Black-letter copy of No. VI in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 162 (olim 260).

P. 36. The Lord thy God is comminge: VI [1] 5.

Another block on same subject as preceding, but with the face looking to right, not to left. Prefixed to a 1652 Black-letter copy of this ballad in Wood 401, f. 159^{v}.

P. 40. Consider death must ende our dayes: VII [1] 2.

Death, as slayer by dart and consigner to the sexton's spade, is followed by Time, with hour-glass and scythe. From a Black-letter copy of the ballad on the pestilence at the Oxford Assizes in July, 1577: 4to Rawl. 566, f. 203 (olim 314). The engraver's inexpertness is seen by the difficulty he experienced with Time's forelock and Death's nether jaw.

P. 43. That finallye we may possesse
the heavenly ioyes most bright: VIII [28] 3, 4.

A Christian tramples Death (represented by scull and cross-bones) under foot, in reliance on the heavenly promise. In the background, beyond the Thames, are the Tower and Westminster Abbey: from a Black-letter A.B.C. ballad in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 99 (olim 178).

P. 50. Who viewes the lyfe of mortall men: IX [1] 1.

An example of the combination of several small blocks. On the left a soldier, between two imprints of a lady; underneath, a skeleton, betokening that beauty and valour alike descend to the grave. On the right the same topic is worked out by classical imagery, Death with fatal dart driving before him Mars and Venus. From 'A Looking Glass for a Christian Family' in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 31 (olim 69).

P. 60. Angels they syng 'behould the kinge!' XI [6] 5.

Virgin and child, and 'angels' with palm-branches: from the Black-letter copy of this ballad in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 156 (olim 253).

Illustrations from Black-letter copies

P. 72. The Devill, in Frier's weed, appeard to me: XV [5] 1.

Faustus, his book of conjuring, and the fiend he has called up. From the Black-letter copy of this ballad in Wood 401, f. 53^{v}. The engraver has forgotten, or felt himself unable, to array the fiend in a friar's gown. The second block gives the engraver's idea of scholastic dress.

P. 76. From whence rose vp three ghostly shapes: XVI [7] 7.

From second column of a 'very godly song' in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 181, which the 'clerk of Bodnam made upon his Death-Bed.'

P. 81. Therefore, i'le neuer wooe her more: XVII [1] 8.

From the Black-letter, 'The Resolved Lover': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 118 (olim 201).

P. 88. I that haue oft on the Sea beene in danger: XX [4] 1.

A sea-fight. The swimming figures, who have all retained their hats, suggest that several ships have sunk. The cross of St. George flies bravely at the tops of the chief English ship. From 'a dainty new Ditty of a Saylor and his Love', 4to Rawl. 566, f. 32 (olim 70).

P. 91. A whiffe of your *Trinidado*: XXI [15] 1.

Tavern-scene from 4to Rawl. 566, f. 155 (olim 251). One man standing, glass in hand, seems to be trolling out a song; and one of those seated, to be taking up the chorus. A third is smoking. The woman is pushing forward a back-gammon board. The drawer brings foaming tankards.

P. 96. Into his mouth he thrust it long: XXIII [25] 3.

From the Black-letter copy of this ballad: Wood 402, f. 22^{v}. The engraver is careless as to the details in the ballad. The lance is not thrust into the vulnerable mouth, but through the neck. Sabra is not seemly attired, as in stanza 18; the engraver probably copied an old engraving in Ariosto.

P. 116. Vnto my mill I praye yow range: XXIX [9] 3.

Mill, maid, miller, and miller's man: from 'Merry Tom of all Trades' in 4to Rawl. 566, f. 186 (olim 291).

P. 134. It had two faces strange: XXXIII [10] 5.

The monster, with ruff, birch, mirror, and roses on insteps: from the Black-letter copy of this ballad, Wood 401, f. 157^{v}

P. 140. And there I playd at dice: XXXIV [18] 2.

Dicing in a tavern: from a Black-letter ballad, Wood 401, f. 178, which Anthony Wood bought 'In the beginning of March 1661[–2].'

P. 146. I'le leave the world, and seeke a grave: XXXV [12] 6.

Emblems of mortality: from the Black-letter, 'The woful complaint ... of a forsaken Lover': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 175 (olim 280).

P. 159. And hangèd for the fact: XXVIII [11] 8.

An execution scene, showing the ladder which gave the drop when pulled away, and the mode of tying the noose: Wood 401, f. 143^{v}.

P. 164. The earth did open immediatelye: XXXIX [14] 3.

This is a favourite cut, balladists vying with each other to supply incidents in which evil-doers were swallowed up quick. From 'A wonderful example of God's justice', Wood 401, f. 98.

P. 179. The Noblest Queene that ever was seene: XLII [1] 4, 5.

From 4to Rawl. 566, f. 171 (olim 272).

Illustrations from Black-letter copies

P. 182. Thus, with my bell and Lanthorn: XLIII [13] 1.

The bellman: from Black-letter copy of 'Awake, Awake, oh England!' (No. VI): Wood 401, f. 160.

P. 186. Abroad let vs be walking: XLIV [1] 2.

From 4to Rawl. 566, f. 96 (olim 175): a favourite cut at the top of amatory ditties.

P. 192. The king a daughter had: XLVI [1] 5.

From Wood 401, f. 119^{v}. A medallion of Henri, duc d'Anjou (Elizabeth's suitor, Nov. 1570; crowned King of Poland, Feb. 24, 1573–4; crowned King of France as Henri III, Feb. 13, 1574–5; assassinated, Aug. 2, 1589), is made to do duty as a portrait of the legendary king. The picture of the princess was obtained by taking half of the block on p. 81, and in doing so the face was damaged.

P. 197. A Prince of England came: XLVI [1] 9.

From Wood 401, f. 120. The black mark on the horse's head is a drop of ink which was let fall when the volume was foliated.

P. 200. But I was borne, with shame to dye: XLVII [15] 3.

A military execution: from a Black-letter ballad, of date 1635–6, in Wood 401, f. 130. The second block may stand for London or any other town.

P. 212. Goe, pine thyselfe; repent, and dye: L [10] 4.

Death's summons by fatal dart, and ringing the passing knell. From a Black-letter ballad, '*Hubert's* Ghost': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 194 (olim 302).

P. 216. Thus they went all along vnto the miller's howse: LI [7] 1.

From 'King Edward the fourth and a tanner of Tamworth' Black-letter: Wood 401, f. 43^{v}.

P. 223. Tyll we two meete again: LIII [8] 8.

From a Black-letter, 'The Lovers Final Farwel': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 147 (olim 241).

P. 241. My walles are battered downe: LX [2] 9.

From the Black-letter ballad, 'Shrowsbvry for me': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 26 (olim 61). Siege of a town: in front besieger's battery of eight guns, each with a man and a linstock, firing across moat. To our right hand, in a blur, an assailing column charging over the bridge; in background, smoke from burning houses.

P. 273. Then once more did they sally foorth: LXVII [13] 5.

Siege-piece, from a Black-letter ballad of 1640: Wood 401, f. 133^{v}. In foreground the besiegers are withdrawing their guns and ammunition-wagons, fleeing from a strong column of pikemen, which has crossed the moat by the bridge. In Wood 401, f. 131^{v}, the blank spaces are filled up by the words *Newcastle* (in background), *Scots* (by the wagon), *English* (at pikeman's foot).

P. 277. To mighty *Carthage* walles was brought: LXVIII [2] 4.

From the illustrations to this ballad in Wood 402, f. 2^{v}. Two English men-of-war, with St. George's cross at their tips, firing off guns, do duty for the Trojan fleet. Polonius himself might find it too great a demand on his courtliness to pronounce the wallowing monster in the foreground 'very like a whale', for which the engraver intended it. The second block represents Aeneas, sword in belt and feather in cap, coming to Dido, seated in a chair of state, outside the towers of Carthage.

Illustrations from Black-letter copies

P. 279. Which vnto thee such welcome made: LXVIII [15] 4.

Gallant, with sword; lady, with fan, ruff, and flaunting feather; stock pieces as headings of amatory ditties: e. g. to the second part of this ballad, Wood 402, f. 3. From inability to treat the gallant's right-foot spur the engraver has twisted it round in a most awkward way.

P. 297. On me she lookt askance: LXXIII [2] 10.

The bashful shepherd, with crook (broken in this cut) and bag, averts his face. She has fan in left hand, and warns him off with uplifted right hand. Her heels suggest 'the altitude of a chopine' (*Hamlet*, ii. 2. 445). Heading of the Black-letter 'The Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 164 (olim 262). The top-corner emblems suggest an April day, alternate sun and shower.

P. 302. Send then some faythfull one to me: LXXIV [18] 5.

Lady and Suitor. From the Black-letter, 'The Lovely London Lass, long lamenting for a husband': 4to Rawl. 566, f. 50 (olim 101). The lady seems to be trying 'loves me, loves me not,' while blowing off the down from some thistleheads. To provide for continuance of the game she has ready to her hand an additional bundle which looks something like a wheatsheaf.

P. 323. The auncient fight of *England*: LXXVIII [11] 4.

From a Black-letter Robin Hood ballad: Wood 402, f. 10.

P. 325. The Pikemen there, like souldiers good: LXXVIII [8] 1.

Pikemen and musketeers, from 'John Armstrong's last good night', Wood 401, f. 94. In front a sergeant, followed by twelve musketeers, marching three abreast. Each has musket sloped over left shoulder, and carries the rest (to lean it on when kneeling to fire) in right hand as a walking-stick. From bandoleers strapped across the shoulders hang powder-flask, bullet-bag, and match-bag. Each wears a sword. The defensive armour is the plain morion. Behind a drummer walk pikemen, with long pike on left shoulder, with morion on head, and plate-armour on breast. Behind are a captain (with a most monstrous halbert) and an 'insygne-bearer' with flag (cross of St. George on a canton, stripes of different colours). The musketeers in background have musket on right shoulder, rest in left hand, probably only because the engraver was not equal to drawing them with musket on left shoulder and rest in right hand.

P. 328. And yeeldes my selfe vnto the blowe: LXXIX [8] 4.

Beheading of the earl of Essex: heading to Wood 401, f. 75^{v}, 'Sweet England's pride is gone.' It will be noticed that the victim is lying face downwards, at full length, on the scaffolding, with throat on the block. The stroke of the axe has caused the severed head to roll round and it is now lying on its right ear. The engraver has not studied uniformity in the halberts of the guard. Nor has he succeeded in giving the headsman a good grip of the axe-haft. Later this block was freely used to illustrate the beheading of Charles I: e. g. Wood 401, f. 145^{v}.

FACSIMILES OF THE MUSIC NOTES IN THE MS.

1. Fol. 187^{v}, 188 . . . . . *to face page* 186
2. Fol. 212^{v}, 213 . . . . . „ „ 236
3. Fol. 216^{v}, 217 . . . . . „ „ 246
4. Fol. 229^{v}, 230 . . . . . „ „ 272

THE SHIRBURN BALLADS

INTRODUCTION

Description of the MS. The MS., the contents of which are now made public, is one of the treasures of the Earl of Macclesfield's noble library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire; shelf-mark, Shirburn North Library 119 D 44. The warmest thanks of lovers of English letters are due to Lord Macclesfield's Trustees for generosity in granting permission to publish this MS. and for facilities afforded for transcription and collation. The MS. is a neat paper volume, closely written on both sides of the leaf, each leaf $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches. With the binding (by Hatton, Manchester, 1860), the book is $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. It now contains 162 leaves, marked by an old hand 98–112, 113[a], 113[b], 114–183, 184[a], 184[b], 185–257. Since foliation the volume has thus lost its first 97 leaves. It had suffered mutilation previous to foliation, a leaf or leaves being wanting between 122, 123; 145, 146; 213, 214. When the library was catalogued by Edward Edwards in 1860 the volume no doubt required the re-binding which it then received; but it is to be regretted that he made no note of its then condition and outward marks of provenance. The internal evidence as to its history is as follows. The MS. is wrongly made up. The second part, from fol. 184 b, both by handwriting and contents, must be the earlier portion. It begins with No. XLII, whose date is November, 1600, and contains no piece later than April, 1603 (No. LXXVII). I take it that these leaves were written by one person at intervals between 1600 and 1603, the handwriting varying slightly according to the quill and the ink used. In consonance with this conclusion are the facts that this portion contains, with two exceptions (Nos. IV, XXIX), all the coarser pieces, and that in it are found also the four places in which the music is given. Second in order of time, I put the present first part of the MS., fols. 98–184 a. In this come all the ballads which are later than the accession of James I, the latest being October, 1616 (No. XIV). Here also are all the graver ballads, natural to more advanced life. The handwriting is a very good Elizabethan-formed hand, using for the most part English and not Roman letters. It is that of a well-educated person. The signature Edwarde Hull is written, in this hand, at foot of leaf 155, and may be the name of the transcriber. I have called this 'the second hand', for reasons of time, but imagine that it is the same hand as

that which wrote the portion already described, only resuming after an interval of years. I regard these leaves as written at intervals between 1609 and 1616. In this portion of the MS. a few pieces are written in a third hand. This is of a later formation, approximating to the Roman letters of the later Stuart period. From the fact that the pages have been ruled for it, in pencil or ink, and from its frequent clerical errors, this hand may be inferred to be that of a lad, imperfectly educated, set to relieve an older man, his relative or teacher. The second hand has in places amended the slips of this third hand.

Throughout the MS. it is plain that the ballads are copied from printed exemplars. Thus, the copyist constantly changes his writing from English characters to Roman where the printed copies would make the same change, as in proper names, refrains, and the like. Interesting problems, but impossible to solve, are (i) to determine why the copyist set himself to write out so much printed matter, and (ii) whence he got the necessary Broadsides. Several possibilities suggest themselves. He may have borrowed Black-letter sheets from a wide circle of friends; or he may have rented a house whose owner had papered the walls with them. It will be remembered that at Gloucester, in 1635, John Aubrey (*Brief Lives*, ii. 249) saw the engraved description of Sir Philip Sidney's funeral doing duty as a chimney-piece.

Later owners have made various scribbles in the MS. in somewhat illiterate late seventeenth- or early eighteenth-century hands. On fol. 205^{v} is 'Thomas Sturgies is the right Oner of this booke in t[he] name of the father and of the sone'. 'Thomas Sturgis' occurs also on fol. 234; and 'Edward Sturgis' on fols. 121, 162, 215^{v}, 234. 'William Halford' comes on fol. 161^{v}; 'Richard Halford,' fol. 162; 'Thomas Manton,' fols. 137, 162; 'Richard Manton,' fol. 162.

Aim of this edition. This edition, being a special edition for students of Elizabethan letters and social conditions, exhibits the actual text of the MS. in its present order, with the minimum of change or omission. The punctuation, which in the MS. is haphazard (mostly a comma or colon at the end of each line) and misleading, has been amended. Ordinary contractions, e.g. *&*, *y^{e}*, and the like, have been expanded, as non-significant. The spelling, however, of the MS. has been rigidly followed, as also the varying use of *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*. The use of capitals or small letters in the body of the text follows that of the MS., and the use of capitals or small letters at the beginning of lines follows the general practice of the MS., only somewhat reduced to rule. Occasionally, dropt letters, syllables, and words have been supplied in square brackets. Many obvious errors of the MS. have been allowed

to stand in the text, but they are amended in the footnotes. The types used suggest the difference of type in the Broadside originals, where English letters supply the body of the text, and Roman letters perform the function of our Italics in headlines, refrains, and proper names.

In almost every text of this period the questions of softening offensive words and omitting offensive matter present themselves importunately. In these respects I have bowed to the direction of weighty authorities, and, in this special edition, left the text practically untouched. Some of the pieces, which are rankest in themselves, yet throw much light on various social questions hinted at in Shakespeare's plays and explain many of their covert allusions. All of them are eloquent as to the baseness of popular taste in Shakespeare's time.

Just before undertaking to issue these ballads, I had, by the extreme kindness of the Corporation, full access to the hitherto uncalendared and unsearched miscellaneous papers of the Essex borough of Maldon. These have supplied a number of notes, illustrative of the social conditions here alluded to. These notes not only emphasize the historical accuracy of the ballads, but (coming from one source) suggest that the incidents recorded in them were of everyday occurrence.

Early printed ballads. The form taken by ballads was peculiarly suitable to the limitations of the art of printing in its infancy. A ballad occupied a single page, and so was printed on one side only of a folio sheet. It could thus be set up, and struck off, by an inexperienced workman, with a rude machine. A slightly later plan, securing safer locking of the *forme* for the press as well as greater handiness of the final issue, was to place two quarto pages of type sideways in the folio-size *forme*, so that, when struck off, the two pages lay alongside of each other, allowing the folio sheet to be folded in the middle. From occupying only one side of the sheet, ballads are called Broadsides or Singlesheets. The type used was that now called English, corresponding closely to that which has continued in use in Germany ; hence these ballads are also known as Black-letter ballads. Long after the adoption of Roman letters, this English fount continued in use for two purposes only—for ballads, and for the decrees of various crown-offices issued by the king's printers. To cut down compositors' expenses, and to attract customers' eyes, recourse was had, at a very early date, to rude wooden blocks, which supplied an engraving or set of engravings for the top of one or both of the quarto pages, thus greatly reducing the amount of printed matter on the sheet.

The earliest printed ballad extant is said to be of the year 1513. The evidence shows that, from the first, there was a large

and steady demand for printed ballads. In academic Oxford in 1520 the Dutchman John Dorne (F. Madan in Oxford Historical Society's *Collectanea*, vol. i) sold from his book-booth 196 ballads (broadsides, no doubt) at the price of ½*d.* each, but making an allowance when a bundle was taken, e.g. giving, on occasion, 7 'balets' for 3*d.*; 12 for 5*d.*; 13 for 6*d.*; 23 for 10*d.*

Most of these early issues have, of course, perished as to their then form, but several are well known in reprints, e.g. 'The Not-brone Mayd' (O. H. S. *Coll.* i. 87), 'Roben Hod' (i. 79), and our own No. XXXVII, 'The fryre end boy' (ii. 459).

Later collections of ballads. Of the ballads which were put out by the Black-letter press from say 1650 to 1680, large collections were made by connoisseurs, who had foresight to perceive that these perishable sheets would in time outweigh in interest and value the ponderous folios and quartos of contemporary law, medicine, and divinity. Two collectors stand out head and shoulders above the rest, as the St. Christophers of ballad-literature, Samuel Pepys and Anthony Wood. Pepys' collection, in five volumes, rests in the safe quarters which he provided for his books in his own college, Magdalene College, Cambridge. Wood's collection, partly in bound volumes, partly in loose bundles, was long in attaining the security of the Bodleian at Oxford, and reached it only after most serious loss. According to William Chappell's count (*Roxburghe Ballads*, i. p. vii) Pepys has 1376 Black-letter ballads; Wood only 279. But, in critically estimating the personal labours of the two collectors, we ought to deduct from Pepys the John Selden collection which he acquired as a whole (*Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. p. xxxviii); and large additions, more than doubling or even trebling Wood's total, must be made from ballads which ought to be, but are no longer, in the Wood collection. Robert Harley (d. 1724), first earl of Oxford, brought together two thick volumes of Black-letter ballads (now vols. i and ii of the Roxburghe collection in British Museum Library). Harley's binder has taken advantage of their being printed on one side of the sheet to paste these ballads into folio volumes, a form convenient for preservation and reference, but destructive of their original appearance. By cutting off the margins he has removed nearly all marks of provenance. In vol. i, however, some traces of paging, in Wood's handwriting, remain on the clipt edges, which show that part at least of the ballads came from Wood's collection. In vol. ii the clipping of the edges is more complete, and is suggestive of a wish to destroy damaging evidence of 'conveyance'. The same is true of the ballads collected for himself by Harley's caterer, John Bagford (d. 1716),

which are now Bagford Ballads, three volumes, in the British Museum Library. The closely pared edges, from which every shred of margin has been removed, have a guilty look. To the original Harleian volumes, John Ker (d. 1804), third duke of Roxburghe, added a bulky third volume. His Grace's binder was more tender of margins, and (from lapse of time) was under no apprehension of the cry of 'Stop thief!' He has not, therefore, been careful to remove marks of provenance; and from these we can safely conclude that all the ballads in Roxburghe collection, vol. iii, pp. 10–263, came by stealth from Wood's collection. These marks are (i) pages noted in Wood's handwriting when he had the ballads bound in a volume, ranging from p. 7 (iii. 159) to p. 375 (ib. 241); (ii) notes by Wood, giving dates of his acquisition of the ballads (1662–3, iii. 253; 1681, ib. 245); and (iii) notes by Wood, explaining the sequence of the ballads in his bound volume (iii. 237, 262, 269). When Wood's collection was catalogued in the Ashmolean Museum about 1710, it had a large volume of Black-letter ballads (Wood 400), which was missing when the collection was recatalogued in 1837. It is satisfactory to know that most, at least, of its contents have only migrated to Roxb. Coll. iii, and not perished utterly. I am also suspicious, from the old paging, that the volume, now 4to Rawlinson 566, once containing 339 Black-letter ballads, of which now remain 217, with the edges where others have been torn out, is also by origin a Wood volume. Rawlinson's caterers are known, in other cases, to have procured for their patron papers and MSS. from 'Mr. Wood's Study' in the ill-guarded Ashmolean.

These, and other collections, have made privileged students, who have had access to them, familiar with the issues of the London Black-letter press—their rough woodcuts, their worn-out type, their abundant misprints. A wider circle, perhaps, will make acquaintance with their character through the facsimiles given in this edition.

Dr. Thomas Plume, vicar of Greenwich, heard, about 1663, and recorded in his note-book (MS. at Maldon), a pretty anecdote, illustrative of the zest with which an earlier generation of ballad collectors had pursued their quest. In 1641, as an act of conciliation towards the Calvinists in the Church, Charles I nominated their leader, John Prideaux, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, to the see of Worcester. When Prideaux went to be installed, a Worcestershire gentleman, who attended the ceremony, ended his speech of welcome with the sentence: 'Lend me what ballads you have, and I will let *you* see what I have: I know you to love all such things.'

Recently the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth, M.A.,

St. John's College, Cambridge, F.S.A., poet, musician, engraver, in his monumental editions of the *Bagford Ballads* and the *Roxburghe Ballads* for the Ballad Society (instituted 1868), has conquered this whole province of English letters; and, by corrected texts, collation of different copies, reproductions of woodcuts, identifications of tunes, and full indexes, has made it for ever accessible to students.

Relation of the Shirburn MS. to the printed collections. Although a veritable Saul among Davids, and possessed of only eight tens of ballads, as against the many hundreds of the great collections, the Shirburn set has several features of unique interest. It has preserved a number of pieces, of no slight value, which, certainly, are not found in the great collections; and which, possibly, are found nowhere else. Further, it bridges over the gap between early ballads and post-Restoration ballads, and shows that many of the ordinary issues of the Black-letter press of Charles II's and James II's reigns had been in common circulation under Elizabeth and James I. It also opens up an inviting field of textual criticism, furnishing earlier, and often better, texts than the printed copies; but sometimes carrying back obvious corruptions, destructive alike of rhyme and reason, for a period of eighty years. Far-reaching textual conclusions may thus be drawn, not without bearing on the condition of the text of the great Elizabethans. It is, above all, a singularly representative collection, embracing ballads of almost every type in circulation, and so presenting us with just the library which was found in most English households in Shakespeare's time. The one exception, a striking one, is the Robin Hood ballad, which is quite unrepresented. A set of these may well have been in the missing ninety-seven leaves.

Distribution of ballads. The ballads were sold in bundles by the printer to wandering minstrels, who sang them at markets and fairs to recommend them to the public, teaching purchasers the tunes. For success as a ballad-monger a wheedling manner was requisite, with discernment of character to press, on possible buyers, just the sort of verses they wanted, and by just the arguments which appealed to them; but, above all, a good voice was needed. In 1611 Shakespeare, in Autolycus (*A Winter's Tale*, Act iv, Scene 3), depicted the man and his manners. It so happens that we have in real people of the time the very persons who might have sat for this portrait. At Maldon, 1594, the Town-clerk's list of persons disaffected towards the Puritan magistracy includes 'Thomas Spickernell[1], somtyme apprentice to a bookebynder; after, a vagrant pedler; then, a ballett singer and seller; and

[1] Alternative spelling 'Spigurnell'; an old Maldon stock.

now, a minister[1] and alehouse-keeper in Maldon'. In John Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, i. 184, we have this vivid portrait of Richard Corbet, M.A. 1605, D.D. 1617 :—

'After he was Doctor of Divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon on a market-day. He and some of his camerades were at the taverne. The ballad singer complaynd, *he had no custome, he could not putt off his ballades.* The jolly Doctor putts off his gowne, and putts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket ; and being a handsome man, and had a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.' Put together Spigurnell and Corbet; *voilà* Autolycus!

Contents of the ballads. The roughest classification of these ballads shows the important place they occupied in the intellectual life of the nation.

They served, for one thing, as a weekly newspaper. The farmer and his man heard, in the market, the ballad-singer proclaiming the events of the day, great battle abroad, damage by thunderstorm, execution of a noted highwayman, dreadful murder, sad accident, and the like; and bought, and took home to farm-house and cottage, the broad-sheet which promised a true and particular account of the event. Thus, we have notices of the Earl of Bedford's death, 1585, No. LXII; the Spanish sack of Calais, 1596, No. LX ; Essex's Irish campaign, 1599, LXXVIII ; Elizabeth's anniversary, 1600, XLII ; in 1601, a triple record, the execution of Essex, LXXIX, the campaign in the Netherlands, LXVII, and the Spanish invasion of Ireland, XXXI ; and, in 1603, the accession of James I, LXXVII. The Norwich thunderstorm of 1601 comes in No. XLVIII. Highwaymen figure in Nos. XXXII (1597) and II (after 1603). Murderers come in XXV, XXVI, XXVII. A drowning accident (1616) is described and declaimed on in No. XIV.

Secondly, the ballads represent modern fiction, in something of its variety of interest and diversity of source. Thus, we have novels of domestic life, some professedly of English origin (Nos. I, XLIX, LXIV), others (as No. LXXI) based on those Italian *novelle*, from which the Elizabethan dramatists chiefly derived their plots. Nos. XLVI, LI, LXXVI have a sort of historical setting, and anticipate in a way the historical novel. Of romance, pure and simple, we have examples drawn from Teutonic fairy-tale (XV, XXXVII), from church legend (XXIII), and from classical story, filtered through Italian *novelle* (LV, LXVIII).

Thirdly, the ballads discharged the functions of the modern pulpit. Parson might be a 'homilist', like Thomas Hobbes's

[1] Of what sect ?

father (Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, i. 323), and not preach; or a pedant, quoting Greek and Hebrew; or a drone, who sent men to sleep; but, in Saturday's market, any staid householder could buy a sermon in verse, to be sung, or recited, at whatever 'good exercise' (No. IX, stanza 10) he used in his household on Sunday evening. These religious pieces differ widely in type and in merit. Nos. XI, XII, XXIV, XLI are expository of Scripture; Nos. XVIII, XL are devotional pieces. In both sets direct contact with the very words of Scripture gives a depth of feeling and a wealth of thoughtful expression, which invest them with a greater dignity than they might otherwise have attained, a feature not unknown in modern hymnals. Nos. III, VII, XXXVI are high musings on the vanity of life and the certainty of judgement, in the tone of, and not unworthy comparison with, Edmund Spenser's *Small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie* and the earlier Spanish *Coplas* of Don Jorge Manrique (Englisht by H. W. Longfellow). With these may be placed Nos. XXVIII and LIX, similar musings, inspired by Stoic philosophy rather than by Christianity, and so comparable to Francis Bacon's *The World's a Bubble*. Nos. V, VI, VIII, IX, XLIII, LXIII are hortatory sermons, not altogether devoid of truth or force or music. Several pieces, however, are wretched exaggerations by way of 'improving' special occasions (such as monstrous births, executions, pestilence), or are mere canting fictions. From these, melody and truth have jointly fled. Of this sort are X, XVI, XXXIII, XXXVIII, XXXIX, XLVII, XLIX, LXXII. The stage is not much in evidence and little in favour in these ballads. No. XXV, stanza 7, mentions the play-house in a list of demoralizing agencies. No. LXI, however, is a dramatic sketch of interest and merit. Two social questions are treated with much wit and spirit, the ecclesiastical courts (LXXV) and temperance (XXXIV). The remaining ballads relate to the perennial topics of wooing and marriage, conviviality and funerals, often sinking into doggerel. A few, however, have that bird-like melody of the lyrics in Shakespeare's plays, which Milton possibly had in his thoughts when he pictured him as 'warbling his native wood-notes wild'. It is a singular ethical fact, and one much to the front in these ballads, that, while this gift of melody vanishes at the least intrusion of pharisaical preaching, it often remains where the ideas have sunk to mere filth.

Dated ballads. Of the eighty ballads contained in the MS., twenty-eight possess in themselves, either in statement or in allusion, fairly definite dates. In order of time, these run:—

I. ELIZABETHAN—15.

25 July 1585, No. LXII. Apr. 1596, LX. 3 Dec. 1597, XXXII. 23 Apr. 1599, LXXVIII. 8 Sept. 1600, XLVII. 17 Nov. 1600, XLII. 25 Feb. 1600–1, LXXIX. 29 Apr. 1601, XLVIII. 31 July 1601. LXVII. 1601[1], XXVI, XXVII. 9 Jan. 1601–2, XXXI. 16 March 1601–2, LXXII. Before 25 March 1603, XLIII, LVIII.

II. JACOBEAN—13.

April 1603, No. LXXVII. After James I's accession, Nos. I[2], II, III, VII, VIII, XXXVI. 1609, XXXIII. 25 Dec. 1612, XXXVIII. Feb. 1612–13, X. 1614, IX. 20 Sept. 1616, XVI. 15 Oct. 1616, XIV.

In the undated pieces, I can find nothing suggestive of a later date than 1616; and I think they may be divided between the two reigns in something like the above proportion.

Re-dating of ballads. The printers of ballads brought their successive issues up to date by silently altering the dates and other marks of time. Thus, the same ballads which had appeared in Elizabeth's reign with a parting prayer for 'our Queen', go on appearing in James I's reign, with the style changed to 'our King'. This renders it a difficult task to pronounce as to the actual date, or the historical accuracy, of many ballads. Nos. XXVI, XXVII are cases in point. Taking the date, 1601, as unhesitatingly assigned in the MS. to the quadruple execution I caused the burial registers of Barnstaple to be searched for the years 1600 to 1602. Finding no reference to George Strangwidge or Eulalia Page there, I was inclined to regard the story as mere romance. I afterwards found that the ballads had already appeared in 1591, and that the date 1601 was a figment of the printer to make his reprint appear a new issue. Mr. C. E. Doble then supplied me with the exact reference.

Place-names. Printed ballads frequently have attributions of town or county intended to commend them to special audiences by local interest. These Shirburn ballads are somewhat singular, in being mostly of a general type; but a few local names occur. London is naturally the most frequent: Nos. I, V, XIV, XXI, XXII, XXV, XLVII. Others are:—Barnstaple, XXVI; Coventry, XXIII; Kendal, II; Lichfield, LXXV; Manchester, XXIX; Margate, LXIV; Norwich, XLVIII; Nottinghamshire, LI, LXXVI; Worcester, L; York, XL. No. XXXII revels in place-names, from Devonshire to Essex.

[1] But reprints from 1591.

[2] But a reprint from 1597.

SHIRBURN BALLADS

No. 1

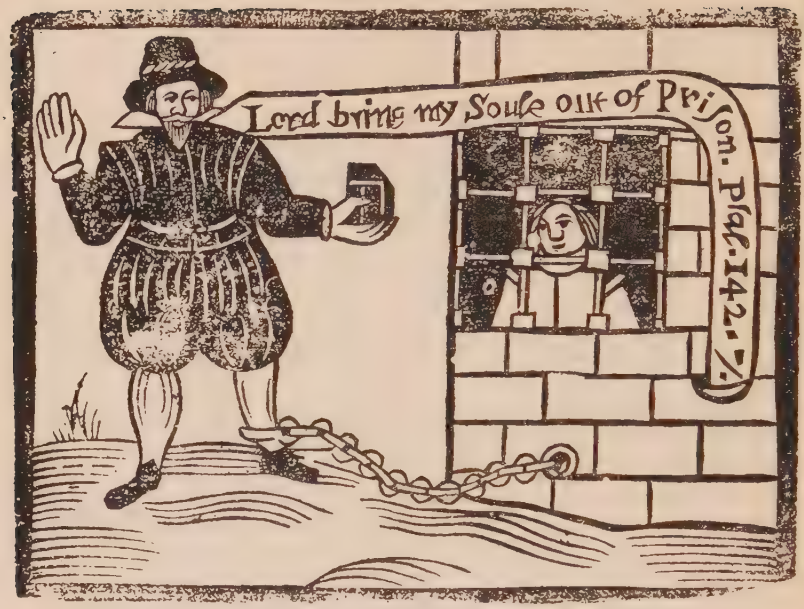
Of the kind widow of Watling Street

Fol. 98; with second part on fol. 100v. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 8, from several later Black-letter exemplars. The ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall, 15 August, 1597; but the present text, from the mention of James I in stanzas 23 and 40, is later than 1602–3. In 1607 was printed a comedy 'The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling-streete, . . . Written by W. S.', initials expanded in later issues, by the impudence of the booksellers, to William Shakespeare. The plot is altogether different from the ballad, but the *personae* are the same in both—a rich widow, three daughters, and a prodigal son.

Watling Street is still found in the map of London. It leads eastwards from St. Paul's Churchyard, north of, and parallel to, Cannon Street.

The statement (stanza 16) of the 'Custom of London' shows that the writer had only an indistinct knowledge of the facts. That custom (R. R. Sharpe's Introduction, p. xxxiii, to vol. i of *Calendar of Hustings Wills, London*, 1889) required that a freeman of London must leave one-third of his personalty (movables) to his widow, and one-third to his children, but might dispose of the remaining third at his pleasure. By ordinary law, prevalent in London (I assume) as elsewhere, the widow would be entitled also to life-rent of one-third of the real property. This is not alluded to in the ballad: but a novelist's law must not be examined too narrowly.

The appeal (stanzas 19 and 23) to the Lords of the Privy Council, in a matter within the province of the law courts, seems strange to us, but is historically correct. The Council, at the date of the ballad, exercised indefinite judicial functions, to which litigants had recourse by petition, ignoring the courts of law. About 1600 there was a dispute at Maldon, between the corporation and John Cade, about some new buildings at Cade's wharf, which the corporation regarded as encroaching on town-land. Cade went straight to the Privy Council, and accused the corporation of 'trespass against him in his wharffs and wharfages'. Maldon authorities had to defend themselves before the Council in London, where their charges were £5. The Council decided in their favour, and Cade was 'greatly rebuked as a troublesome fellow'.



The first part of the widow of *watling streete* and her 3 daughters, and how her wicked sonne accused her for a harlot, and his sisters bastards, etc.

To the tune of *Bragandary*.

[1]

Of the kind widow of *watlinge streete*
I will the story tell,
Who by her husband deere was left
in substance rich and well.
A prodigall sonne likewise had shee,
and fayre young daughters louely three.
Great misery, sorrow and misery,
commeth for want of grace.

Title] The 'etc.' of the MS. replaces 'only to deprive them of their portions' of the B.-L. copy.
[1] 7 Refrain to follow each stanza.

[2]

For, by his dayly practises,
which were both lewde and ill,
His father's hart from him was drawne,
his loue, and his goodwill.
But yet, what chaunce so ere befell,
his mother loued him dearely and well.

[3]

When he in prison lay full poore
for debt which he did owe,
His father would not styrr out of doore
for to release his woe.
But, when his mother his greefe did see
she found the meanes to sett him free.

[4]

And, when her husband fell full sicke,
and went to make his will,
'O husband, remember your sonne,' she said,
'although he hath beene ill.
'But yet, noe doubt, he may returne,
'repentinge the evill that he hath done.'

[5]

'Remember, wife, that sorrow and care
'through him I dayly found,
'Who, through his lewd vngratious deeds,
'hath spent me many a pound.
'And therefore, let him sinke or swimme,
'I meane not for to deale with him ;

[6]

'And, therefor, sole Executor heere
'I doe thee only make,
'To pay the debts and legasyes :
'the rest vnto thee take.'
'Not soe, my husband deare,' quoth shee
'but let my sonne be ioynde with me :

[7]

'For why ? he is our child,' shee said,
'we can it not denye,
'The first that ever gracèd yow
'with father's dignitye.
'Or, yf that ever yow did me love,
'graunt this request for his behove.

[7] 5. Or] *read* Oh.

[8]

'Thy love, deare wife, was evermore
'most precious vnto me;
'And therefore, for thy sweete love's sake,
'I grant thy suyt to thee.
'But, ere the yeare be fully spent,
'I know thow wilt the same repent.'

[9]

Now was the sonne receiuèd home,
and, with his mother deare,
Was ioynd Executor of the will,
which did his courage cheere.
The old man, dyinge, buried was:
but now, behould, what came to passe.

[10]

The funerall being ended quite,
it fell vpon a daye
Some frinds did fetch the widow forth,
to drive conceyts awaye.
While she was forth, and thought no ill,
her wicked sonne doth worke his will.

[11]

Possession of the howse he tooke,
in most despitefull wise,
Throwing his systers out of dores,
with sad lamenting cryes.
When this they did their mother shew,
she would not beleeue he would do so.

[12]

But, when she came vnto her howse,
and found yt trew in deede,
Shee cald vnto her son, and sayd
(although her heart did bleed),
'Come downe, my son, come downe,' quoth she,
'let in thy mother, and systers three.'

[13]

'I will not let in my mother,' he said,
'nor sisters any one.
'The howse is mine; I will it keepe;
'therefore, awaye be gone!'
'O sonne, canst thow indure to see it?
'thy mother and systers to lye in the streete.

[14]

'Did not thy father, by his will,
'for tearme of this my lyfe,
'Giue me this howse for to enioye,
'without all further strife?
'And more, of all his goods,' quoth shee,
'I am an Executor, ioyned with thee.'

[15]

'My father left yow the howse;' he said,
'but this was his intent:
'That yow therefore, during your lyfe,
'should paye me yearely rent.
'A hundrede pounde a yeare, therefore,
'yow shall me giue; or giue it o're.

[16]

'And, syth the Cittye's custome is
'that yow the thirde must haue
'Of all my father's movables,
'I graunt what lawe doth crave;
'But not a penny more will I
'discharge of any legasye.'

[17]

'O wicked son,' quoth shee, 'that seeks
'thy mother thus to fleece.
'Thy father to his daughters gave
'Three hundred pound a peece.
'Tell me who shall their portions pay,
'appointed, at their mariage daye.'

[18]

Then, with a scornefull smile, he sayd:
'What talke yow of soe much?
'Tenn pound a peece I will gyve them,
'my charytye is such.'
'Now fye vpon thee, beast!' quoth she,
'that thus dost deale with them and mee.

[19]

'But, eare that I will take
'this inurye at thy hand,
'The chiefest Peers of *England* shall
'the matter vnderstande.'
'Nay yf yow goe to that,' quoth he;
'mark well what I shall tell to thee.

[19] 1 that I] *read* that they and I. 2 inurye] *read* iniurye.

[20]

Thow hast a secret Harlot bin
'(and this I'le prove full plaine),
'That in my father's lyfe aliue did
'leud Ruffians intertaine,
'The which did then beget of thee,
'in wicked sort, these bastards three.

[21]

'No daughters to my father then
'were they in any wise,
'As he supposd them for to be,
'thus blindinge soe his eyes.
'Therefore no right at all have they
'to anye pennye gyven this daye.'

[22]

When we did heare her shamelesse son
for to defame her soe,
She, with her lovely daughters three,
with greife awaye did goe:
But, how this matter out did fall,
the seconde part shall shew yow all.
[*Great misery, sorrow and misery,*
cometh for want of grace.]

The second part of the widdow of *watlinge streete* and her three daughters.

To the tune of *The wanton wife.*

[23]

The beautyfull widdow of *Watling street*
being falsly accused by her sonne,
With her three daughters of favour so sweet,
whose beauty the love of soe many had won,
With her daughter three for succour went she
vnto the King's Counsell of noble degree.
Now fy vpon falshood and forgery fraile!
for great is the truth, and it will preuaile.

[20] 3 lyfe aliue] *read* lyfe-time. [21] 4 thus] *read* thou.
[22] 1 we] *read* she. [23] 5 daughter] *read* daughters.
6 King's] i. e. James I. 7 Refrain to follow each stanza.

[24]

Her sonne by writ now sommonèd is
at the Star Chamber with speed to appeare,
To answeare there the abuses of his:
the Lords of the Counsell the matter will heare.
This newes was brought; his wits he sought,
which way his villany best might be wrought.

[25]

Then, vp and downe the Cytye so fayre,
he seeketh companions to serve his turne,
A sort of vagabonnds, naked and bare,
the which to worke murthers for mony are won.
These wretches, behould! for mony and gould
he hirèd, for witnes his lyes to uphould.

[26]

'My maisters,' quoth he, 'my mother, by name,
'to be a lewd strumpet accusèd I haue;
'And, havinge no witnes to prove the same,
'your ayd and assistance herein I doe crave.
'Therefore, without feare, before the lords there,
'that this thing is certaine, yow syx shall it sware.

[27]

'The first two,' quoth he, 'shall sware, of a booke,
'that sixteene yeares past they plainely did see,
'As they through the garden hedg sadly did looke,
'that she in one hower was abusèd by three;
'And how it fell, as the[y] markt it well,
'that iust nine mo[n]thes after she had her first girle.

[28]

'The second couple shall sware in this sort,
'that at *bristow* fayre, about 17 years past,
'She with her owne aprenties did fall in such sport
'that her second daughter was got at the last.'
'Now trust vs,' quoth they, 'wee'le sware what yow say,
'Or any thing els, for mony, this daye.'

[29]

'And now the third couple their oth shall now take
'that, as at the *bath* she stayèd one day,
'For ach in her bones (as the scuse she did make),
'how she with a courtier the wanton did play,
'And how well yow wot, in the pleasant plot,
'her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

[27] 1 of a] *read* on the. [28] 2 17] thirteen. 3 aprenties] prentice.
[29] 1 And now] *read* And thus.

[30]

'But now, yow masters, your names let me knowe,
'that I may provid yow apparell with speed.
'Like syxe grave Cittizens so must yow goe;
'the better the speeches the Lords will heede.
'So shall I, with scorne, ere Saterday morne,
'prove her a harlot; my sisters, base-borne.'

[31]

'My name is *Make-shift*,' the first man did saye;
and '*Francis Light-finger*,' the second like-wise;
'*Cuthert Creepe-window*,' the third to displaye;
and '*Rowland Rob-man*,' with foule staringe eyes.
'*Jack Shameles*' come then; with '*Harry Stele-hen*'.
'Yow are,' quoth the widdow, 'some right honest men!'

[32]

Before the Lords, most prudent and wise,
this wretch doth with his witnes come.
The mother complaines, and iustice doth crave,
of all the offences that he hath her done.
'My Lords!' then quoth she, 'I pray yow heare me.
'The law, for my deeds, my warrant shall be.

[33]

'I say shee is a Harlot most vile,
'and those be her bastards that stand here in place:
'And that shee hath often her body defilde,
'by very good witnes I'le prove to her face.'
'This thing of thy mother thow oughtest for to smother:
''tis shame for a child to speake ill of the mother.

[34]

'But, yf this matter be provèd vntrewe,
'and thow a false lyar be found to thy face,
'Worse then an *Infidell*, *Pagon*, or *Jew*,
'thow oughtest to be punisht and plaged in this case.
'And therefore, draw neere: and now let vs heare
'what sayes the witnes that here doth appeare.'

[35]

When the first couple did come to sware,
the[y] quivered and quakt in most wonderous sort.
The Lords' very countenance did put them in feare,
and now they knew not what to report.
The second, likewise, so stared with their eyes;
They stammered; and knew not what to devise.

[30] 1 yow] *read* my 4 the speeches] *read* your speeches.
[31] 5 come] *read* came. [32] 1 wise] *read* grave. 2 witnes] *read* witnesses. 5 she] *read* he.

[36]

The Lords, perceiuyng the case how it went,
did aske the last couple what they had to saye.
Who fell on theire knees, incontinent,
sayinge they were hyr'd for mony that day.
Quoth they: 'It is so: the truth for to shew,
'Against the poore widow nothing we do know.'

[37]

Thus was the widdow deliuered from blame,
with her three daughters of beauty most bright;
Her sonne, reprochèd with sorrow and shame,
having his iudgment appointed him right—
To loose at the least the good he possest,
to lose both his eares, and banisht to rest.

[38]

When he hard this iudgment pronouncèd to be,
the teares fell bitterly from his face;
To mother and systers he kneeled on his knee,
confessing that lucre had wrought his disgrace.
That 'for my owne gaine, I sought to detaine
my sisters' three portions; this lye I did frame.

[39]

Therefore, deare mother, forgivnes I crave
'of yow and my sisters, offended soe sore.
'My body from perill yf yow will but saue,
'I sware I will greeve and offend yow no more.'
The Lords then replide: 'The law iustly tride,
'the punis[h]ment now thow art like to abide.

[40]

'Therefore to prison now thow shalt go,
'where thow shalt the King's pleasure abide.
'From thence to be brought, with shame and with wo,
'to suffer thy punishment dew for thy pride.
'Then, out of hand, thow shalt vnderstand,
'that presently thow shalt be banisht the land.'

[41]

Now, while in prison this prisoner did rest,
himselfe he hangèd in desperate sort
Such horror of conscience possessèd his brest;
a[n]d, being cast forth, the ravens pict out his eyes.
All children behould what heare hath bin tould;
accuse no man falsely for lucre of gould.
Now fie vpon falshood and forgery fraile!
and great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

[37] 5 loose] *read* lose. good] *read* goods. [38] 2 from] *read* down from. 6 frame] *read* faine (i.e. feign). [40] 2 King's] i.e. James I. [41] 2 sort] *read* wise. 4 the ravens] *omit* the.

No. II

To lodge it was my luck of late

Fol. 102^{v}; with second part on fol. 103^{v}. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 604, from Black-letter exemplars, in which the tune is named *Wharton*. The tune (known as 'Down Plumpton Park', or 'Plumpton Park'), and refrain, belong to an older ballad. This Plumpton is in Cumberland, north of Penrith, and a long way from Kendal in Westmorland. There is another Plumpton in Northamptonshire. The king's receiver was an official who, personally or by deputy, went on circuit, at the usual term-days, to the different county towns to collect quit-rents, fines, and other dues belonging to the crown.

The lamentation of *Jhon Musgrave*, who was executed at *Kendall* for robbinge the king's Receiuer of great store of treasure.

TO A NEWE TUNE.

[1]

To lodge yt was my lucke of late,
at Kendall, in the Sises weeke;
Where I sawe many a gallant state
was walking vp and downe the streete.

Shirburn Ballads, II

Downe Plumton Parke *as I did passe,*
I hard a Bird sing in a glend:
The cheefest of her song it was—
'Farewell, the flower of serving men.'

[2]

Sometimes I hard the musicke sweete:
it was delightfull vnto me.
At length, I hard one waile and weepe,
a gallant youth condemnd to dye.
Downe Plumton Parke, *etc.*

[3]

A gentleman he was of courage bould;
his like I never sawe before;
But when-as I did him behould,
my greefe it grew still more and more.

[4]

Of watery eyes there was great store,
for all did weepe that did him see.
He made the hearts of many sore;
and I lamented for companye.

[5]

'To god above,' quoth he, 'I call,
'that sent his sonne to suffer death,
'For to receaue my sinfull soule
'so soone as I shall lose my breath.

[6]

'O god, I haue deserved to death
'for deeds that I haue done to thee:
'Yet never lyvd I like a theefe,
'till I mett with ill companye.

[7]

'For I maye curse the dismall hower,
'first time that I did giue consent
'for to Rob the King's Receiuer,
'and to take awaye his rent.

[8]

'Yow gallants all, be warned by me:
'learne cards and dice for to refraine;
'Flye whores; eschewe ill companye,—
'For those three things will breed your pain.

[1] 6 glend] i. e. glen. [2] 5 Refrain to follow every stanza. [6] 1 deserved to death (*death* substituted for *dye*)] *read* deservèd death. [7] 4 and] *read* and for.

[9]

'All earthly treasure is but vaine;
'and worldly wealth is vanitye.
'Search nothing else but heaven to gods,
'Remember, all, that we must dye.

[10]

'Farwell, good fellowes, lesse and more.
'Be not dismaid by this my fall.
'I never did offende before;
'*Jhon Musgrave* man my name do call.'
Downe Plumton Parke *as I did passe,*
I hard a Bird sing in a glend;
The chiefest of her songe it was—
'farewell, the flower of Serving men.'

The second part of the Lamentation of *Jhon Musegrave.*

To a newe tune.

[11]

'The bayte begyles the bonny fish.
'Some care not what they sware or saye.
'The Lambe[s] become the foxes' dishe,
'when as the old Sheepe runne awaye.
Downe Plumton, *etc.*

[12]

'The fowlers, that the Plovers get,
'take glistring glasse their net to set.
'The ferret, when her mouth is cropt,
'doth drive the conye into the net.

[13]

'The Pike devoureth the Salmon frie,
'which is a better fish then her selfe.
'Some care not howe others' children crye,
'soe they themselues can prosper well.

[9] 3 gods] *read* gain.
[10] 4 man] *read* men.
[12] 3 cropt] ? stopt.
[13] 4 B.-L. copies read 'themselues may keep their pelf'.

[14]

'Farwell, good fellowes, lesse and more;
'both rich and poore, that did me ken.
'Farewell great, and farwell small;
'and farewell all good servingmen.

[15]

'God, by my death, yow all may knowe,
'that this same lesson yow may learne:
'Of high degree, or what yow bee,
'clyme not to high above your reach.

[16]

'Good gentlemen, I yow intreat,
'that haue more sonnes then yow have land,
'In idlenesse doe not them keepe;
'learne them to labour with their hand.

[17]

['For idlenesse is the root of evill;
'and this sin never goes alone,
'But Theft and Robbery follows after,
'as by my self is plainly shown.]

[14] 2 B.-L. copies read 'both great and small'. 3 B.-L. copies read 'Farewell rich, and farewell poore,' preserving the rhyme. [15] 2 *read* (possibly) 'doth this same lesson to yow teach'. 3 *read* (possibly) 'Of high degree be yow, or low'. [17] Stanza added from B.-L. copy: Wood 401, fol. 90.

[18]

'For youth, as age, will not vnderstand
'that friends in want they be but could:
'If they spend their portions, and lacke land,
'they will begge for it when they be old.

[19]

'Farewell, farwell, my brother deere!
'Sweete sister, make noe dole for me.
'My death at hand I doe not feare;
'we are all mortall and borne to dye.

[20]

'I knowe that CHRIST for me did die:
'noe earthly pleasure would I haue.
'I care not for this world a flye;
'but mercy, good lord, on thee I crave.

[21]

'Come mace of death, and doe me right;
'my glasse is runne; I cannot staye.
'With CHRIST I hope to lodge this night,
'and all good people for me praye.'

[22]

The man of death his part did playe,
which made the teares blind many an eye.
He is with CHRIST, as I dare saye;
the Lord grant yt that soe we maye.
Downe Plumton Parke, *as I did passe,*
I hard a Bird sing in a glend;
The chiefest of her songe it was—
'*Farewell, the flower of Servingmen!*'

[20] 4 good lord, on] *read* lord, of. crave] *substituted for* crye. [21] 1 mace] *read* man: man of death = the hangman. [22] 4 *read* grant us that soe maye we.

No. III

Good people all, repent with speed

Fol. 104v. There is a duplicate copy on fol. 138, interesting as showing how arbitrary is the spelling of the period. A few of the alternate lections have been noted. There is a later Black-letter copy in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 124 (*olim* 208).

A Warninge to Worldlings to learne them to dye.

To the tune of *The Ladye's fall.*

[1]

Good people all, repent with speede;
high time it is to praye.
Tempt not that iust and righteous god
with vaine and longe delaye;
And, while it is to-day indeede,
for mercy call and crye.
O would that man would beare in minde
that one day he must dye.

Title *a.l.* Warning for. [1] 3 that] *a.l.* the. 5 to-day] *a.l.* the day. 7 Same refrain follows stanzas 2, 3, 4.

[2]

Thy selfe, in thy securitye,
why doost thow flatter so?
Deferring thy repentinge dayes
till age doth bring thee low,
And, further, to thy sickest howre
that heare thow hast to lye.

[3]

O dust and ashes, doost thow thinke
the glorious god of might
Will take in worth these wicked thoughts,
and wast on thy delight?
O! marke how sore and sodainelye
his wrath on some did lye.

[4]

For what is he vpon the earth
that can himselfe assure?
Or say that 'for an howre space
'my lyfe yt shall indure'?
No man [on] earth can warrant life
the twincklinge of an eye.

[5]

And, after death (assure thy selfe),
repentance comes to late;
Not all the wealth within the world
can then thy paines abate.
For, as a tree doth take his fall,
even soe the same doth lye.
Therefore, in chiefest of thy health,
prepare thy selfe to dye.

[6]

And see'st not thow, in sicknesse, oft
man's memorye decaye,
Who many times doth rave and range
when they had neede to praye.
Whose hearts are bent to curse and ban
till death doth close their eye.

[2] 2 doost] *a. l.* dost. 5 to . . . howre] *a. l.* tyll . . . hours.
[3] 1 doost] *a. l.* dost. 4 wast] *read* wait: *a. l.* wayt.
[4] 1 what] *a. l.* who. 3 howre] *a. l.* how-er's. 4 yt] *a. l.* it. [5] 2 to] i. e. too. 4 can then] *a. l.* that can (*in error for* then can). 7 *a. l.* cheifest. Same refrain follows stanzas 6, 8 to 14. [6] 2 decaye] *a. l.* decayes. 3 range] *a. l.* rage. 5 curse and ban] *a. l.* banne and curse.

[7]

And, yf thow hast thy memorye
and vnderstanding right,
And of thy speech the perfect vse,
and brightnesse of thy sight,
Yet may the Lord withhould this grace,
and take thy fayth from thee,
That to repent thy folly past
thow shalt not able bee.

[8]

But yet, admit our gratious god
in greatest mercye deale
That in thy sickenesse he vouchsafe
his mercy to revaile,
For thow shalt have of thousand griefes
to wring thy minde awrye.

[9]

For thow shall haue thy body then
disquietèd all with paine;
Thy head and hart will vexèd be,
and soe will every vaine.
The panges of death will feare thee sore,
whose force thow canst not flye.

[10]

The love of life will tempt thee much,
whose favour is soe sweete,
And thow wilt muse on many things
that for thy health is meete.
To thinke thow must forgoe thy goods
will nip thy hart full nye.

[11]

To see thy freends, and neighbours all,
thy dying howre abide:
To see thy wife and children small
cry out on every syde.
To thinke thow must forgoe them soe
will nip thy hart full nigh.

[7] 5 this] *a. l.* his. [8] 4 revaile] i. e. reveal. 5 For] *read* Yet. of] *read* a. [9] 1 shall] *a. l.* shalt. [10] 2 favour] *read* savour. 3 wilt] *a. l.* shalt. [11] 3 small] *a. l.* smale. 5 soe] *a. l.* all. 6 nigh] *a. l.* nye.

[12]

Besides, to thinke vpon thy synnes
will much molest thy minde;
The fresh remembrance of the same
thow wilt most bitter finde;
Dispare and dread will drowne thy hart
for lyvinge soe awrye.

[13]

And thy accusing conscience then
will witnesse, to thy woe,
How wickedly vpon the earth
thow didst thy dayes bestowe;
And thus within thy pensyve breast
most grieuously will lye.

[14]

Then will the Divell most busye be
god's iustice to declare;
And of his mercy he will still
procure thee to dispare,
Perswadinge thee thy grieuous sinnes
doth for hell-fire crye.

[15]

Heere maist thow see, o wretched man,
how bad a time thow hast
Preparèd to repent thy sinnes
at this thy latter cast.
Therefore, put not repentaunce backe;
do not God's grace deny;
But, in the chiefest of thy health
Prepare thyself, etc.

[16]

Let every one pray that the Lord
may blesse our King and Queene,
And that their yeares vpon the earth
like *Nestor's* may be seene,
And after death that they may lyve
in ioy eternallye.
Then let all people say Amen!
And soe amen! say I.

Finis.

[13] 5 thus] *read* this. 6 grieuously] *a. l.* greeuously. [14] 1 Divell] *a. l.* Devill. 6 fire] *a. l.* fyre. [15] 2 bad] *a. l.* hard. [16] 2 King and Queene] i.e. James I, Anne of Denmark.

No. IV

In the merry month of May

Fol. 107. The second name of the tune is written sideways in the margin, but by the same hand. The piece is of the same type as the snatch sung by distraught Ophelia in *Hamlet* (1602), iv. 5, base matter, but the choice and order of words naïve and tuneful.

The lover's replye to the maiden's *fye fye.*

To the tune of *Nay fye! Nay fye!*
To the tune of *Newton feilde.*

[1]

In the mery month of Maye,
when birds doe chirpe on thorne,
Wherein their sweetest laye
the season to adorne,
At midnight comes a Swaine
to the window of his love,
Nay fye! nay fye! nay fye!
her freindship for to prove.

[2]

He whispered once or twise,
before his love did wake:
At last, with good advise,
she softly to him spake:
'I knowe thy sute,' quoth shee.
'Then, prethee! ope the gate.'
'*Nay fye! nay fye! nay fye!*
'Sweet love, 'tis too too late.'

[3]

At last, his smoothinge tongue
her chamber did attaine:
Such eloquence he sunge,
in the ende he did her gaine,
But then, o then, such warres
these lovers gan to prove.
But fye! but fye! but fye!
none can well say but love.

[1] 4 to] *read* doth.

[4]

For then they sylent laye,
tongue's office beinge voyd;
And fairelye did they playe—
till day-breake thus they toyd.
But swift-wingd Tyme, at last,
did shew the morninge greye:
'*Then fye! then fye! then fye!*'
vnto him did shee saye.

[5]

'Yow have beguild my trust:'
quoth shee, 'leave off to strive.
'My finger yow will burst:
'your strugling must not thrive.
'Cease, cease! what doe yow nowe?
'yow woe me but in vaine:
'*Then fye! then fye! then fye!*
'your labour is bootlesse paine.

[6]

''Tis day, deere love! 'tis daye!
'fye! fye! yow lye to longe.
'Goe! goe from me awaye!
'your pratlinge doth me wronge.
'Fye! fye! what doe yow nowe?
'yow shall not have your will.
'*Naye fye! naye fye! naye fye!*'
'I praye yow then be still.'

[7]

''Tis time your prisoned flocke
'by this vnfoulded were:
'For brights *Aurora's* clocke
'hath stroken fowre, my deare.
'Besides, my mother comes
'at the risinge of the Sunne:
'*Then fye! then fye! then fye!*
'we shall be quite vndone.'

[8]

At last, she vrgde him soe,
that out of bed he flunge;
But, after, did she goe,
and about his necke she hunge.
'Come, come, deare love, againe!
'I did but trye thy minde.
'Although some crye *fye! fye!*
'in truth they will prove kinde.

[5] 6 woe] *read* woo. [7] 3 brights] *read* bright.

[9]

'Most maidens nowe and then
'will doe as I have done.
'Although they crye *fye! fye!*
in troth, they will be wonne.'

Finis.

No. V

When fair Jerusalem did stand

Fol. 108. A Black-letter copy in Wood, 401 fol. 81, omits stanzas 5 and 11. The ultimate source of the ballad is, of course, the much-read Josephus. John Stockwood, 'Schoolemaister' of Tunbridge, published at London, 1584, 'A very fruitfull and necessarye sermon of the moste lamentable destruction of Ierusalem,' which contains, and may have suggested, most of the points in the ballad. The portents (stanza 11) are thus described by Stockwood (sign. B 7):—'for a whole yeare's space togeather, there was seene in the ayre a blasing starre hauing the fashion of a sworde and did hang right ouer their Temple, as an vndoubted token of God his wrath to fall vppon the same. . . . There were seene in the element the likenesses of armed men cruellye fighting one against another, and besieging of holdes.' The pestilence (stanza 8) comes on sign. C 3:—'What with the stench of the great multitudes of dead bodyes that laye everye where on heapes in the streetes without buriall, there arose in the Citie a wonderfull great plague and pestilence.' The famine (stanza 6) is on sign. C 3 verso:—'a mother was compelled for verye hunger to eate her owne deare Sonne.' One point in the ballad I can discover no authority for. Josephus states that Titus rewarded his troops with presents of silver, gold, garments, and military distinctions. The captives that were spared were sent partly to the mines in Egypt; partly to the amphitheatres, to be 'butchered to make a Roman holiday'. The ballad says (stanza 10) that Titus allowed his soldiers to sell the captives. Line 6 seems to be a turning of the tables on the Jews for their purchase of Christ (St. Matt. xxvi. 15). For Christ they gave thirty 'pieces of silver', now thirty of them were sold for a (silver) 'penny'.

The title should probably run:—

'A dolefull destruction of faire *Jerusalem*, whose miserye and vnspeakable plague is a Warning or Lanthorne to London which doth,' etc. The confusion in the MS. text is perhaps due to error in transcribing an original printed copy in which the title was distributed round a woodcut. Wood's later B.-L. copy reads:—

'A warning or Lanthorn to London by the dolefull,' etc.

A warning or Lanthorne to London. A dolefull destruction of faire *Jerusalem*, whose miserye and vnspeakable plague doth most iustlye deserve God's heavye wrath and iudgment for the sinnes and wickednes of the people, except by repentaunce we call to God for mercye.

TO THE TUNE OF *Bragandarye*.

[1]

WHEN faire *Jerusalem* did stande,
whom God did love soe deare,
Whom he did keepe with his right hand,
as plainelye did appeare—
Yet, when the people went awry,
great plagues he sent them presently—
With—o sorrow, pitifull sorrow!
good Lord, thy vengeance spare!

[2]

Although his temple there did stand
whose beautye did surpasse,
The onely beauty of the land,
where God's true honour was—
Yet, when the Lord did on them frowne,
the same was spoyled and throwne downe—
With—o sorrowfull, etc.

[3]

And, for the people's wickednes
which in the Citye dwelt,
The land was brought to great distres,
and many plagues they felt.
Their enimies did so abound
that they besiegd the Citye round—

[4]

The mighty Emperor then of *Rome*
the Lord in furye sent,
To bringe them all to deadly doome
who would not once repent.
When halfe a yeare he there had lien
the people then began to pine—

[2] 6 spoyled and throwne] i.e. spoyl'd and throw-en. 7 sorrowful] *read* sorrow. Refrain to be repeated at end of each stanza. [4] 1 Titus conducted the siege A.D. 70, but did not become Emperor till A.D. 79.

[5]

For they had neyther bread nor meat
their hunger to sustaine;
But dogg[s] and cats were glad to eate,
which late they did disdaine:
Yea, ratts and myce they counted sweete,
and eat their shooes from of their feete—

[6]

The vomit which one man did cast
another man did eate.
Their very dung they layd not wast,
but made therof their meate.
And, through the famyne long begunne,
the mother was glad to eate her sonne—

[7]

The gallant Ladyes of that place,
whose pride did late excell,
Full leane and withered was their face;
their bones a man might tell:
And they which were so daintye fine,
through hunger great, to death did pine—

[8]

The dead men covered all the ground
of fayre *Jerusalem.*
Such pestilence did their abound,
and soe infected them,
That many a thowsand there did lye,
which still vnburied there did lye—

[9]

Yet would not they gyve over the towne
for all this greeuous case,
Vntill their enimies puld it downe
and all the walles did race:
And all the *Jewes* that livèd then
they took them prisoners every one—

[10]

And those that were of noble birth
the conqueror tooke awaye;
And all the rest the Emperor made
his hardye soldiers' praye,
Who then for slaves did sell them bound,
even thirtye for a penny rounde—

[8] 3 their] *read* there. 5 lye] *read* dye. [9] 1 over] i.e. o'er.
4 race] i.e. raze. [10] 3 Emperor] i.e. Titus.

[11]

Thus haue yow hard the great distresse
of faire *Jerusalem*,
Which, for their synnes and wickednes,
the Lord did sende to them;
Though long before great signes he shewed
that he would plague their sinnes so lewd—

[12]

For, two yeares' space before this warre,
within the skye, soe bright,
Most like a sword, and blazing starre
hung over the Cytye right;
And, in the skyes, they might see plaine,
how men of warre did fight amaine—

[13]

Yet would not they their lives lament
in any kinde of case,
Nor once within their harts repent,
nor call to God for grace:
Vntill his wrath on them did fall,
and that they were destroyèd all—

[14]

O noble *London*, warninge take
by fayre *Jerusalem*;
And to thy God thy pray-ers make,
least thow be like to them;
For, yf he would not spare the *Jewes*,
thinkest thow he will thy synnes excuse?—

[15]

Thy synnes as greatly doe abound:
fayre *London*, then, beware!
Least God in wrath do thee confound
with sorrow, griefe, and care;
For many signes he hath thee sent
that thow maist yet thy selfe lament—

[16]

Let not the wealthy of the land
in riches put their trust;
Thow canst keepe them from the hand
of him that is soe iust.
Their gould will doe them little good,
yf he withhould their daylye foode—

[12] 3 and] *read* a. [15] 6 maist] *read* mayst.
[16] 3 Thow canst] *read* They cannot.

[17]

Thy woman eke, so fayre of face,
and of such dainty tast,
Let them thinke on their greiuous case
whom famine did so wast;
And not despise the poore to feede,
least they do crye when they have neede—

[18]

O Lord, we praye for CHRISTES sake,
our greiuous plagues remove;
And on this land some mercye take,
for JESUS CHRISTE his love.
Preserve our Kinge from care and smart,
whose losse we should lament in hart—
With—o sorrow, pittifull sorrow!
good Lord, thy vengeaunce spare!

Finis.

No. VI

Awake, awake, oh England!

Fol. 109ᵛ. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 467, from several later Black-letter exemplars. The fondness of the age for apocalyptic studies and predictions of judgement-day is faithfully reflected in this ballad; see also No. XVI.

The allusion to great buildings (stanza 13) was peculiarly apposite in the later years of Elizabeth, and the earlier years of James I, when such stately houses as Longleat, Wilts., 1567–9; Wollaton, Notts., 1580–8; Beaudesert, Staffs., 1588; Holland House, Kensington, 1607; Temple Newsam, Yorks., 1612; and Audley End, Essex, 1603–16, were constructed: see John Britton's *Architectural Antiquities*, vol. ii.

In the same stanza the allusion to deer-preservation has also something distinctive. Sept. 9, 1609, James I issued a long proclamation setting forth that although Elizabeth, a female sovereign, had neglected the royal deer-parks, he himself was passionately fond of hunting, and would enforce to the full the old forest-laws. The king's example was no doubt copied by others.

[17] 1 woman] *read* women. 6 do] *read* too. [18] 1 Christes] Christ his. 5 Kinge] i. e. James I.

A proper new ballad intituled:—

A Bell-man for England
night and day doth stand,
To ringe, in all men's hearinge,
'God's vengeance is at hand!'

TO THE TUNE OF *O man in desperation.*

[1]

AWAKE! Awake! Oh *Englande!*
sweete *England*, now awake!
And to thy pray-ers, speedily,
do thow thy selfe betake.
The Lord thy God is comminge,
within the skyes soe cleere.
Repent with speed thy wickednesse—
the day it draweth neere.

[2]

The dreadfull day of vengeance
is shortly now at hand,
That fearfull burninge fire
shall wast both Sea and land:
And all men's harts shall faile them
to see such things appeare.
Repent therfore, oh England—
the, etc.

[3]

The worldly wise and prudent
shall fall besydes their witts,
And wishe the hylles to cover them
in these their franticke fyts:
No succour, helpe, nor safegard,
for them shall then appeare:
Repent therfore, etc.

[4]

The Seaes and rivers runninge
shall roare in greevous wise;
The Beasts, in Pastures feedinge,
shall straine forth greevous cryes;
The skyes shall flame with fire;
the earth shall burne as cleere:
Repent therfore, etc.

[5]

The glorious holy Angels
shall then their trumpet sound;
The dead shall heare their voyces,
as they lye in the grounde;
And then all graues shall open,
and deadmen shall appeare
Before the Lord in iudgement—
the day it draweth neere.

[6]

The Divell will there be ready
each creature to accuse;
And shew, how in their life time,
they did themselues abuse.
And every man his conscience
for witnesse shall appeare.
Repent therefore thy wickednesse—
the day it draweth neere.

[7]

The works of every creature,
their thoughts, and deedes, I saye,
Shall follow them together
in that most dreadfull day;
And no respect of persons
shall at that tyme appeare.
Repent therefore, etc.

[8]

But such as haue done iustly
shall weare the crowne of lyfe.
The wicked shal be damnèd
to sorrow, paine, and strife,
In boylyng brands of brimstone,
with dolefull heavy cheere.
Repent therfore, etc.

[9]

But wo vnto that woman
that then with child shall go,
And to the syllye nurses
which doe giue sucke also,
When[as] the day of iudgment
so greevous shall appeare.
Repent therfore, etc.

[10]

And pray, with harts most constant,
vnto the Lord of might
That in the frozen winter
yow doe not feele this flyght,
Nor that vpon the Saboath day
that perill doe appeare.
Repent, therefore, oh England—
[*the daye it draweth neare.*]

[11]

Let all good *christian* people
repent, therefore, in tyme;
And, from their harts lamentinge
each former greevous crime,
Prepare them selves with gladnes
to watch when CHRIST shall come.
The trumpe shall sounde on sudaine,
and no man knowes how soone.

[12]

For all things are fullfillèd
which CHRIST before had tould:—
Smale faith is nowe remainynge,
and charyty is growne could;
Great signes and wonders we haue seen,
both on the earth and skye.
Repent therefore, oh England—
the iudgment day is nye.

[9] i.e. St. Matt. xxiv. 19.

[10] i.e. St. Matt. xxiv. 20.

[13]

Why dost [thow] put thy confidence
in stronge and stately Towres?
Why tookest thow such pleasure
in building sumptuous bowers,
Reioycinge in thy pastures,
and Parke of follow deere?
Repent therfore, etc.

[14]

Why seekest thow, deceitfullye,
to purchase treasures great?
And why dost thow, through vsury,
the bloud of poore men eate?
Why doth thy lyfe and lyvinge
soe filthylye appeare?
Repent therfore, oh England!
the iudgment day is neere.

[15]

Wherefore let all good people,
vpon their knees, proceede
In makinge earnest pray-er
(for never was more neede),
That god may spare his punishment,
even for his mercy meere,
And gyve vs grace to beare in mind
the iudgment day is neere.

Finis.

[13] 3 tookest] *read* takest. 6 follow] *read* fallow.
[14] 2 purchase] i.e. acquire.

No. VII

All careful Christians, mark my song

Fol. 113 a. The refrain of this piece afterwards gave a new name to its tune: see No. XVII.

A right excellent and godly new Ballad, shewinge the vncertainetye of this present lyfe, the vanitye of the alluring world, and the vnspeakable ioyes of heaven prepared for those that vnfainedly beleeve in the Lord Jesus.

To the tune of *Wigmor's Galliard.*

[1]

All carefull *Christians*, marke my Song;
consider death must ende our dayes.
This earthly lyfe it is not longe;
and Christ shall come to iudge our wayes.
The glasse doth run, the clocke doth go.
Awake from synne: why sleepe ye so?

[2]

Vncertaine is our sweetest lyfe;
our pleasure soone is turnd to paine.
Our time is stuft with care and strife,
and griefe is all the bodye's gaine.

[1] 5 Refrain to follow every stanza.

[3]

What doth availe our pompe and pride?
our costly garments garded round?
The fairest body it doth hide
must dye, and root within the ground.

[4]

Why doe we brag of beauty bright?
of strength, or wit, or wealthy store?
Syth tract of time puts all to flyght,
that we shall see those dayes noe more.

[5]

We cram this earthly carkas still,
with daintye store of costly price;
With musicke sweete our eares to fill,
making this world a *Paradice.*

[6]

But then, when we haue wrought our will,
and satisfyed our fond desyre,
We will be sure, for toyes so ill,
to reape repentance for our hire.

[7]

With craft and guyle our goods we get;
we keepe it with a carefull minde;
And, though our harts thereon be set,
needs must we leaue it all behind.

[8]

Had we the wealth that *Cressus* woone,
or were of *Sampson's* strength and power,
Or wisedome like King *David's* sonne,
it could not length our lyfe one hower.

[9]

Doe not repentance then delay,
for tyme doth swiftly come and goe;
Out of this world we must awaye,
and no man doth the how-er knowe.

[10]

Then, for the time that here we staye,
vprightly let vs live on earth,
So that, when death takes life awaye,
CHRIST may receyve our fleeting breath.

[3] 2 garded] i. e. braided. 4 root] rot. [5] 3 to] *read* we. [8] 1 Cressus] Croesus.

[11]

Our conscience that shall witnesse beare,
the world and Devill we subdue;
We need not our accusers feare;
and CHRIST will then our ioyes renew.

[12]

The gates of heaven shall open stand,
where glorious Angels waitinge be
To bring vs gently by the hand
where we our Saviour CHRIST may see,

[13]

Who then this sentence sweete shall say:—
'Welcome, my children deere, to me,
'Which doe my father's will obey,
'eschewing worldly vanitye.

[14]

'For sorrow, now yow shall haue ioye;
'for care and griefe, eternall blisse;
'And, for your former vile annoy,
'yow shall receiue great happinesse.

[15]

'With me yow shall for ever raigne,
'in glory and in honour hye;
'And all your foes I will disdaine,
'because yow loved me faithfully.'

[16]

O CHRIST, that shedst thy precious blood
from death and hell to set vs free,
Graunt vs thy grace, which is so good,
that we may truly worship thee;

[17]

That, while this britle life doth last,
our ende we may remember styll,
And grieve for our offences past,
desiringe pardon for our ill.

[18]

Our gracious Kinge, O Lord, preserve;
and *England's* welfare still defende.
Grant vs thy lawes so to observe
that we may make a blessed end.

The glasse doth run; the clocke doth go.
Awake from synne: why sleepe yow so?

[11] 1 that] *read* then.

No. VIII

Arise, and wake from wickedness

Fol. 113 (b)[v]. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 160, from a Black-letter exemplar. A. B. C. poems are common among Black-letter ballads. In *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 651, is 'The Virgin's A. B. C.', followed, ib. 655, by 'The Young man's A. B. C.' In the originals the capital letters are on engraved blocks.

A right Godly and Christiane a. b. c. Shewinge the dewty of every degre.

To the tune of *Rogero*.

[1]

Arise, and walke from wickednesse;
repent, and thow shalt lyve,
or else, with sword and pestilence,
the Lord God will the[e] grieve.

[2]

Beware of lust and Letchery;
keepe thow thy body chast,
or else frequent the remedy
that *Paule* doth say thow maist.

[1] 1 walke] i. e. wake. 'Walk' or 'wauk' is a northern spelling for 'wake': cp. *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, edit. A. F. Mitchell, p. 137, 'walkand' = 'waking.' [2] 4 i. e. 1 Cor. vii. 9.

[3]

Confesse thy synnes, as *Dauid* did,
and turne vnto the Lord:
he will thee here before thow call,
so *Esay* doth record.

[4]

Deale with thy neighbours mercifully;
deceiue no man by guile;
take heed of all extor-ti-on,
it will thy soule defile.

[5]

Examine well thy wicked lyfe;
hide not thy counsaile deepe;
the Lord God threatneth wo to them
that secret synnes doe keepe.

[6]

Flye theft, and all vnthriftinesse;
and labour in the Lord:
the ground of synne is idlenesse;
with vices it is storde.

[7]

Giue almes vnto thy brethren poore;
turne not thy face them fro:
lend to the needy man thy goods;
his pledge restore also.

[8]

Hurt not thy neighbours willingly,
in body, goodes, or name:
remit offences willingly;
let God revenge the same.

[9]

If God doe blesse thee with his giftes
of worldly goods and store,
let not thy hart on them be set;
but prayse the Lord before.

[10]

Keepe not the hireling's wages backe;
God will his cry regard:
in poore men's matter be not slacke;
the Lord will thee reward.

[3] 3 here] i. e. hear. 4 i. e. Isaiah lxv. 24. [8] 1 willingly] *read* wittingly. [9] 4 before] *read* therefore.

[11]

Love everye man vnfainedly;
hate no man in thy hart:
despise the waye of wicked men
pray God they may convert.

[12]

Minister Justice, magistrate:
yow maisters, iustly deale:
yow Parentes all, least God's curse fall,
let youth correction feele.

[13]

No guilefull speeches, nor lying talke,
vse not in any wayes:
eschew all evill; in goodnesse walke,
yf thow wilt see good dayes.

[14]

Oppresse no man by vsury;
refuse vnlawfull gaine:
giue plentiously vnto the poore;
CHRIST will thee pay therefore.

[15]

Possesse your selues with pat-i-ence,
against this wicked world:
powre out your prayers with reverence
before the lyvinge Lord.

[16]

Quarrell with none; quench such desire:
to anger be not bent:
remember God is mercifull,
when synners doe repent.

[17]

Redeemèd from the Curse we are
by CHRIST, to lyve with him:
our members let vs more I-fye
which are all bent to synne.

[18]

Sanctifye the saboth; serve the Lord;
from labour see thow rest:
then God will have regard to thee,
and make thy labour blest.

[13] 1 speeches] *read* speech.
[14] 4 therefore] i.e. for that.
[17] 3 more I-fye] *read* mortifye.

[19]

Take heed yow loue no swaringe false;
sware not by God in vaine:
let all your talke attend vnto
the honour of his name.

[20]

Vse no deceipt, nor uniust meanes,
to compasse worldly wealth:
extortion, fraud, and vsury,
and all such things, are stealth.

[21]

Walke not in fleshly lusts and synne;
such worldly darknesse shunne:
but walke like Children of the light,
as CHRIST himselfe begunne.

[22]

Xamples many are set forth
against the druncken sort;
what deadly plagues are dew to them,
the Scripture doth report.

[23]

Yong folke, be sober, and chast of minde;
let God's word be alwayes your guide:
make cleane your wayes before the Lord,
and never from him slyde.

[24]

Zaché the Publican (*S. Luke* doth tell)
what zeale to CHRIST he had:
but to hould our *Jewish* hartes,
alasse! it is to badde.

[25]

& plainly *Luke* doth specifye
of that man's Godly minde,
how to the poore most liberally
halfe of his goods he assigned.

[26]

Est in *English* doth specifye,
in speech, a *latine* verbe:
into our harts, Lord, powre the spirit,
wherby we may be stirde

[20] 4 stealth] i.e. stealing. [23] 2 be alwayes] *omit* alwayes. [24] 1 S. Luke] *omit* S. 3 hould] *read* behould. [25] 4 *Read* he halfe his goods assigned. [26] 1 Est] a blunder for *etc.* The interpretation in the stanza follows the blunder.

[27]

to sigh and groane vnfainedlye,
with sorrow, for our synne;
and for to seeke the remedye,
a new lyfe to begynne.

[28]

Amen! God graunt we slacke no time
to walke, while wee haue light;
that finallye we may possesse
the heavenly ioyes most bright.

[29]

Our noble King, with *Nestor's* yeeres,
the Lord God long indew;
With *Sampson's* strength, and *Salomon's* wit,
his foes for to eschew.

[30]

God graunt him grace, great ioy, in honour
with pleasure here beneath,
To rule and raigne in royall seat,
so long as he heath breath.

Finis.

No. IX

Who views the life of mortal man

Fol. 116v. Text given, from this MS., in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, p. xxvii. The ballad is a vigorous, and apparently sincere, censure of the evils of the age; and is amply justified by contemporary documents.

Offences against morality were supposed to be punished (stanza 4) by the civil courts. At Maldon, for example, there was a specially ignominious punishment, come down from Plantagenet times, called 'carrying the mortar about the town'. In 1572, *id.* was allowed 'to the sonne of Simon Sawyer for the ringinge of the bason borne before the surgeon wearinge the morter about his necke for baudry this yeare'.

Extravagance and novelty in dress are frequently arraigned in these ballads, as here in stanza 5. Strong efforts were made by the government to enforce the sumptuary laws. At Maldon we find in 1566, and again in

[30] 1 ioy, in honour] *read possibly* ioy, and state. 4 heath] *read* hath.

1597, payment of 3*s.* 4*d.* to the Queen's pursuivant bringing a proclamation declaring orders for apparel. At the Easter sessions, 1562, proceedings were taken against 'Jockye' (a servant) and ten others because they 'excede in their apparell, as in great slopte hosen, in great roffes[1] in their shertes'. Similarly in 1571, two tailor's-servants were prosecuted for wearing 'greate and monsterus briches'.

In stanza 7 great complaint is made of profane swearing. At one time many such expressions had been regarded as natural embellishments of speech; and old people, who had grown up in the practice of them, found it difficult to avoid giving offence. Thus, in 1592, his recalcitrant Puritan parishioners articled against the High-Church Vicar of All Saints, Maldon, that 'within few yeares past diuers have harde yow sweare *Godd's wounds! Godd's blood!*' In 1601, Parliament was drafting a statute to deal with such offences, for on December 1, 'Amendments in the bill against Blasphemous and Usual Swearing, was read and ordered to be ingrossed.' A statute against profanity was actually passed in 1623 (21 Jac. I, cap. 20). In conformity with this, at Maldon Easter sessions, 1630, a mason was indicted for having, on April 8, twice sworn 'by the living God'.

Stanza 8 enlarges against drunkenness. In 1601 the House of Commons was engaged (Heywood Townshend's *The four last Parliaments of Elizabeth*, London, 1680, pp. 188, 267) on a 'Bill against Drunkards', 'the effect whereof was that common Drunkards should be presented as common Barrettors,' i.e. brawlers. No statute seems passed till 1604, when there is 'An Acte to restraine the inordinate hauntinge and tipling in Innes, Alehouses, and other Victuallinge Houses' (1 Jac. I, cap. 9).

In stanza 10 Sabbath observance is touched on. Throughout Elizabeth's reign the old idea that the sanctity of the day ceased with the performance of Church service, leaving the remaining hours as a time for amusements, was in collision with straiter Puritan opinion. At Maldon, John Morrys, who had been one of the two Bailiffs (chief magistrates) of the borough in 1574, 1578, 1582, found himself, in 1590, in sharp conflict with his younger Puritan successors in office. They indicted him for justifying against the Bailiffs the 'misdemeanors of disordered, unrulie, and contemptuous persons in their evell behaviour; as when certein players played on the Lord's day in the nyght, contrarie to both the earle of Essex' [High Steward of Maldon] lettre and Mr. Baylieffs' commaundement, and Mr. Baylieffs rebuking them for the same, Mr. Morrys spake openlie in the [town-]hall that—Before tyme noble-men's menn hadd such entertaynement when they came to the towne that the towne hadd the favour of noble-men, but now noble-men's menn hadd such entertaynement that the towne was brought into contempt with noble-men. And when Mr. Morrys was gonne out of the hall into the streete, he spake thes woords alowde—A sort of precisians and Brownists!' There was also the abomination of Sunday athletics in the town itself as well as that of the imported Sunday theatre. At Midsummer sessions at Maldon, 1564, complaint was made against the constables that they had suffered 'stole-ball' to be played on Sundays. At Easter sessions, 1583, Edward Anderkyn and four others were indicted for playing at stool-ball on Sunday, 14 April. At Easter sessions, 1623, three youths were indicted for playing at stool-ball in time of afternoon service on Sunday, 27 April; and another, for loitering in the fields that afternoon. Attendance at church was enforced by fine. 1567, Easter sessions, a sawyer, of St. Mary's parish, Maldon; a linen-draper, of All Saints' parish; and a currier, of St. Peter's parish, were fined 1*s.* each for every occasion of their absence from their

[1] i.e. ruffs.

parish church. The fines went for poor relief in the several parishes. The magistrates, during service time, were supposed to go from house to house to discover absentees, bad neighbours, no doubt, making smooth their task by tale-telling. At Maldon Easter sessions, 1623, Ann, wife of John Carter, butcher, was indicted for insulting John Rudland, one of the chief magistrates. Finding her in her house on Sunday morning, 12 January, 1622–3, and not at church, he had rebuked her. She had retorted that 'if he would provide one to do her work, she would goe to church', and that she 'served God as well as hee'.

The feelings of well-disposed people as to the matters touched on in stanzas 7 and 10 are well set out in Admiral Sir William Monson's instructions to his son, prefixed to his narrative of military affairs from 1585–1602:—'The next and worst sin I would have you shun is swearing. I do not advise you like a Puritan, that ties a man more to the observing of Sundays, and from taking the name of God in vain, than to all the rest of the Commaundments: but I wish you to avoid it for the greatness of the sin it self, for the Plague of God hangeth over the House of the Blasphemer' (*Megalopsychy*, 1680 edition).

In stanza 11 it is stated that all sorts and conditions gamble at cards and dice. A few examples from the Quarter-sessions book of Maldon show this trouble to have been as prevalent in Elizabeth's reign as in James I's. Complaint was made, at Midsummer sessions, 1559, that the curate of Purley had played at Manning's ale-house at tables for money. At Michaelmas sessions, 1568, a shoemaker and a glover were fined 12*d.* each for playing at tables 'at Iryshe game' at William Boxted's; and Boxted 2*s.* for suffering these serving-men to play in his house. In May, 1569, Ralph Sparrow, tailor's apprentice, was fined 12*d.* for playing at *novem quinque* at the Saracen's Head; and the landlord 12*d.* for allowing it. At Michaelmas sessions, 1569, John Hill was fined 12*d.* for suffering Richard Chambers, cleric, and certain unknown seafaring men, to play at cards at a game called *The Mawe*. At Epiphany sessions, 1569–70, John Moore, ale-house-keeper, was fined 5*s.* for allowing Richard Booth, scrivener, to play at dice for money. Booth had staked and lost his cloak, worth 40*s.* In 1571, Edmund Tyler, surgeon, was fined 10*d.* for playing *tray-trip* in an ale-house. In April, 1572, Alderman Thomas Eve was fined 12*d.* for playing at dice at the Saracen's Head. At Easter sessions, 1616, the landlord of the Blue Boar was fined 2*s.* for allowing William Mildmay, gentleman, to play at dice for money in his inn. In 1623 fines of 6*s.* 8*d.* (reduced to 1*s.*) were inflicted on two labourers for playing cards in an ale-house, and the landlord was fined 2*s.* for suffering them. See also No. XXXIV.

The 'theme' mentioned in the title is possibly the text, St. Luke xxiii. 34, 'They know not what (they do).'

A proper new ballad, devised vpon the theam *I know not what;* wherein is shewed how men ought not to set their mindes on worldly pleasure, but on the lyving Lord. 1614.

To the tune of *Labandalashot.*

[1]

Who viewes the lyfe of mortall men,
his state, and whereof he began,
Shall find such hugy heapes of woe,
as nether tongue nor pen can showe;
Wherewith our minds may daunted be
from vsinge worldly mirth and glee,
And move us to consider well
what paines there are prepard in hell
For wicked people, as their lot,
which have done here *they know not what.*

[2]

If every man would heare God's word,
and reverently obey the Lord,
Then wickednesse would not abound;
but grace and vertue would be found
In younge and olde, in high and low,
in servaunts and children also,
In rich and poore, in great and small,
in Preachers and in people all,
Who now delight in this and that,
and often doe *they know not what.*

[1] 1 men] *read* man. 4 nether] *read* neither.

[3]

Looke round abowt on each degree,
and marke what faults and crimes we see.
Behould the Court, and Cuntry twoe;
and then note well what great adoe
There is in every kind of state:—
few are content with simple rate;
But every one will clime aloft,
till triall hath them plainely taught
'Tis vaine, in hope of this or that,
to say or doe *they know not what.*

[4]

Love is not found but here and there;
lewd lust doth florish every where.
Good lawes are made, but kept at will;
loose lyvinge now increaseth still.
Like swine, we wallow in the mire,
and seeke to follow vaine desire.
Let God or man say what they please,
we hunt for pleasure, wealth, and ease;
And, for the love of this and that,
we say and doe *we know not what.*

[5]

In pompe and pride we doe excell,
like *Lucifer*, the divell of hell.
All new-found fashions we do crave,
to make our bodyes fine and brave;
But for our soules we little care—
smale suites for it we do prepare.
We gard and lace vs round abowt;
in Jigges and Jagges we iet it out.
Some will weare this, some will weare that;
and some will weare *they know not what.*

[6]

'All whoredome is but tricks of youth,'
say those that doe not know the truth.
Not one of twenty, when they wedd,
do bring vnto their marriage-bedd
Their bodies pure, as *Christians* ought:
but fleshlye pleasures first is sought,
And, for to cloake their filthy deed,
the[y] must be married with all speed.
Then do they lyve like dogge and cat,
because they did *they knew not what.*

[3] 3 twoe] *read* too. [5] 6 it] *read* them.

[7]

Much swearing many a one doth vse,
and soe the name of God abuse.
Some sweare by wounds, [by] blood, and heart,
by foote and sydes, and every part;
By masse, by Crosse, by light, by fire,
by bread, and all they can desire;
By faith and troth, though they have none;
by Saincts, and Angels, and many a one.
Some sware by this, some sware by that;
and some doe sware *they know not what.*

[8]

Fye on the drowsye drunken sort,
that in excesse delight and sport!
Fye on the ale-knight[s] that will quaffe,
and make men drunken that they may laugh!
Fye on all pot-mates that delight
to serve God *Bacchus* day and Night!
To them belonges red eyes and nose;
to them belongs the raggèd cloathes;
For they styll drink of this and that,
vntill they doe *they knowe not what.*

[9]

O when will couetousnes be left,
with fraud, and guile, deceit and theft?
Or when will Vsury take his flyght,
with flattery, falshood, craft, and spite?
When shall the poore in good state lyve
by helpes and gyftes that rich men gyve?
When will our Landlords be content
to let these farmes at the old rent?
Alasse! they cannot heare of that,
but they would have *they know not what.*

[10]

See how the Saboath is abused,
and all good exercise refused.
O see what pastimes men devise
to please their carnall eares and eyes.
Few take delight to heare God's word;
but, lyke bruyt beasts, they rise from board,
To daunce, to bowle, to gawde and game,
though Preachers oft reproove the same.
Some follow this, some follow that;
and some do follow *they know not what.*

[9] 8 these] *read* their.

[11]

The Dice and Cardes esteemèd be
of rich and poore, we dayly see:
Till all is gone there is no staye,
but at the Dice it must away.
The married man, the Batcheller,
the Prentise, and the traveller,
Do follow gaming earnestlye,
vntill they come to beggery.
Example drawes them not from that;
but still they doe *they know not what.*

[12]

Enforst I am to tell yow plaine
what synnes amongst vs doe remaine,
That trew repentaunce may abounde
while God his mercy may be founde:
For the time will come, when we shall say
'what fooles were we to goe astraye!'
And, yf we knew, 'twill be too late,
for we shall answered be at gate
'Depart from henc, I know yow not,
which have done here *yow know not what.*'

[13]

Repentaunce God doth not deny,
if we doe aske before we dye,
And put not of[f], from time to time,
the amendment of each fault and crime.
And marke also what things are taught,
and print them in your minde and thought.
Beat downe your will, with witt and grace;
and foster not in any case
Your lewd attempts to this or that;
but in God's word learne *what is what.*

[14]

In humble sort, pray we, pray we,
vnto one God and Persons three.
O let us magnifye his name,
and sound out prayses to the same;
For he in mercy did vs bringe
a godly, wise, and vertuous Kinge.
Nothinge we lacke, in these our dayes;
wherefore let vs walke in his wayes,
Regarding neyther this nor that,
but seeke to know still *what is what.*

[11] 1 The] *read* That. [12] 5 the time] *omit* the. 7 knew] *read* do. 9 i. e. St. Matt. vii. 23. [14] 2 and] *read* in.

[15]

Here will I knitt vp and conclude;
here will I ende my verses rude.
All yow that are disposed to singe,
to read, to heare, this simple thinge,
Desire of God (and soe will I)
that we may profit well hereby,
Even for his Sonne CHRIST JESUS sake:
to whom let vs our selues betake.
So shall we never be forgot,
for he will teach us *what is what.*

Finis.

No. X

You gallant maidens of the world

Fol. 119–122ᵛ: written in the third, imperfectly-formed hand, for which lines have been ruled. The small letters at the beginning of proper names are an additional characteristic of this hand. The town of Moers, Mörs, Meurs, is thirty-six miles south-east of Düsseldorf.

We have a touch of the times in stanza 3. Sugared wines were a great feature of Jacobean, and (before that) of Elizabethan, banquets. At Maldon there was never a year without corporation entertainment, after this fashion, to knight and lady, lawyer and church dignitary, preacher and soldier; from which we may infer its frequency at private parties. Thus, in 1606, '4*s.* 6*d.* for a pottell of sack, pottell of clarrett, and sugar, to Sir John Sames, knt. and Sir William Ayloffe, knt.; 2*s.* 3*d.* for a quart of sack, a quart of clarret wyne, and ½ lb. of sugar, sent, to gratifie Mr. [Daniel] Rogers the preacher, to the place where he stayed in the towne.' In 1607, '2*s.* 10*d.* for a pottell of wine, and sugar, to Mris. Mildmay, of Danbury, at her resort in this towne.' In 1608, '5*s.* 4*d.* for a pottell of sack, a pottell of claret wyne, and a lb. of sugar to Archdeacon [Samuel] Harsnett on his visitation; 24 May, 16*s.* for a gallon of sack, a gallon and pottell of clarrett wyne, and 6 lb. of sugar on the earl of Sussex and the lord Harrington at their coming to the town.' In 1611, '9*s.* 2*d.* in wyne and sugar on Sir Edward Bullock, knt., captain of the trained band.'

Stanza 12 alludes to the maid's name as being well known, whereas it is not given in the ballad. Probably the ballad puts into metre a pamphlet, which did give the name: cf. No. XXXIII.

The ballad is nicely baited to trap English interest by the allusion (stanza 13) to the Princess Royal of England, who had sailed from Kent, 26 April, 1613. Meurs lay near her route to her new home, and she may have passed through it on her journey (being, 20 May, 1613, evening, at Emmerich; 21 May at Niederwesel; 22 May at Düsseldorf), though she certainly made no stay there. English readers were not likely to be critical, and would cheerfully accept apocryphal tidings of the foreign progress of their king's daughter. Her marriage had taken place 14 Feb. 1612–3. People had been naturally interested in the match, as the first

royal wedding since 1554; and pleased with it, as to a Protestant. It had also been brought home to every parish by the collection (first time since 1502[1]) of the old feudal 'aid'. Precepts of the magistrates of Maldon to the constables of two of the three parishes are extant, 'to collect, and paie over unto us, all and every the somes herafter appering, for a reasonable ayde to be paied to his maiestie towards the mariag of the Lady Elizabeth, his highnes eldest daughter.' The sums are taxed according to property, and are to be paid to Commissioners at Chelmsford on Monday, 2 November, 1612. The amount actually collected in the two parishes seems to be £4 1*s.* 2*d.*; the 'arrears', i. e. assessed amount uncollected, £1 5*s.* 6*d.* The rateable proportion paid by Maldon for its corporate property was 10*s.*; and 6*s.* 8*d.* was allowed the Town-clerk for 'making up the book of the aide for this towne paid to his maiestie for to marie the lady Elizabeth, his highnesse eldest daughter'. Popular attention had also been drawn to the princess by the tours of her company of players. Maldon accounts show, 1612, '20*s.* to the plaires of the right noble princes[s] Lady Elizabeth coming to this towne this yeare.' 1613, '10*s.* given to the plaires of the right noble princess Elizabeth comyng to this towne this year.' The smaller grant of 1613 probably shows wincing at the 'aid' charges of 1612.

Of a maide nowe dwelling at the towne of *meurs* in *dutchland*, that hath not taken any foode this 16 yeares, and is not yet neither hungry nor thirsty; the which maide hath lately beene presented to the lady *elizabeth*, the king's daughter of *england*. This song was made by the maide her selfe, and now translated into *english*.

To the tune of *Th[e] ladie's fall.*

[1]

You gallant maidens of the world,
of beauty faire and fine,
Behould a heauenly blessing giuen
vnto this life of mine.
Full sixteene yeares are past and gone
since last I tasted foode,
And to this houre no meate nor drinke
can doe my body good.

[2]

No thirst nor hunger me annoyes,
nor weakenes my estate;
But liues like one that's finely fed
with dainties delicate.

[1] Marriage of Margaret of England to James IV of Scotland: see No. LXXVII.

[2] 3 But liues] *read* I liue.

For daily in my hand I beare
a pleasant smelling flower,
Which to maintaine me safe in health
hath still the blessèd power.

[3]

For, when that nature framd me first
a young and tender maide,
To liue as other damsels did
my heart grewe sore afraide,
And doubted much theies sugred wines,
and banquets of great cost,
Would drow my soule to wanton sin,
thereby to haue it lost.

[4]

Then downe vpon the ground I kneel'd,
and made my prayers to heauen
That no such sweete delightfull ioyes
might to my minde be giuen,
But rather still to fast and pray
to quench all wanton fires
That in my bosome might take hold
or kindle vaine desires.

[5]

My pure vnspotted minde preuaild
according to my will,
And so my life preseruèd is
by smelling flow-ers still,
That belly-gods and drunkards all
might hereby take good heede
How they their unsuffisèd mawes
doe daily stuffe and feede.

[6]

So neuer after this could foode
into my body goe,
Nor any art of man could bring
my nature thereunto;
By which a wonder I became,
and people much did muse
How I could liue in perfect health
and sustenance refuse.

[7]

Within the towne of *meurs*, well known,
I liud thus many yeares,
Where much resort vnto me came
of states and noble peeres,

[3] 5 theies] *read* these. 7 drow] *read* draw.

Who p[r]offerd me much curtesie
if I would with them eate.
As god would haue, I still refusd
all kindes of drinke and meate.

[8]

Amongst the rest, a countesse braue,
a lady of renowne,
On pleasure came, with all her traine,
to see this famous towne;
And, hearing of this meruaile strange
that I so long had usd,
In person came, her selfe to see
if foode I quight refusd.

The second part.

[9]

Where, after many speaches past
and tryalls made in vaine,
The Countesse sought some other way
her purpose to obtaine,
And traind me to an Orchard forth
where pleasant cherries grew,
And vnawares the one of them
into my mouth she threw.

[10]

The iuyce there-of I tasted straight,
which downe my body past,
Whereby into a deadly swound
I sodainely was cast:
Where, if good meanes had not beene made
by phisicke cuning cure,
I neuer had recouered more,
but there had died most sure.

[11]

This strange attempt being spred abroad
to places farre and neare,
Did mooue the nobles of that land
to hold my life more deare;
And straight app[o]inted for my guard
a person wise and graue;
And, for his paines and mainteinance,
a monthly pention gave.

[12]

Then yeelded I the lord aboue
eternall laude and prase
That thus hath made me in my life
a wonder of these daies:
A wonder, sure, in that my name
about the world is spread,
And will, I know, remembred be,
(saide she) when I am dead.

[13]

But now, to make and end of all;
my fortunes to adduance,
Prince *palsgraue* and his lady faire
came th[r]ough the towne by chance;
Where princely faire *elezabeth*,
with all her *english* traine,
Desired to stay and see the same,
and there a while remaine.

[14]

Where, for a meruaile, to her grace
my selfe full soone was told,
And there presented to her sight
that she might me behould;
Who straight demaunded how I liud
so straingely in that kinde,
Receuing neither meate nor drinke
which nature seeke to finde.

[15]

My answere was:—the lord aboue
my dayes did thus preserue,
From whose commaundement in the
I'le neuer goe nor swerue.
And, therewithall, I gaue the prince
a nosegay of sweete flowers,
For by the vertue of such like
I take my breathing power[s].

[16]

The which the gentle lady tooke,
in kinde and humble wise,
As if they had been Jemmes of wroth
and Jewells of great prize;
And, for the same, returnd me backe
a guift of good red gold,
An hundreth Dollers presently,
the which my keeper told,

[13] 1 and] *read* an 3 i. e. in 1613. [14] 8 seeke] *read* seeks. 5 prince] i. e. princess. [15] 3 in the] *read* in the least. [16] 3 wroth] *read* worth.

[17]

With charge that I should maintaind,
accordinge to my will,
At *meurs*, where I was bred and borne,
and there continue still.
Thus, from this good and gratious prince,
I parted in kinde loue;
Where all my words for veryty
she did by witnesse proue.

[18]

Some *English* lord did there that time
my vse and manners see;
With *English* Ladyes in like sort,
which meruaile much at me,
And can report this thing for truth
that 's heere to *England* sent—
Yea, those that with out princely bird
to *palsgraue's* Country went.

[19]

Then let no man, with hard beleefe,
account this newes vntrue.
At *meurs* I liue (and there will die),
for such as will me viewe.
So, *England!* blest be thee and thine
by God's most holy hand:—
This praier the *dutchland* maiden sends
from that good *neitherland*.

Finis.

No. XI

Jewry came to Jerusalem

Fol. 123: begins imperfectly, the preceding leaf having been cut out. The text is completed from a Black-letter copy, in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 156 (*olim* 253). The obscure stanza 6 seems to mean:—the Jews held a mistaken belief that the advent of the Messiah was to be proclaimed abroad by thunder; whereas, in fact, it was made known by angelic song.

This, with its companion-piece (No. XII), is, in one way, the most singular ballad in the set. As is seen in No. XIII, the tune was closely

[17] 1 should] *read* should be. [18] 1 lord] *read* lords. 7 out princely bird] *read* that princely bride.

associated with songs of indelicate or even filthy character. We are, therefore, to think of the author, as setting himself, undeterred by the tang attaching to the music, to compose ennobling words for it, determined, like a later hymn-writer, that 'the devil shall not have all the best tunes'. A copy of the broad-sheet, with Nos. XI and XII on it, may well have been in Milton's hands when he wrote (1629, 1630) his ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* and his fragment on *The Passion*. At any rate, the two ballads form no unworthy prelude to these hymns. At the end of each verse, some licence for writing nonsense may be conceded to the librettist who had to provide words for so tricky a tune and for rhymes so intricate. The religious poet (Nos. XI, XII) appears to require less indulgence, in this respect, than the amatory (No. XIII).

[An excellent Ballad of the Birth and Passion of our Saviour CHRIST.

THE TUNE IS *Dulcina*.]

[1]

[*Jury* came to *Jerusalem*
(all the world was taxed then):
Blessed *Mary* brought to *Bethlehem*
more then all the world again.
A gift so blest, so good; the best
That e'r was seen, was heard, or done.
A King, a CHRIST, prophet and priest,
A Jesus, God, a Man, a Son.

[1] 1 i.e. Jewry. 6 e'r] i.e. e'er.

[2]

Happy night! a day was never
half so happy, sweet, and fair:
Singing Souldiers, blessed ever,
fill the sky with sweetest air.
Amaz'd men fear, they see, they hear;
yet doubt and ask how this was done.
'Twas bid 'Behold it was foretold,'
This night hath God himself a son.

[3]

There appears a golden Usher,
kings attending on his train:
The bright sun could not outblush her—
such a star ne'r shon again.
See now it stays, seeming it says
'Go in, and see what there is done:']
A child whose birth leagues heauen and earth;
Jesus to vs; to God, a sonne.

[4]

Subtill *Herod* sent to finde him,
with a purpose blacke as hell;
But a greater power consumd him,
and his purpose did repell,
Who should betray doe all obey,—
As fitting was it should be done.
The[n] all adore, and kneele before,
This God and man, to god a sonne.

[5]

'Twas vpon a Commet's blazing
Cuma to *Augustus* sayd:—
'This foreshewes an act amazinge;
'for a mother, still a maide,
'A babe shalle beare that all must feare,
'And sodainely it must be done.
'Nay, *Caesar*! thow to him must bowe
'Heer 's god and man, to god a sonne.'

[6]

Is not this a blessed wonder?
God is man, and man is god.
Foolish *Jewes* mistooke the thunder
should proclame the king abroad.
Angels they syng 'behould the kinge!'
In *Beththelem* where this was done.
Then we, as they, reioyce, and saye
'We haue a sauiour; god, a sonne.'

[3] 1 i.e. St. Matt. ii. 1, 2. 7 *Incipit* fol. 123 of MS. [4] 3 consumd] *read* confin'd. 5 doe] *read* whom. [5] 2 i.e. Sibylla Cumana, as in Verg., *Ecl.* iv. 4.

No. XII

Turn your eyes, that are affixèd

Fol. 123^{v}: to 'the same tune' as the preceding; i. e. to *Dulcina*. It is really a 'second part' of No. XI, as is shown both by the title of that piece, and by the Black-letter exemplar in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 156 (*olim* 253), where it is printed alongside of No. XI on the same sheet.

Of the passion of Christ.

To the same tune.

[1]

Turne yours eyes, that are affixèd
on this world's deceavinge things;
And, with ioy and sorrow mixèd,
Looke vpon the kinge of kings,
Who left his throne, with ioyes vnknowne;
Tooke flesh like ours; like as drew breath,
For vs to dy: heere fixe your eye,
And thinke upon his precious death!

[2]

See him, in the Gardaine prayinge,
while his sad disciples slept;
See him, in the Garden sweatinge
Droppes of bloud, and how he wept.
As man he was, hee wept (Alasse!),
And, trembling, feard to lose his breath;
Yet to heauen's will hee yeelded still:
Then thinke vpon his precious death!

[3]

See him, by the Souldiers taken;
when, with *Auè* and a kisse,
Hee, that Heaven had quite forsaken,
had betrayd him, and with this!
Behould him bound, and garded round,
To *Caiphas* borne to loose his breath.
There see the *Jewes* heaven's king abuse.
O thinke vpon his precious death!

[1] 1 yours] *read* your. 6 like as] *read* like us. [3] 3 that] i. e. whom, viz. Judas.

[4]

See him, in the hands of *Pilate*,
like a base offender stript;
See the mone and teares they smile at,
while they see our Saviour whipt.
Behould him bleede: his purple weede
Record, while yow have life and breath;
His taunts, and scornes, his crowne of thornes,
Oh thinke vpon his precious death!

[5]

See him, in the houre of parting,
hanging on his bloody Crosse.
See his wounds; conceiue his smartinge,
and our gaine by his lyve's losse.
One eyther syde a fellon dyed—
The one derided him, leaving breath;
The other praies, and humbly sayes
Oh saue me by thy precious death!

[6]

See, as in these pangs he thirstèd,
and, that heate to coole, did call,
How these *Jewes* (like *Iudas* cursèd)
bring him vineger and gall.
His spirit then to heaven againe
Commending with his latest breath,
The world he leaves that man deceaues.
Oh thinke vpon his precious death!

Finis.

No. XIII

The golden god Hyperion

Fol. 124^{v}: second part on fol. 125^{v}. In the first two lines daybreak is described by the reflection of the sun [Hyperion] from the sea, which is named from Thetis, the mother of Achilles. The same combination of names occurs in other ballads. The combination is possible, since Thetis was a Nereid and dwelt, with her sisters, in the sea-depths. Probably, however, the more familiar name has displaced Tethys, wife of Oceanus, a better opposite to Hyperion. Samuel Daniel's masque, *Tethys Festival*, was brought out in 1610.

The refrain of the ballad belongs to our older piece (see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 711); and, as used here, is meaningless.

[5] 5 One] *read* On. 6 derided] *read* derides. [6] 7 i.e. leaves the world that deceives man.

An excellent newe dyttye, wherein fayre *Dulcina* complayneth for the absence of her dearest *Coridon*, but at length is comforted by his presence.

To the tune of *Dulcina*.

[1]

The golden god *Hyperion*
by *Thetis* is saluted,
Yet comes as Shepard *Coridon*,
In Brydall cloothinge suited.
Dulcina then did say that men
Were chaunging like the siluer moon;
And now I feare I buy to deare—
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

[2]

Wandring by the silver mountaines
seking my sweet Sheppards swaine,
I hard the chirstall humming fountaines
morningly with me complaine
How I am slayne by love's disdaine,
And all my musicke out of tune;
Yet will I singe no other thinge—
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

[3]

Love is in her blooming blasted,
deceavèd by a golden tongue;
Vaine delights haue fondly tasted—
sweets that bringe me bytter wrong.
Yet hee 's a creature, for his feature,
More iocund then the sunne or moone.
Sweet, turne again! the flowre of men
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

[4]

Let Satyres sing the Rundelayes,
and fayryes daunce their twilight's round,
Whilst we, in *Venus*' sugred playes,
doe solace on the flowery ground.
The darkest night for our delight
Is still as pleasant as the moone.
Within thy armes, when *Cupid* charmes,
Dulcina cannot be to soone.

[1] 2 *Thetis*] *read Tethys.* 3 comes as] *read* comes not.
[2] 2 Sheppards] *read* sheppard. 3 chirstall] *read* crystal.
4 morningly] *read* mourningly. [3] 3 haue] *read* I've.
7 the] *read* thou. [4] 1 the] *read* their.

[5]

A sheephooke, all of good red gould,
my *Coridon*, I'le the provide
To drive my lambes vnto their fold,
soe I may be thy wedded bride;
And for thy sake I'le garlands make
of Rosye buds and Hawthorne bloome.
Make noe delay but sweetly say—
I'le come to my *Dulcina* soone.

[6]

As shee in sorrow thus sat weeping,
goulden slumber closd her eyes;
The shepard came, and found her sleeping,
saying—'Fayre *Dulcina*, rise!
'Let love adorne our bridall morne.'
Now bels doe ring a silver tune,
And prety faunes daunce o're the Lawnds
to thinke what ioyes will follow soone.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

[7]

A hundreth shephards come with him,
attyrèd all in cuntry gray.
With oaten reeds they pipèd trime
in honour of Love's holydaye.
Their bonnets fayre embrodred were,
in beauty lyke a winter's moone,
Which set on fire the sweet desire
of wishèd ioyes that followed soone.

[8]

Loyalty with love's requited,
yf that lovers have contentinge;
And pleasure stolne will be affrighted
soone by jealous head tormentinge.
For still their lyes, in lovers' eyes,
a fancy changing like the moone;
Yet, in my brest, a constant rest
of sweet delight that comes full soone.

[5] 2 the] i. e. thee. 3 my] *read* thy. [8] 4 jealous head] jealous-head, i. e. jealousy. 5 their] i. e. there.

[9]

Our wood-nymphs on their sommer greenes,
God *Cupid* kindly to content,
Will foote it, like the nymble Queenes
that daunst in Lady *Venus'* tent:
And *Hymen's* hands tye holy bands,
this bridall day, before hye noone.
A fayrer Dame did never Swain
say, 'Come, *Dulcina*, to me soone.'

[10]

The day is spent with sweet desires;
our wishes welcome gentle night;
And virgins' Lampes, of *Hymen's* fires,
doe lead the way to love's delight.
Come, nymph, and rest vpon my brest
tyll cockes do crowe their morning tune;
Then let 's awake, and pastime make,
and tast the ioyes we shall haue soone.

[11]

Aurora, blushing white and redde,
now lends vs pleasure in our sleepes;
And bright *Appollo*, from his bed,
between the silken Curtaines keepes;
And with his face giue[s] sweter grace
then *Phoebus* doth at cheerefull noone.
Leaue of to say 'Away, Away;'
and I'le be still thy comfort soone.

[12]

Thus, hand in hand, desire did meete,
as men and maydens vse to doe.
If yow attempt a Lady sweete,
come, learne of *Coridon* to woe.
The cuntry Swaine is alwayes plaine,
and sings to love the sweetest tune.
Be not to coy, but say, with ioy,
Forgoe me nowe, come to me soone.

Finis.

[9] 3 Queenes] i. e. the Graces (Hor. *Carm.* 1. 4. 5, 6). 7 A] *read* To. [11] 4 keepes] *read* peeps. 6 then] i. e. than. 7 of] off.

No. XIV

What heart so hard, but will relent

Fol. 126v. I have not found Ivy Bridge in old maps of London. In Charles II's time there was, and there is still, an Ivy Lane, not far from Newgate Street.

In his zeal to press his point of Sabbath observance the writer has distorted facts (stanza 11). A Maldon borough by-law, no doubt coincident with statute-law, January, 1558–9, warns 'all vittelers . . . that they do not suffer any persons to eate or drynke in ther howses in the tyme of devine service, travelyng men only excepted, vppon payne to forfeyte, for every time of offending, 10*s*.' A typical Maldon ale-house licence, of 1628, contains an express proviso that the licensee shall 'sell no beere or ale in his house during service- or sermon-time' on Sunday or holy-day. Presentments, and fines, for breach of by-law (or statute) are frequent. Public opinion sanctioned magisterial investigation in ale-houses during service-time, even where it resented it in private houses. At Maldon Epiphany sessions, 1622–3, chief-magistrate John Rudland complained that on Sunday, January 12, he and other officers found a husbandman of St. Mary's parish and other company, during service-time, in the house of Robert Barber, fisherman, of St. Peter's parish; and that his remonstrances for their being there, and not at church, were met by the retort, 'Goe! meddle with your alehowsen: for you have nothing to do with me.' The suggestion of the ballad is that the persons named went from London to Southwark to avoid such visitation. But the ballad itself states that they waited till after service, when, even in London, they would have been free from molestation on Sabbatarian grounds.

There is inconsistency also between the title, which makes the accident occur on Sunday night, and stanzas 15 and 16, which put it on Monday morning.

The allusion to James I's 'laws' in stanza 30 is to a proclamation issued in 1607, enjoining strict observance of the Sabbath. To the messenger who brought this to Maldon, 1*s*. was paid in that year. The earliest *statute* on the subject seems to be that of 1625 (1 Car. I, cap. 1), directed against 'divers abuses committed on the Lord's day, bearebaiting, bullbaiting, enterludes, common playes'.

In Elizabeth's reign 'The Bill for more Diligent Resort to Churches on Sundayes was Read,' in 1601, enforcing attendance by a penalty of 12*d*., but seems not to have reached its final stage: Heywood Townshend, *The Four last Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth*, London, 1680, p. 273.

A dolefull dittye of five vnfortunat persons that were drowned in their drunknes in crossing over the *Thames* neare *Iuy Bridge*, vpon sundaye night the 15 of *October* last, 1616: set forth for an example for all such prophaners of the Lord's Sabaoth daye.

TO THE TUNE OF *Essex good-night.*

[1]

WHAT hart so hard, but will relent
of Strangers' suddaine deathe to heare;
And, of God's dreadful punishment,
he cannot choose but stande in feare.

[2]

Some riseth with the morninge Sun,
all healthfull, lustye, stronge, and bolde;
And yet, before the day be done,
are changd to claye and earthly moulde.

[3]

And some, not well prepard for death,
are in a moment tane awaye,
And graunted not one minute's breath
to make provision for that daye.

[4]

Then let our lives soe ordered bee,
that death may come what howre he will;
So shall we ioyfull endings see,
whilst others reape deseruèd ill.

[5]

And call to our remembrance, then,
the heavy Judgements of the Lord
Inflicted on fyve haplesse men,
forgetfull of his holy worde:

[6]

The which were neighbours in the *Strande*,
of good account and credit all,
But, followinge not the Lord's commaund,
did into carelesse courses fall.

[7]

For, God's most blessed Sabbath daye,
a day of order for holy vse,
In sinfull sorte, they spent awaye
in gormandizinge['s] foule abuse.

[8]

Yea! on that daye, the which, by heaven,
appointed is for prayer and rest,
That blessèd day of all the seaven,
which should amongst vs be the best,

[9]

Was, by these sinefull wicked wights,
consumde with ryott and excesse,
Who, for their wilfull vaine delights,
had tymelesse ends, remedilesse.

[10]

For as, before, they did consent
to meet and merye-make that daye;
And, findinge not, for their content,
a place where they might safely stay

[11]

From sight of neighbors, and of those
in Office made to search and see
Howe carelesse people styll bestowes
the Sabbath day vnreverentlye,

[12]

So, further off from home they went,
and crost the *Tems* to *Southwarke* side,
Where they the time in drinkinge spent,
regardlesse there to be espy'de.

The seconde part.

[13]

Scarce could they stay God's service end,
so soone from church they needs must goe—
Good Lord, vs synners all defend
from seekinge thus vntimelye woe!

[14]

How apt were they to runne the path
of temptinge ill, and vaine delight!
For which the Lord's most heavy wrath
vpon them sodainlye did light.

[7] 2 of order] *read* ordain'd. [8] 1 on] *read* all.

[15]

For, all that day and following nyght,
they ply'de soe well the good ale can,
Tyll all their wites were wasted quite,
and not remainde one sober man.

[16]

And so continuinge, with content,
till next day morninge fast drew on,
The time beinge slipt awaye and spent,
in desperat sort they would be gone.

[17]

Though all the *Thames*, with billowinge waues,
did raginge swell and rise full hye,
To hardy, they for passage craues,
havinge a Boatman ready by,

[18]

Who, as the Lord appointed had,
attending was, and ready founde;
But, being all with drinke growne madd,
they were in wofull manner drownd.

[19]

For, blinded with intisinge ill,
herein they thought themselues secure;
Yet every one, by God's high will,
his dreadfull anger did indure,

[20]

The which (no doubt) his Judgements were
for spending so his Sabaoth day,
Else had he gyven them grace and care
not thus to cast themselues awaye.

[21]

By whose vntimely losse of lives
their freinds, bewayling, sorrowe makes:
Their parents, kindred, and their wives,
now sit lamentinge for their sakes.

[22]

Their children, that be fatherlesse,
might longe have had these loving freinds,
If that this desperate wilfulnesse
had not thus brough[t] them to their ends.

[17] 3 To] i. e. Too.

[23]

Their neighbours' griefes were not the least,
when of these hard mishaps they knew;
Who came, with sorrowinge harts possest,
this deathfull sight of dole to view.

[24]

With grieuèd harts, both younge and olde,
that of their kinde acquaintance were,
Came sadly likewise, to behoulde
Their lifelesse bodyes lyinge there.

[25]

For, beinge found, they all were layde
there, one by one, vpon the shoore,
that people might be all afrayde
of such offences, more and more,

[26]

And frighted from this custome vaine
(wherein the world doth so delight),
God's blessèd Sabaoth to prophane,
from heavenly grace deseruèd quight.

[27]

Thus god (we see), with powerfull will,
for man's amisse and secret sinne,
Still plagues by Justice every ill,
the rest from like misdeedes to winne.

[28]

Therefore, let all good people then
take heede how they the Lord offend,
Lest, like to these vnhappy men,
they come to have such suddaine end.

[29]

And to the Lord our pray-ers make
that suddaine deathes we never haue.
For JESUS CHRIST our Sauiour's sake,
give vs repentance to our grave.

[30]

And for our Kinge let's hourely praye,
that such good lawes for vs decreed,
That we may keepe God's Sabaoth day,
of which we wretches take small heed.

Finis.

The Professions of these persons, so vnfortunately drowned, were :—1, a Haberdasher; 2, a Taylor; 3, a Sadler; 4, a Barber; 5, a Waterman.

No. XV

All Christian men, give ear a while to me

Fol. 129. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 703, from numerous Black-letter exemplars. The interest of the piece lies in its connexion with Christopher Marlowe's (1598) *Faustus*. Here, as in No. LV, a ballad and a tragedy have a common origin. In 1587 there appeared at Frankfort-on-Main *Historia von D. Johann Fausten*; which was promptly Englisht by 'P. F. gent.' as *The Historie of the damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus* (re-edition 1592).

The deed (stanza 6), written in blood, is executed, like a legal contract, in duplicate, one copy to remain with each of the two parties to it.

For contemporary belief in sorcery, see note to No. XXXVII. In 1563 (5 Elizabeth, cap. 16) was passed 'An Act agaynst Conjuracions, Inchantments, and Witchecrafts'. In 1604 this was replaced by the Statute 1 Jac. I, cap. 12, which punished by 'pains of deathe as a felon', all persons who, as Faustus does in the ballad, 'covenant with . . . any evill and wicked spirit . . . to or for any intent or purpose.'

The Judgment of God shewed vpon *Jhon Faustus*, Doctor of Divinitye.

To the tune of *Fortune my foe.*

[1]

All *Christian* men, give eare a whyle to me,
how I am plungd in paine, and cannot dye.
I liude a lyfe the lyke did none before,
forsaking Christ, and I am damnd therefore.

[2]

In *Wittenberge*, a towne in *Germany*,
there was I borne and bred, of good degree,
Of honest stocke, which afterward I shamed—
accurst therefore—for *Faustus* I was namd.

[3]

In learninge lore my vncle brought vp me,
and made me Doctor of Divinitye;
And, when he dyed, he gave me all his wealth—
his cursèd gold did hinder my soule's health.

[4]

Then did I shun the holy Bible booke,
nor on God's lawes would never after looke;
But studied accursèd coniuration,
which was the cause of my vtter damnation.

[5]

The Devill, in Frier's weed, appeard to me;
and soone to my request consented he.
That I might have all things I would desire,
I gave him soule and body, for his hire.

[6]

Twise did I make my tender flesh to bleed;
twise, with my blood, I wrot the Devill a deed:
Twise, wretchedly, both soule and body sould,
to live in pride and do what thing I would.

[7]

For fowre and twentye yeares this bond was made,
and at the end my soule was trewlye paide.
Time ran away, and yet I never thought,
how deare my Saviour CHRIST had my soule bought.

[8]

Would I had then been made a beast by kinde,
then had I not so vainely set my minde;
Or would, when reason first began to bloome,
some darksome den had beene my deadly toome

[9]

Wo to the day of my natiuitye!
wo to the time that once did foster me!
And wo vnto my hand that seald the bill!
woe to my selfe, the causer of my ill!

[7] 2 trewlye] *read* to be 4 how deare] i. e. at what great price. [8] 4 toome] i. e. tomb.

[10]

The time I spent awaye with much delight
mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight.
I wrought such wonders, with my magicke skill,
that all the world may talke of *Faustus* still.

[11]

The Devill caried me vp into the skye,
where I did see how all the world did lye.
I went about the earth in eyght dayes' space,
and then returnd vnto my native place.

[12]

What pleasures I did wish to please my minde
he did performe, as hand and seale did bind;
The secrets of the Starres, and Planets, told;
of earth and sea; with wonders manifould.

[13]

When fowre and twenty years were almost run,
I thought of all things that were past and doone—
How that the Devill would come and clame his right,
and carry me to everlasting night.

[14]

Then—all to late—I curst my wilfull deed,
the griefe whereof did make my hart to bleed:
All dayes, all howrs, all nights, I mornnèd sore,
repenting me of all things done before.

[15]

I then did wish both Sun and moone to staye,
all times and seasons never to decaye:
Then, had my tyme ne're come to datèd ende,
nor soul and body downe to hell descend.

[16]

At last, when I had but an howre to come,
I turnd my glasse for my best hour to run;
And cald in learnèd men to comfort me—
But faith was gone, and comfort none could bee.

[17]

By twelue a clock my glasse was almost out:
my greeuèd conscience then began to doubt.
I wisht the students stay in chamber by—
but, as they staid, they hard a dolefull cry.

[14] 3 mornnèd] i. e. mourned. [16] 2 best] *read* last.

[18]

Then, presently, they came into the hall,
whereas my braines were cast against the wall:
Both armes, and leggs, in peices torne did see;
my bowels gone—*that* was the end of me.

[19]

Yow Coniurours, and damnèd wretches all,
example take by this accursèd fall.
Giue not your soules and bodyes vnto hell:
see that the smallest heare yow do not sell;

[20]

But hope that CHRIST's kingdom yow may gaine,
where yow shall never feel such greeuous payne.
Forsaking the Devill and all his craftye wayes,
embrace trew faith that never more decayes.

Finis.

No. XVI

The dreadful day of doom draws near

Fol. 130^{v}, title, in second hand; fol. 131, text, in third hand: with second part, fol. 136^{v}, first 3 verses in second hand, rest in third hand; continued on fol. 144, in third hand. This ballad bears testimony partly to the popular appetite for the marvellous, but more to the prevalence of apocalyptic speculation in James I's reign. It is unlikely that the place-name and the presumable matters of fact (great thunderstorm and outbreak of pestilence) are quite fictitious, though they have not yet been nailed down definitely. The nearest place, in point of lettering, that I find in Gazetteers is Holt, a commune of Belgium, province of Limburg. More probable, in respect of locality, is Holten, a village (2,462 inhabitants) near Düsseldorf: cf. Mörs in No. X. In Roxburghe Collection, ii. 545, and in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 166, is the woodcut for the second part of this ballad, representing three skeletons, rising from graves, numbered 1, 2, 3, to fit them to stanzas 8, 9, 11. It has nothing to do with the piece where it comes; but the Black-letter printer would not, for such a trifle as inappropriateness, let his wood-blocks lie idle.

[19] 4 heare] i.e. hair. [20] 1 Christ's] *read* Christ his.

Miraculous Newes from the cittie of *Holdt* in *Germany*, where there were three dead bodyes seene to rise out of their Graues vpon the twentieth day of September last 1616, with other strange things that hapned.

To the tune of *The ladye's fall.*

[1]

The dreadfull day of doome drawes neere:
oh mortall man, repent;
For all the world is full of sinne,
and vnto mischiefe bent.
His sword is drawne to strike vs dead,
as heere it is declard:
Then let vs call vnto the lord,
with cryes that may be heard.

[2]

The lord hath shewd his anger late
by lightning and in Thunder,
With many other fearfull threats
of terror and great wonder.
As late, at *Holdt* in *Germany*,
the heauens all burning bright
Appearèd, full fiue houres and more,
there in a fiery light.

[3]

The dreadfull Thunders ratled loude,
the lightning flashes strange,
Which seemd, within a moment's time,
this earthly globe to change.
The people all were sore amazd
the same to heare and see;
And euery one did thinke that day
the day of doome to be.

[4]

And those that in the Towne[s] neare dwelt,
adioyning to the same,
Did thinke the cittye all on fire
and burning in a flame.
Where-at they came in numbers fast,
with manye a fearefull crye,
To helpe to quench the burning fires
that seemd to flame on hie.

[5]

But there they found no building burnt,
nor house with fire consumd;
But all the cittie in a maze,
that so in sinne presumd:
Where, when the thundrin[g] tempest ceased,
was heard a dolefull sound
And clamor, which strucke trembling feare
through all the cittye round.

[6]

Yet no man could perceiue from whence
those dreadfull clamours came;
Nor could they finde, in any place,
the speakers of the same.
Yet euery where it still was heard,
but no-w[h]ere could be found,
Though in the cittye still it gaue
a fearfull hiddeous sound.

[7]

At leng[t]h the people vnto Church
did generally repaire,
In-tending there vnto the lord
to sacrifice in prayer.
But in the church-yard, as they went,
the Graues did open wide,
From whence rose vp three ghostly shapes
which long before had dyed.

[3] 4 change] *read* range. [7] 8 *Explicit*, fol. 132. The second part *incipit* on fo!. 136ᵛ.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

[8]

Whereof the first was seene to be
from flesh consumèd quite,
Yet of a humane shape to see,
most semly cleere and white:
Who spake these wordes:—'Now is the time
'(the lord be blest therefore!)
'That we haue lookt for, day by day,
'these thousands yeares and more.'

[9]

The second that rose from his graue
came with more trembling feare,
For, all in fire, from head to foote,
he burning did appeare.
Vpon his head his haire likewise
did flaming stand vpright;
And all his body round about
did shine with fiery light.

[10]

Quoth he:—'Repent, repent with speede,
'you Nations on the earth;
'For god intends to plague you all
'with pestilence and death.
'Your pompe and pride he will destroy:
'Your liues with speede amend.
'Repent, repent, while time giues leaue:
'the world is at an end.'

[11]

No sooner ended these his wordes,
but came a third in sight,
A fearfull shape that strangely brought
the people in a fright;
For, gnashing of his teeth together,
he made a hiddeous cry,
Delivering foorth these threatning woes
vnto the standers-by.

[12]

'Woe, woe vnto you, wicked men!
'this is the time that we
'So many a day haue lookèd for;
'and now the same we see.

[8] 8 thousands] *read* thousand.

'Strange suddaine deaths are neere at hand;
'the earth with trembling feare
'Shall shortly be incompast round,
'Euen now this present yeare.'

[13]

So heauing spoake these threatning words,
their graues did open wide,
Where backe againe these gastly shapes,
before them all, did glide.
When closèd vp, the skyes grew cleare,
and so the tempest ceast:
The people all, from present feares,
were likewise so releast.

[14]

But yet, assembling soone themselfe,
vnto the lord gaue praise,
Desiring that, in mercy, he
would giue them longer dayes,
And not to lay his heauy hand
vpon them, for their sinne
And long continued wickednese
they so delighted in.

[15]

Let no man therefore thinke in heart
these warnings were in vaine,
Nor that they doe not any way
vnto vs appertaine.
For, as that cittye feeles god's Ire,
so ours may doo likewise,
When-as the liues here of vs all
within his Justice lyes.

[16]

For, in that cittye, at this day,
so great a plague is seene,
That like not in the world (I thinke)
before hath euer beene.
For people dye within their streetes,
as they abroad doe goe.
Thus god, for their fore-passèd sinnes,
his heauy hand doth showe.

[13] 1 heauing] *read* having. [16] 4 *Explicit*, fol. 137ᵛ.
5 *Incipit*, fol. 144. 7 fore-passèd] *substituted for* fore-a-passed.

[17]

Some, feeding, at their tables dye
in midst of all their cheare,
The bread scarce in their mouthes being put
but fainting they appeare.
And some, that goe vnto their beds
in health and well ore-night,
Are strangely found therein starke dead
before next morning's light.

[18]

By these we may perceiue, oh lord,
thy warnings bring vs woe;
And that they are not sent in vain,
as these they workes doe shoe.
Therefore let vs beleeue, and thinke
the wonders that he sends
Foretells vs following meseries
he suddainly intends.

[19]

Nor let vs make a sport of them
in meriment or game
(For god will all such scorners still
confound with open shame);
But rather hold them gentle meanes
and warninges of is liue,
In time to win vs vnto grace,
And our repentance move.

[20]

To which most kinde and gracious god
Let us our pray-ers make
That all such threatning woes he may
from this our countrey take,
That we may neuer feele the wrath
which hee on other layes,
But still to walke, like *christians* true,
vprightly in his wayes.

Finis.

[18] 4 they] *read* thy. shoe] i.e. show. [19] 6 is liue] *read* his love. 7 vnto] inserted by second hand. 8 move] added by second hand.

No. XVII

Come! come! come! come! What shall I say

Fol. 132: written by the third hand. For the tune see No. VII.

And louer's lamentable complaint, who (being forsaken) wisheth all others to take heede of women.

To the tune of *The glasse doth run.*

[1]

Come! come! come! come! What shall I say
to driue away this dolfull day?
For all is vaine for to complaine
to this my deare that doth disdaine.
Therefore I will her quite forgoe,
for shee hath wrought my griefe and woe.
And thus I sing 'My heart is sore:
'therefore, i'le neuer wooe her more.'

[2]

For though my labour is come to this,
yet to let her goe, 'tis not amis;
For she hath beene cause of my smart,
in fixing her so neere my hart.
Therefore, all you that wooers be,
take this example now by me:
And sing with me 'Our hearts be sore:
'therefore wee'le neuer wooe no more.'

Title: And] *read* A *or* A fond.

[3]

For virgins they haue wit at will
to try men's cunning, and eke their skill,
And thinke themselues most braue and gay,
when they are all in fine array.
But it is not so, you louers knowe;
therefore say oft and let them goe:
And so I sing 'My hart is sore:
'therefore i'le neuer wooe no more.'

[4]

Why doe I sit so heauily,
because faire *flora* is not by?
If shee be gon, then let her goe,
for she hath proued my deadly foe;
And nowe to loose her it is best,
that so my hart may liue at rest.
But it makes me sing etc.

[5]

But now I weepe, and sore lament,
to see the time which I haue spent
In mournefull grones, and sighs so deepe,
which makes me nowe to waile and weepe,
And cursse the time she hath me slaine,
most secretly, in such a vaine:
Which makes me sing etc.

[6]

For now my sute is ver[i]e colde;
and now to speake I may be boulde.
Therefore, all ye that wooers be,
leaue off your suite and end with me:
For creature faire hath temp[t]ed me,
and brought me to this miserie:
But now I sing etc.

[7]

When loue in me it was first bred,
and on my heart must sweetly fed,
Such ioy it was vnto my minde,
though she at last hath proued vnkinde.
And now I must her quite forsake,
and coynèd gould I will home take:
Which makes me sing etc.

[4] 5 loose] i. e. lose. [7] 2 must] *read* most.

[8]

What suddaine chance to me befell
vnto the world is knowne full well.
Therefore I haue deseruèd hell,
and now let louers ring my knell.
Therefore, ye wooers, take good heede,
and heaue a care ere ye proceed,
And sing with me 'Our hearts be sore:
'and neuer let vs wooe no more.'

[9]

You louers all, that be so bolde,
take heede your courage be not colde;
And doe not lust, and eke desire,
least that your hearts be sit on fire,
But leaue them all in the open field,
consent to none, nor doe not yeild:
For yet I sing 'My hart is sore:
'therefore i'le neuer wooe no more.'

[10]

For pride will striue among them all
of which he meanes to giue the fall,
Which makes my soule lament the same,
with flouds of teares that run amane.
Now fie vpon this maiden kinde
that proued so false vnto my minde:
Which makes me sing etc.

[11]

For this I grieue, and sore repent,
of this vilde loue wherein I went
In sorrowes deepe, and worldlynes,
and wandred thus from happines:
And thus am tost now too and froe
and my poore hart in such a wooe:
Which makes me sing etc.

[12]

And thus I end my mournefull song,
which griefe did cause me to prolong;
And leaue my loue, which is so could;
and wrape my selfe in endles moulde.
Therefore, all ye that louers be,
leaue off your suite, and end withe me,
And let vs sing: 'Our harts be sore:
'therefore let vs leaue and wooe no more.'

[8] 6 heaue] i. e. have. [9] 4 sit] i. e. set. 5 in the] *omit* the.

No. XVIII

Jesu, my loving spouse

Fol. 134 sqq. Title (on fol. 134) and first stanza (on fol. 134^{v}) by second hand: all the rest by third hand. The combination of amatory tune with devotional sentiment forcibly recalls similar strange collocations in the Scottish *Ane Compendious Buik of Godly and Spirituall Sangis*, printed in 1567, commonly known as *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, re-edited by Professor Alexander F. Mitchell, 1897.

The sinner, dispisinge the world and all earthly vanities, reposeth his whole confidence in his beloved Saviour, JESUS CHRIST.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dainty, come thow to mee.*

[1]

JESU, my lovinge spouse,
eternall verytye,
Perfect guide to my soule,
waye to eternitye!
Strengthen me with thy grace;
from thee i'le never flye.
Let them saye what they will,
Jesu, come thow to mee.

[2]

Poore men seeke after wealth,
bond men seeke libertie,
Crazed corpes crye for health,
all seeke prosperitie.
Nothing seeke I but CHRIST,
he alone pleaseth me.
Let them all say what they will,
Jesu, come thou to mee.

[3]

Some weary out themselues
in wayes of miserie;
Some follow painted flies
th[r]ough fields of vanitie;
Some, in the mouthes of men,
place their felli[ci]ty;
Such trifles I contemne.
Jesu, come thou to mee.

[2] 3 crazed corpes] i.e. craz'd corpses. 7 *omit* all.

[4]

Some passe through surging seas
in dayli ieoperdy,
Hazarding life and limme,
to be inrichd thereby;
Some toyle at home therefore.
I, by possessing thee,
Haue all they haue, and more.
Jesu, come thou to me.

[5]

Feruent loue langheth sore
his louer's face to see;
Discarded caur-ti-ers,
in prince's grace to bee.
No woe, no want I feele,
while I remane with thee.
Let them all say what they will,
Jesu, come thou to mee.

[6]

What can this wretched world,
repleate with miserie,
Houlde to delight my soule,
made for eternitye?
All is vaine; all is fraile,
all that 's compard to thee.
All earthly things doe faile;
Jesu, come thou to me.

[7]

All that heart can conceaue,
eare can heare, eye can see,
All, and more, I possesse,
sweete JESU CHRIST, by thee.
Heauen and earth, all therein,
Life, limme, thou gauest mee.
Haue I not cause to sing
Jesu, come thou to mee?

[8]

If pleasure moue my mind,
pow-er, nobilitye,
All this I find in thee;
strenght and agilitye,
Wisdome, wit, beautye, health,
peace, and felicity.
Of my soule perfect health,
Jesu, come thou to mee.

[5] 1 langheth] *read* longeth. 3 caur-ti-ers] i. e. courtiers.
7 *omit* all. [7] 2 *read* eare heare, or eye can see.
[8] 3 *read* All this in thee I find. 5 health] *read* wealth.

[9]

Though the world tempt me sore,
  though the flesh trouble me,
Though the Deuell would deuour,
  my refuge is in the.
Though heauen and earth doth faile,
  though all perplexèd be,
Thou art, and euer shall
  my chiefest comfort be.

[10]

Thou art my Sauiour sweete,
  foode and light vnto me;
A medicine most meete,
  for each infirmitie;
To my tast, honie sweete;
  to my heart, melody;
Perfect guide to my feete;
  to my hart, Jubilie.

[11]

Not my will, Sauiour mine;
  but thine, performèd be.
All things I count as dounge,
  Jesu, for loue of thee.
Pleasure, pompe, all delight,
  that I may blessèd be,
I doe abandon quite.
  Jesu, come thou to me.

[12]

Hauing thee, though I die,
  I liue most ioyfully:
Wanting thee, though I liue,
  such life is death to mee.
Thou art my blisse, my ioy,
  all my felicitye.
Chiefe succour in annoy,
  Jesu, come thou to mee.

[13]

For thee my soule was made;
  nought else contenteth thee.
All earthly pleasures fade;
  thou liuest eternally.
Strengthen mee with thy grace,
  that I may worthy be
In heauen to see thy face,
  and burne in loue of thee.

[9] 4 the] i. e. thee. 7 Thou] *by correction from* though.
[10] 6 heart] *read* ear. [13] 2 thee] *read* me.

No. XIX

And wilt thou, my dear, begone

Fol. 140ᵛ. Text given, from this MS., in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii, p. xiii.

Wilt thow be goone, my deare.

To the tune of *Sweete Gardiner.*

[1]

And wilt thow be gone, my Deare?
and wilt thow no longer remaine?
Farewell! I can live alone;
thy companye I can refraine.
If it be your favour thus for to waver,
Goe! Goe!
And never come to mee againe.

[2]

I scorne for thy love to sue;
my thoughts doe detest the same.
I am as well resoluèd as yow,
and as little I doe complaine.
If it be your favour thus for to waver,
Goe! Goe!
And never come to me againe.

[3]

These follyes yow will repent,
when dreames have possest your braine;
And, in your false armes, yow
will wishe mee your lover againe.
But when your lypps misses my wonted kisses,
[Oh! Oh!]
Faine would yow come to mee againe.

[4]

Then kisse mee, nor clap mee, no more;
Nor coll mee, nor court mee, in vaine.
Yow might have knowne before
To have kist mee, and with mee have laine.
But now, Adue! and when it please yow,
Soe goe!
And never come to me againe.

Finis.

[1] 1 *read* And wilt thow, my Deare, be gone—*for the rhyme's sake.* [3] 6 line dropped out. [4] 1 clap] *possibly* clasp. 3 might have] *possibly* might this have. 6 *Soe goe*] read *Goe! Goe!*

No. XX

O smile, o smile! o my joy, o my sweeting

Fol. 141. No. XLV is another instance of a 'Second Part' of which the first part is not found in the MS. Possibly the original printed sheet had been torn in two, and only the second half had come to the writer's hand.

The Second Part.

TO THE TUNE OF *So Ho.*

[1]

O smile, o smile! o my ioy, o my sweetinge!
let not my love despare.
Crowne you my thoughts with a friendly greeting,
else shall I dye with care.
For my hart,
with *Cupid's* dart,
is stricken very sore:
with a — Hononanero hone.

[2]

When first I saw thee, I stoode all amazèd;
like to a starre most bright,
Beautye shined on mee, as inglazèd
in the darkest night.
Venus fayre
was not soe rare
as my poore love alone:
with — Hononanero hone.

[3]

O now, my ioye! thou wert wont for to love me;
now art thow growne vnkinde.
Hast thow not had longe time to prove me?
[why] was thy love soe blinde?
[would] to my griefe
I had some reliefe;
and to thee I make my mone,
with — Hononanero hone.

[4]

I that haue oft on the Sea beene in danger,
for my trew lover's sake,
Now I am returnèd againe, like a stranger:
turne to me, Love; and awake.
Thy sweet face,
with a comely grace,
when first I looked vpon:
with — Hononanero hone.

[5]

Neptune, why, from the wind and the weather,
didst thow my body keepe,
And didst not rayse the floudes altogether,
and drowne me in the deepe?
It makes my hart
with griefe to smart,
weepe, waile, lament, and mone,
with — Hononanero hone.

Finis.

No. XXI

Come hither, mine host, come hither

Fol. 142: with second part on fol. 143.

This piece is a good example of the convivial song of the period, in which the actual words were of minor importance, the attraction lying in the rattling chorus. The true vocation of this type of song was for improvisation, the singer, or each member of the company in turn, making up the next verse, with topical allusions or rhymes on the names of those present, while the others trolled out the chorus. Balliol men of 1880 remember the varied entertainment derived from improvisations sung to a Burschenlied of this sort, with the chorus:—

Vive la, vive la, vive la va!
Vive la, vive la, haupt sa sa!
Vive la companaiya!

[3] 4 and 5. Words lost by fraying of edge of leaf.

In stanza 7, in the 'pewter standard', demand is made for full legal measure. The statute (11 Henry VII, cap. 4, § 1) required that liquor should be sold in measures attested by the seal, or stamp, of the Weights and Measures authorities. This was evaded for various reasons. In *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 486, is a ballad entitled: 'Nick and froth, or the Good-fellow complaining for want of full measure, discovering the deceits of victuallers . . . by filling their drink in false flaggons.' One stanza of this descants on short measure, and its profitable use by the ale-sellers:

For those that drink Beer
('tis true as I'me here,)
your counterfeit flaggons you have,
Which hold not a quart,
scarce by a third part,
and that makes my hostis go brave.

Another reason was the desire not to discard old stock-in-trade[1], such as earthenware jugs. At Maldon the alehouse-keepers, with one consent, elected to sell their ale in such jugs, and not in stamped pewter jugs. At every Clerk of the Market's Court there, from Elizabeth to Anne, there is a long list of licensed houses fined 20*d.* or 40*d.* each for selling in 'stone potts' and not in 'sealed measures'.

Those other devices of the tavern, nick and froth, are mentioned in stanzas 9 and 10, and the tavern-keeper is made to comment on the advantages they bring him, e.g. sleep free from care, rent paid, house-property acquired. To 'nick' was to serve liquor in jugs which had bottoms rising up inside of the jug, so that their size as seen outwardly deceived the customer into a belief that he was getting large measure. To 'froth' was to put a frothy head on the ale, instead of filling the jug to the brim—in modern slang, 'to give it a long neck.' The *locus classicus* on the practice comes in the ballad already cited:

Bee't tankard or flaggon,
which of them you brag on,
we'l trust you to nick and to froth:
Before we can drink
be sure it will shrink
far worser than *North-country* cloth.

Farthing tokens (stanza 11) were extensively issued by James I, and their use enjoined by yearly proclamations, e.g. May 19, 1613, June 21, 1614, and Oct. 26, 1615, this last 'establishing the continuance of his maiestie's farthing tokens'; and printed 'at London, by Robert Barker, 1615'. In stanza 12 the singer represents himself as tossing a number of these tokens on to the counter in call for more ale.

[1] In the same way, at the present day, alarming calculations have been made of the cost to the community which would be entailed by enforcement of the metric system.

A knotte of good fellows.

TO THE TUNE OF *Stand thy ground, old Harrye.*

[1]

COME hither, mine host, come hither!
Come hither, mine host, come hither!
I pray the, mine host,
Giue vs a pot and a tost,
And let vs drinke all together.
Giue vs more ale, and booke it!
Giue vs more ale, and booke it!
And yf the olde whore
Would wipe of her score,
For money she must goe looke it.

[2]

Then let vs be blith and merry!
Let care kill a catte;
Wee'le laugh and be fatte;
Her[e]'s ale as browne as a berry.

[3]

The Taylour loues the Baker!
The Shoomaker tho,
Full well I doe know,
Loves the nappy, strong, Ale maker.

[1] 4 Giue vs] *read* Giue 's. 6 Refrain to follow every stanza. 9 of] i. e. off. [2] 1 First line of every stanza is to be sung twice.

[4]

'Twill make him singe *downe diddle!*
To lay by his Naule,
His last, and his Ball,
And daunce without a fiddle.

[5]

A round, a round, old *Harrye!*
Come, take off your Pott,
And call a new shott;
I preeth[ee], sitt downe and tarry.

[6]

Come, fill it againe, *Mall Spooner!*
Let's laugh and be fatt;
Let's tipple and chat—
'Tis but begginge a yeere the sooner.

[7]

Wee'lle drinke by the Pewter standard!
A quarter-day
If I want to paye,
I'le pawne—to please my Landlord.

[8]

I love good drinke, I tell yee!
Tho cloathes I do lacke
To put on my backe,
I'le have liquor for my Bellye.

Finis.

The second part.

[9]

Heere's to the old wench in *folgate!*
'And though I be loth
'To nicke and to froth,
That built the *Pie* at *Algate.*'

[10]

No more of that Nicke, good *Peter!*
No more of that froath, good *Peter!*
'O hould yow content;
'They pay a man's rent,
'And make his sleeps the sweeter.'

[4] 2 Naule] i. e. awl. 3 Ball] i. e. heel-ball.

[11]

Full wittilye hast thow spoken!
Mine hostess can do't,
If she be put to't,
I'le lay a new farthing Token!

[12]

Then flye, old Brasse, fly over!
If Copper still goes,
I'le haue a redd nose
As any 'tweene this and *Douer*.

[13]

Who is it but loues good Liquor?
'Twill make a Catte speake;
Him strong, that is weake;
And all our witts the quicker.

[14]

Heer's to thee, old *Tom*, heer's to thee!
The t'other Pot in
Againe and againe—
A penny will ne'ere vndoe thee.

[15]

A whiffe of your *Trinidado!*
More Liquor and Smoake!
We are ready to choake;
A pipe of the best Tobacco!

[16]

Then take off your Lappe there roundly!
Then take off your Lappe there roundly!
Dam Dice, and a Puncke;
Wee'le drink and be drunke,
And sleepe together soundly.
Giue vs more ale, and booke it!
Giue vs more ale, and booke it!
And yf the old whore
Would wipe of her Score,
For money she must goe looke it.

Finis.

[16] 1 Lappe] i.e. liquor.

No. XXII

There was a rat-catcher

Fol. 144^{v}. Another piece with a 'tavern-chorus', as No. XXI, but of a baser type. The title does not correctly describe the contents. The rat-catcher leaves London, to travel over England, and then departs to France, with no mention of his return.

In stanza 12 the implements and badge of this trade are described. The man worked by means of a 'painefull bagge', i. e. a bag of poisons. In Essex at the present day the professional rat-catcher is regularly called in to rid rickyards of rats. He works by poison, the nature of which, and the disposition of which about the ricks, he makes a mystery of. In the ballad the ensign of this trade is a flag of different colours. Rev. J. W. Ebsworth notes (*Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, p. xxxvii) that in 1832 the rat-catcher's professional badge was a yellow scarf with figures of black rats.

The famous Rat-ketcher, with his trauels into *Fraunce*, and of his returne to *London*.

To the tune of *The Jouiall Tinker*.

[1]

There was a Rat-ketcher
did abovt the Country wander,
The soundest blade of all his trade,
or I should him deeply slaunder;
For still would he crye 'A Rat, rat, rat,
tara Rat!' ever.
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse,
such a Ratter I saw never.

[2]

Vpon a Poale he carried
full fortye fulsume Vermine,
Whose cursèd lives, without any Kniues,
to take he did determine.
And still would he crye etc.

[3]

His talke was all of *India*,
the voyage, and the Navye.
'What mise or Rattes? or wild polecats?
'what Stoats or weesels have yee?'

[4]

He knew the Nutt of *India*
that makes the Magpy stagger,
The *Mercuries*, and *Canthari*[*d*]*es*,
with *Arsnicke*, and *Roseaker*.

[2] 5 Refrain to follow every stanza. [3] 3 mise] i. e. mice.
[4] 4 Roseaker] i. e. resalgar, disulphide of arsenic.

[5]
Full often, with a *Negro,*
the iuyce of Poppies drunke hee;
Eate Poyson ranke, with a mountebanke;
and Spiders, with a Monkye.

[6]
In *London* he was well knowne;
in many a stately Howse,
He layd a bayte, whose deadlye fate
did kill both Ratte and Mouse.

[7]
But, on a time, a Damosell
did him to farre intice,
That for her a Bayt hee layd strayght
would kill no Rats nor mice.

[8]
And on the Bayte shee nibled,
so pleasing in her tast;
Shee lickt so longe, that the Poyson strong
did make her swell i' th' wast.

[9]
He, subtilely this perceiuinge,
to the Country straight doth hye him,
Where, by his skill, he poysoneth still
such vermine as come nye him.

[10]
He never careth whether
he be sober, tame, or tipsye;
He can collogue with any Rogue,
and can, with any Gipsie.

[11]
He was soe braue a bowzer,
that it was doubtfull whether
He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him,
to be drunke as Rats together.

[12]
When he had tript this Ilande
from *Bristow* vnto *Douer,*
With painefull Bagge, and painted flagge,
to *France* he saylèd over.
Yet still would he cry 'A Rat, rat, rat,
tara rat!' euer.
[*To catch a mouse, or to carouse,*
such a Ratter I saw never.]

Finis.

No. XXIII

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing

Fol. 146; begins imperfectly, from loss of the preceding leaves. Title, and thirty-seven first stanzas, supplied from the Black-letter copy in Wood 401, fol. 115. Text given also in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 380, from other Black-letter exemplar copies. As usual, the source of the ballad is a contemporary book—Richard Johnson's *Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendom*, printed before 1596.

[A most excellent ballad of S[aint] *George* for *England* and the king's daughter of *Ægypt*, whom he delivered from death; and how he slew a mighty dragon.

THE TUNE IS *Flying fame.*]

[1]

[Of *Hector's* deeds did *Homer* sing,
and of the sack of stately *Troy*,
What grief fair *Hellen* did them bring,
which was Sir *Paris* only joy.
And, with my pen, I must recite
S. *George's* deeds, an *English* knight.

[2]

Against the *Sarazens*, full rude,
fought he full long and many a day,
Where many Gyants he subdu'd
in honour of the *Christian* way.
And, after many adventures past,
to *Egypt* land he came at last.

[3]

And, as the story plain doth tell,
within the Countrey there did rest
A dredfull Dragon, fierce and fell,
whereby they were full sore opprest:
Who by his poysoned breath each day
did many of that City slay.

[4]

The grief whereof did grow so great,
throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise men did intreat
to shew their cunning, out of hand,
which way they might this dragon stroy,
that did their Countrey so annoy.

[5]

The wise men all, before the King,
framèd this matter, incontinent;
'The dragon none to death might bring
'by any means they would invent.
'His skin more hard than brass was found,
'that sword or spear can pierce or wound.'

[6]

When this the people understood,
they cryèd out most pitiously.
The Dragon's breath infected their blood
that they in heaps each day did dye.
Amongst them such a plague it bred,
the living scarce could bury the dead.

[7]

No means there was, as they could find,
for to appease this Dragon's rage,
But by a virgin pure and kind,
whereby they might his fury swage.
Each day he should a Maiden eat
for to allay his hunger great.

[8]

This thing, by art, the wise men found,
which truely must observèd be.
Wherefore, throughout the City round,
a Virgin pure, of good degree,
was, by the King's Commission, still
took up to serve the Dragon's will.

[5] 4 would] *read* could. 5 that] *read* than. [6] 3 infected] *read* infects.

[9]

Thus did the Dragon, every day,
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
and none were left, that present hour,
saving the King's fair Daughter bright,
her Father's joy and heart's delight.

[10]

Then came the Officers to the King
this heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting.
'She is,' quoth he, 'my Kingdom's heir.
'O let us all be poysoned here,
'ere she should dye, that is my dear.'

[11]

Then rose the people presently,
and to the King, in rage, they went,
Who said his daughter dear should dye
the Dragon's fury to prevent.
'Our daughters all are dead,' quoth they,
'and have been made the Dragon's prey.

[12]

'And, by their blood, we have been blest,
'and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby.
'And now, in justice, it doth rest
'for us thy daughter so should dye.'
'O save my daughter!' said the King,
'And let me feel the Dragon's sting.'

[13]

Then fell fair *Sabrine* on her knee,
and to her Father thus did say,
'O Father, strive not thus for me;
'but let me be the Dragon's prey.
'It may be, for my sake alone,
'this plague upon this Land was shown.

[14]

''Tis better I should dye,' she said,
'than all your Subjects perish quite.
'Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
'for my offence, to work this spight;
'And, after he hath suckt my gore,
'your Land shall feel the grief no more.'

[15]

'What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
'for to deserve this heavy scourge?
'It is my fault, as may appear,
'which makes the gods our state to grudge.
'Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
'and to preserve thy happy life.'

[11] 3 Who] i. e. the people.

[16]

Like madmen then the people cry'd,
'Thy death to us can do no good.
'Our safety only do abide
'to make thy daughter Dragon's food.'
'Loe! here am I; I come;' quoth she,
'therefore do what you will with me.'

[17]

'Nay! stay, dear daughter;' quoth the Queen,
'and, as thow art a Virgin bright—
'Thow hast for Vertue famous been—
'so, let me cloath thee all in white,
'and crown thy head with flowers sweet,
'an Ornament for virgins meet.'

[18]

And, when she was attirèd so,
according to her Mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go,
to which they did this Virgin bind.
Who being bound to stake and thrall,
she bad farewell unto them all.

[19]

'Farewell, dear Father,' then quoth she,
'and my sweet Mother, meek and mild.
'Take you no thought, nor weep, for me;
'for you may have another childe.
'Here, for my Countrie's good, I'le dye,
'which I receive most willingly.'

[20]

The King and Queen, with all their train,
with weeping eyes went then their way;
And let their Daughter there remain
to be the hungry Dragon's prey.
But, as she did there weeping lye,
behold! St. *George* came riding by.

[21]

And, seeing there a Lady bright,
fast tyèd to the stake that day,
Most like unto a valiant Knight,
he unto her did take his way.
'Tell me, sweet maiden,' then quoth hee,
'What person thus abusèd thee?

[22]

'And low! by *Christ* his Cross, I vow,
'which here is figured on my brest,
'I will revenge it on his brow,
'And break my Lance upon his chest.'
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issuèd out of the wood.

[23]

The Lady, that did first espy
the dreadfull Dragon coming so,
Unto St. *George* aloud did cry,
and willèd him away to go.
'Here comes that cursèd fiend,' quoth she,
'that soon will make an end of me.'

[24]

St. *George* then, looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espi'd,
And, like a Knight of courage stout,
against him he did fiercely ride.
And, with such blows he did him greet,
that he fell under his horse['s] feet.

[25]

For, with a Lance that was so strong,
as he came gaping in his face,
Into his mouth he thrust it long,
the which could pierce no other place.
And there, within this Ladie's view,
this dreadful Dragon then he slew.

[26]

The savor of his poysoned breath
could do this *Christian* knight no harm.
Thus did he save the Lady from death,
and home he led her by the arm.
Which when [King] *Ptolomy* did see,
there was great mirth and melody.

[27]

When-as the famous knight, St. *George*,
had slain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court,
whose sight with joy their hearts [all] fil'd,
He in the *Ægyptian* court then staid,
till he most falsly was betray'd.

[28]

The Lady *Sabrine* lov'd him well;
he counted her his only joy.
But, when their love was open known,
it provd to *George's* great annoy.
The *Morocco* king was in the court,
who to the Orchard did resort.

[29]

Dayly, to take the pleasant ayre,
for pleasure's sake he us'd to walk
Under a wall, wheras he heard
St. *George* with Lady *Sabrine* talk.
Their love he revealed to the King,
which to St. *George* great wo did bring.

[30]

These Kings together did devise
to make the *Christian* knight away.
With Letters him Embassador
they straightway sent to *Persia*,
and wrote to *Sophy* him to kill
and Traiterously his blood to spill.

[31]

Thus they, for good, did him reward
with evil, and most subtily.
By much vile means, they did devise
to work his death most cruelly.
While he in *Persia* abode,
he quite destroy'd each Idol god.

[32]

Which being done, he straight was cast
into a Dungeon dark and deep.
But, when he thought upon his wrong,
he bitterly did waile and weep.
Yet, like a Knight of courage stout,
forth of the Dungeon he got out.

[33]

And, in the night, three horsekeepers
this valiant Knight, by power, slew,
Although he fasted many a day.
And then away from thence he flew
on the best steed that *Sophy* had:
which, when he knew, he was full sad.

[34]

Then, into *Christendom* he came,
and met a Gyant by the way,
With whom in combate he did fight,
most valiantly, a Summer's day.
Who yet, for all his bates of steel,
was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

[35]

From *Christendom* this valiant Knight
then with [his] warlike souldiers past,
Vowing, upon those Heathen Lands
to work revenge; which, at the last,
E'[e]r thrice three years were gone and spent,
he did, unto his great content.

[36]

Save only, *Ægypt* land he spar'd
for *Sabrine* bright her only sake:
And ere his rage he did suppress,
he meant a tryal kind to make.
Ptolomy did know his strength in field
and unto him did kindly yield.

[31] 3 much] *read* which.

[37]

Then he the *Morocco* king did kill,
and took fair *Sabrine* to his wife;
And after that, contentedly,
with her St. *George* did lead her life,
Who, by the vertue of her chain,
did still a Virgin pure remain.]

[38]

Toward *England* then *S. George* did bring
this gallant Lady, *Sabra* bright:
A Eunuch also came with them,
in whom the Lady tooke delight.
None but these three from *Egypt* came:
now let me print *S. George* his fame.

[39]

When they were in a forrest great,
the Lady did desire to rest:
And then *S. George* to kyll a deere,
to feed thereon, did thinke yt best;
Left *Sabra* and the Eunuch there,
whilst he did goe to kill the deere.

[40]

Meanwhile, within his absence, came
two hungry Lyons, fyerce and fell;
And tore the Eunuch presen[t]lye
in peeces small, but, truth to tell!
Downe by the Laydye then he layd,
Whereby yt seemd shee was a maide.

[41]

But when *S. George* from huntinge came,
and did behould this heavye chaunce,
Yet, for his loving virgine's sake,
his courage then he did aduaunce,
And came into the Lyons' sight,
who ran on him with all their might.

[42]

But he, being no whyt dismayde,
but lyke a stout and valiant knight,
Did kyll those hungry Lyons both,
within the Ladye's, *Sabra's*, sight:
But all this while, sad and demure,
she stoode, most lyke a virgin pure.

[37] 4 her life] *read* his life. [38] 1 *incipit* fol. 146. 2 *Sabra*] B.-L. *Sabrine*. [40] 5 he] *read* they. [42] 4 *Sabra's*] B.-L. *Sabrine's*.

[43]

Then, when *St. George* did surely know
his Ladye was a virgin true,
His doubting thoughts, that earst ware dampt,
began most freshlye to renewe:
He set her on her palfry steede,
and toward *England* went with speede.

[44]

Where he aryvèd in short tyme
vnto his father's dwelling-place,
Where, with his love, in ioy he lyved,
when fortune had their nuptials graced.
They many yeares of ioye did see
and lead their lyves at *Coventrye*.

Finis.

No. XXIV

When Jesus Christ was twelve years old

Fol. 146ᵛ. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 791, from Black-letter copies. In stanza 3, a slip of the copyist has jumbled the 7 loaves and 4,000 of St. Matt. xv. 34, 38, with the 5 loaves and 5,000 of St. Matt. xiv. 19–21. It may be conjectured that such a hymn, sung in church by a good soloist, with the whole congregation taking up the last quatrain and so giving the soloist time to recover breath, had a striking effect.

The last stanza is shorter by four lines than the others (with the refrain), both in the MS. and in the B.-L. copies. Possibly the air was repeated twice and not thrice; or else the soloist gratified his hearers by making them sing the refrain twice over, a trick still known in congregational singing. The concluding verse of No. LXXVIII, sung to the same tune, has its full 9 lines.

A most excellent and worthy dytty, shewing the wonderfull miracles of our Lord and Saviour IESUS CHRIST, which he did while he remained on the earth, to the great comfort of all the godlye and such as by lyvelye fayth flye vnto him.

To the tune of *Tryumphe and ioye.*

[1]

When *Jesus Christ* was twelue yeers old,
As holy scriptures plaine hath toulde,
He then desputed braue and boulde
amongst the learnèd doctors;

[43] 3 ware] *read* were. dampt] B.-L. dumb. 4 freshlye] B.-L. firmly.

Who wondred greatlye at his witte,
As in the Temple they did sytte,
For noe man could compare with yt,
his wisdome was soe heauenlye.
Then prayse the Lord, both hye and lowe,
Which all these wondrous workes did shewe,
That we to heauen at length may goe
where he in glory ragineth.

[2]

At thirtye yeares he then began
To preach the gospell vnto man,
And all *Judea* wondred than
to heare his heauenlye doctrine.
Such wonders he wrought as made them muse
Amonge the proud, hard-harted *Jewes*;
Yet euermore they did refuse
to take him for their Sauiour.

[3]

For, first of all, by power divine,
He chaungèd water into wine,
When at a mariage he did dine:
which made the people wonder.
Moreouer, with seauen loues of bread,
Fyve thousande men he fully fedde,
Whereby his glorye farre was spread
throughout the lande of *Iury*.

[4]

And, by his glorious power and might,
Vnto the blinde he gaue their sight;
For which the *Jewes* bare him a spite,
who sought for to destroye him.
The man that was both d[e]afe and dumbe,
Which never hard, nor spake with tongue,
By CHRIST was healed when he did come,
whose prayse he then pronouncèd.

[5]

The woman which was greeuèd sore
With an issue of bloud, twelue yeeres and more,
Vnto her health he did restore
in a minute of an hower.
The captaine's man, that sicke did lye,
Our Sauiour healèd presentlye.
Although he never came him nye,
his worde alone did helpe him.

[1] 9 These four lines to be sung in chorus at the end of every stanza. 12 ragineth] *read* raigneth. [2] 5 wonders] *read* works. [3] 6 Fyve] *read* Four. 8 Iury] i. e. Jewry. [4] 7 healed] i. e. heal'd.

[6]

Lykewise he heald the leapers ten
Whose bodyes were most fylthy then:
Yet none but one did turne againe
his humble thankes to render.
And he which sicke of palsey laye,
With shakinge ioynts, full many a day,
The lord to heale him did not staye
but strayt his will fulfillèd.

[7]

The halt and lame that could not goe,
But still remainèd in great woe,
Our sauiour CHRISTE did pittye show,
and made them whole and lustye.
The man which was with devills possest,
And never lyved in peace or rest,
By CHRIST'S word at length was blest,
and they were cleane cast from him.

[8]

The widdowe's sonne that dead did lye
When CHRIST our Sauiour did come nye,
He raysed to lyfe immediatlye
vnto her ioye and comfort.
When *Mary* and *Martha* made great mone
Because their brother was dead and gone,
Our lord put lyfe in him alone,
and he from grave came runninge.

[9]

And, more his heauenlye might to showe,
Vpon the Sea himselfe did goe;
And never none coulde yet doe soe,
but onely CHRIST our Sauiour.
And when the Souldiers, with great might,
Did come to take him in the night,
They were not able to stande in his sight
tyll he the same permitted.

[10]

But yet for all these wonders great
The *Jewes* were in a raginge heate,
Whom noe perswasions could intreat,
but cruellye they did kill him.
And when he left his lyfe soe good,
The moone was turnèd into bloude,
The earth and Temple shakinge stoode,
and graues full wide did open.

[7] 1 The halt] *read* To halt. 7 Christ's] i. e. Christ his.
[9] 7 his sight] *omit* his. [10] 6 Vague citation of Acts ii. 20.

[11]

Then some of them which stoode thereby
With voyces lovde beganne to crye,
'This was the sonne of god, trulye!'
without all kinde of doubtinge.
And, as they sayde, yt provèd plaine:
For, in three dayes, he rose againe.
Although he suffered bitter paine,
both death and hell he conquered.

[12]

And after that ascended he
To heaven in glorious Maiestye:
With whom God graunt vs all to be
for euermore reioycinge.
Then prayse the lorde, both hye and lowe,
Which all these wonderous workes did showe,
That we to heauen at length maye goe
where he in glorye raigneth.

Finis.

No. XXV

O gracious God, look down upon

Fol. 148v. Notice the condemnation of the stage (stanza 7).

The lamentation of *Henrye Adlington*, a fencer, one of the cuttinge crewe of *London*, who, for murther, was executed without *Algate*, and yet hangeth in chaines.

To the tune of *Shore's wife*.

[1]

Oh gratious god, looke downe vpon
the wicked deeds that I haue done;
And graunt me pardon for this crime,
which cuts me offe before my tyme.
Come to me, Jesus, come to mee!
for thow alone can'st set me free.

[2]

Thus *Harrye Adlington* must tell
his dying tale, and dolefull knell,
Which will, in my disgrace, be showne
to every one that hath me knowne.
Kinde freindes, and my companions all,
in time take warninge by my fall.

[3]

In *London* was I borne and breade;
a wanton lyfe therein I leade.
From honest parentes, of good name,
by trewe dissent of birth I came:
But this, my hard misfortune, shames
my kindred, and my parents' names.

[4]

With bloud my hands hath tainted beene,
which wipes good fortune from me cleene.
In quarrels, brawles, debate, and strife,
I spent the springtyme of my lyfe.
The haruest could not choose but bee
vntimely fruite, as nowe ye see.

[5]

In two men's deathes before this tyme
I lyfted vp these hands of mine;
And, though I pardoned was therefore,
yet not content, but slewe one more;
Which was my maister, for whose death
a strangling corde hath stopt my breath.

[6]

With leawd consorts I tooke delight
to brave it bouldly, day and night;
And he, that had not wicked beene,
was never in my presence seene.
In great contempt of godly wayes
I wickedlye consumde my dayes.

[7]

God's holy worde I disobayde;
I carde not what his preachers sayde.
All sacred churches I despizd,
and Playhowse stages better prizd.
But god, in iustice, did requite
my shamefull synnes with mortall spight.

[3] 4 dissent] i. e. descent. [5] 6 hath stopt] *read* must stop.
7] 2 carde] i. e. cared.

[8]

My taverne hunting I repent,
and drunken crew, I did frequent;
All common Curtizans also—
for wine and women wrought my wo.
Which makes me now lament, to late,
my sinfull lyfe, and wretched state.

[9]

For these offences here exprest,
which every trew man may detest,
I was enforst to hould my hande
before the Judges of the lande,
Where I was soone condemnd to dye
that I in chaines should hangèd be.

[10]

My mournefull soule almost dispares
to thinke vpon my mother's teares
That shee, in former tyme, hath shed
for the leavde lyfe which I haue led.
This doth all other greifes exceede
because to her I tooke no heede.

[11]

My kinsmen all, as nature bindes,
with greevous grones come not behind.
Yet all in vaine: their sobbing greife,
in this distresse, yeelds no releife.
The law is past assuredlye;
and for my synnes I needs must dye.

[12]

Then wash away my spotted shame,
and quite forget my cursèd name.
Thinke never more of him againe,
that did with bloude his kindred staine.
Thus, ending as I did beginne,
O god, looke downe vpon my synne.

Harrye Adlington, made with his owne hand in the *Marshalsye*, after his condemnation.

Finis.

[8] 1 hunting] *read* haunting. [10] 4 leavde] i. e. lewd.

No. XXVI

The man that sighs and sorrows for his sin

Fol. 150: see the companion piece in No. XXVII. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 559, from a Black-letter exemplar. The date 1601 is an alteration to make a new ballad of a reprint. The source was, as often, a pamphlet which described the circumstances under which Eulalia Glandfield of Tavistock married a rich widower, Page of Plymouth, although enamoured of George Strangwidge; and, by the help of two hired assassins, strangled her husband. All four were executed (stanza 4, line 4). That the murder and quadruple execution fascinated readers is shown by the frequent reprints of the ballads connected with it. The tune *Fortune my foe* has been called 'the hanging tune' from its constant use in ballads of this stamp.

The trial and execution took place in March, 1589–90 (J. B. Gribble's *Memorials of Barnstaple*, 1830, pp. 620, 621). Gribble, quoting from an unnamed local record, says: '1589, March. Great provision making for holding the Assizes in this towne.... There came hither but 1 judge, Lord Anderson [Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice 1582–1604]. He came to the towne the Monday in the afternoon... Wednesday... gave judgement upon those who were to be executed. The gibbet was set up on the Castle Green and xviii. prisoners hanged, whereof iiij. of Plymouth for a murder.' The Parish Register, cited by Gribble, supplies the names needed for the ballad.

'Here ffolloweth the names of them Prysoners which were Buryed in 'the Church yearde of Barnistaple the Syce [Assises] week:—

'Marche, 1590....

'George Strongewithe, Buryed the xxth daye.

'Thomas Stone, Buryed the xxth daye.

'Robart Preidyox, Buryed the xxth daye.

'Vlalya Payge, Buryed at Byshope tawton the xxth daye.'

The lamentation of *George Strangwidge*, **who for the consentinge to the death of Mr.** *Page* **of** *Plimmotth* **suffered death at** *Bar*[*n*]*stable* **1601.**

To the Tune of *Fortune my foe.*

[1]

The man that sighes and sorrowes for his synne,
the corps which care and woe hath wrappèd in,
In dolefull sort record this Swanlike songe,
that waits for death and loathes to liue so long.

Shirburn Ballads, XXVI

[2]

O *Glanfielde*, cause of my commited crime,
snarèd with wealth, as birds in bushes of lime,
What cause hadst thow to beare such secret spite
against my good, and eke my love's delight?

[3]

I would to god thy wisdome had beene more,
or that I had not entred in thy dore,
Or that thow hadst a kinder father beene
vnto thy child whose years were yet but greene.

[4]

The match vnmeete, which thow, for mucke, didst make,
when agèd *Page* thy daughter home did take,
Well maist thow rue, with teares that cannot dry,
which was the cause that fowre of vs must dye.

[5]

Vlalia faire, more bright then summer Sunne,
whose beauty had my hart for ever wonne,
My soule more sobs to thinke of thy disgrace
then to behould my owne vntymely race.

[6]

Thy deed, late done, in hart I doe lament;
but that I loved I cannot yet repent.
Thy seemely sight was ever sweete to me;
would god my death might thy excuser be.

[7]

It was for me, alasse! thow didst the same;
on me, of right, they ought to lay the blame.
My worthless love hath brought thy life in scorne—
nowe woe is me! that ever I was borne.

[8]

Farwell, my love! whose royall hart was seene;
would god thow hadst not halfe soe constant beene.
Farwell, my love! the pride of *plimmoth* towne.
Farwell, the flower whose beauty is cut downe!

[9]

For twenty yeares great was the cost, I know,
thy vnkind father did on thee bestowe:
Yet, afterwards, so sore did fortune lower,
he lost his ioy and child within an hower.

[2] 1 Glanfielde] i. e. Mrs. Page's father. 2 bushes] *read* twigs. [5] 1 Vlalia] i. e. Eulalia (Mrs. Page). [8] 1 royall] *read* loyall.

[10]

My wrong and woe to god I doe commit—
this was the fault by matching them vnfit—
And yet, my guilt I cannot soe excuse;
I gaue consent his lyfe for to abuse.

[11]

Wretch that I am, that I consent did giue;
had I denied, *Vlalia* still should lyve.
Blind fancy sayd 'her suite doe not deny;
'lyve thow in blisse, or else in sorrow dye.'

[12]

O lord, forgiue this cruell deed of mine;
vpon my soule let beames of mercye shine.
In iustice, lord, doe thow some mercy take
forgiue vs both for JESUS CHRIST his sake.

No. XXVII

If ever woe did touch a woman's heart

Fol. 150v: see the companion piece, No. XXVI. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 561, from Black-letter exemplars.

In *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 555, is another Black-letter ballad of twenty-four verses which narrates Mrs. Page's objections to her marriage and her entreaties not to be forced into it. It is a reprint, mentioning James I. It is to the same tune as this, viz. *Fortune my foe.*

The sorrowfull complaint of Mistris *Page* for causing her husband to be murthered for love of *George Strangwidg*, who were executed both together.

[TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune my foe.*]

[1]

IF ever woe did touch a woman's hart;
or griefe did gaule, for sinne, the inward part;
My conscience then, and heauy hart within,
can witnesse well my sorrow for my synne.

[10] 2 this] *read* his.

[2]

When yeares were young, my father forst me wed,
against my will, where fancy was not led.
I was content his pleasures to obay,
although my hart was wone another way.

[3]

Great were the guifts they proffered to my sight;
with wealth they thought to winne me to delight.
But gould, nor guifts, my hart could not remoove,
for I was linckt whereas I could not love.

[4]

Me thought his sight was loathsome in mine eye;
my hart did grudge against him inwardly.
This discontent did cause my dayly strife;
and, with his wealth, I lyved a loathsome lyfe.

[5]

My constant love was on yong *Strangwidge* set,
and woe to them that did our welfare let.
His love to me soe deepe a roote did take,
I could have gone a-begging for his sake.

[6]

Wrongèd he was even through my parents, plaine;
wrongèd he was, through fond desire of gaine.
If faith and troth a perfect pledge might be,
I had beene wife vnto noe man but he.

[7]

Eternall god, forgiue my father's deede;
and grant all maydens to take better heed:
If I had constant beene vnto my friende,
I had not matcht, to make soe bad an ende.

[8]

But, wanting grace, I sought mine owne decay;
and was the cause to cast my friends awaye.
And he, in whom my earthly ioy did lye,
through mine amisse, a shamefull death must dye.

[9]

Farwell, sweete *Georg!* my loving, faithfull freind:
needs must I laude and love the[e] to the ende.
And, albeit that *Page* possest thy due,
in sight of god thow wast my husband true.

[5] 3 to] *read* in.

[10]

My watry eyes vnto the heavens [I] bend,
craving of CHRIST his mercy to extende.
My bloudy deed, o CHRIST, doe me forgiue;
and let my soule within thy kingdome lyve.

[11]

Farwell, false world! and friends that fickle be!
All wives, farwell! example take by me:
Let not the Devill, to murther, yow intise;
praye to avoyde each fowle and filthy vice.

[12]

And now, o CHRIST, to thee I yeeld my breath:
strengthen my faith to bitter pangs of death.
Forgiue my faults and follyes, I thee praye;
and, with thy bloud, wash thow my sinnes away.

Finis.

No. XXVIII

My mind to me a kingdom is

Fol. 151v. The verses are by Sir Edward Dyer (*d.* 1607). Six of the first seven, in different order and with many different readings, appeared, with musical setting, as No. XIIII in William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs*, 1588. We have here, therefore, an instance of the ballad-press annexing the musings of a courtly poet.

A sweete and pleasant Sonnet Intituled: My minde to me a kingdome is.

TO THE TUNE OF *In Creete.*

[1]

My minde to me a kingdome is,
such perfecte ioyes therin I finde.
It farre excells all worldlye blisse,
that world affords or growes by kinde.
Though much I want that all men haue,
yet doth my minde forbid me craue.

[12] 2 to] *read* in.

[2]

Content I liue—this is my staye;
I seeke noe more then may suffice;
I prease to beare no hautye swaye.
Looke! what I lacke my minde supplyes.
Lo! thus I triumph like a kinge,
content with that my minde doth bringe.

[3]

I see how plentye suffers oft,
and hasty clymers oft doth fall.
I see how those that syts aloft,
mishap doth threaten most of all.
They get with toyle; they keepe with care:
such cares my minde could never beare.

[4]

I laugh not at another's losse;
I grudge not at another's gaine.
Noe worldlye waues my minde could tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare noe foe; I finde noe freinde;
I dread noe dearth; nor feare noe end.

[5]

Some haue to much, yet still the crave;
I little haue, yet seeke noe more.
They are but poore, though much they haue;
and I am rich, with little store.
They, poore; I, rich: they begge, I give:
they lacke, I lende: they pine, I lyve.

[6]

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
my conscience cleare, my cheife defence.
I never seeke, by bribes, to please;
nor, by desart, to give offence.
Loe! thus I lyve; thus will I dye.
Would all did soe as well as I.

[7]

No princely pompe; no wealthy store;
noe force, to get the victorye;
No wilye wit, to salve a sore;
noe shape, to winne a lover's eye—
To none of these I yeelde as thrall;
for why? my minde despise them all.

[2] 3 prease] i. e. press. 2 clymers] i. e. climbers. [3] 1 suffers] *read* surfeits. bear. [5] 1 to] i. e. too. [4] 4 brooke] i. e. put up with, the] i. e. they. [7] 6 despise them all] *read* despises all.

[8]

I ioye not in any earthlye blisse;
I waigh not *Cressus'* wealth a straw.
Nor care, I know not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatall lawe.
My minde is such as may not move,
for beauty bright, or force of love.

[9]

I wishe but what I haue at will;
I wander not to seeke for more.
I like the plaine; I climbe no hill.
In greatest stormes, I sytt on shore,
And laugh at those that toyle in vaine
to get that must be lost againe.

[10]

I kisse not, where I list to kill:
I faine not love, where most I hate.
I stretch no steps, to win my mill:
I waite not at the mightye's gate.
I scorne noe poore; I feare noe rich:
I feele noe wante, nor haue to much.

[11]

The court ne care I, like, ne loath:
extreames are likèd worst of all.
The goulden meane, betwixt them both,
doth suerest syt, and feares no fall.
This is my ioye. For why? I finde
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

Finis.

[8] 2 *Cressus'*] i. e. Croesus'. 3 Nor] *possibly* For.
[10] 3 mill] *read* will. 6 to] i. e. too.

No. XXIX

The miller in his best array

Fol. 153. An instance of the extreme intricacy of the stanza and rhymes required, when a verbal setting had to be provided to go with an old dance-tune: cf. Nos. XI and XXXII.

A pleasant ballad of the mery miller's wooing of the Baker's daughter of *Manchester*.

TO THE TUNE OF *Nutmegs and ginger*.

[1]

THE miller, in his best array,
would needs a wooinge ride.
To *Manchester* he takes his way;
Saint *Clement* be his guide!
He can singe,
he can ring,
and doe many a pretty thinge.
He can pipe
daunce a downe,
no man better in the Towne.
His face is fayre,
and curled his hayre.
Miles they this miller call.

Shirburn Ballads, XXIX

[2]

In *Manchester* a Baker dwels,
who had a daughter fayre:
Her beauty passinglye excells;
none may with her compare.
Her he leekes,
her he seekes,
and commends her crimson cheeks.
He would pipe her
daunce a downe,
before anye in the towne.
But she is coye,
and loveth not to toye—
beautye makes her disdaine.

[3]

Tom Tayler trips it verye trim,
with nosegay in his hat.
Giles Glover, when he vieweth him,
thinks nothing well of that;
In his gloues,
that he loves,
he like a true love proves,
Bordring them
with bleedinge hearts
piercèd through quite with darts.
Then the Tanner swares
hee'le haue him by the eares
that doth this Rivall prove.

[4]

It happened on a Holye-daye
these lusty wooers met;
And every party doth assaye
the Baker's gyrle to get.
First began
to fayre *Anne*
the Tayler, like a proper man:—
'I will make
'the garments gay,
'and daunce with thee each holy-day;
'In fashions straunge
'thy clothes I will change.'
'No!' poynt, the mayden cryde.

[2] 5 leekes] i. e. likes. 12 and loveth] *omit* and; *read* loves.
[3] 8 Bordring] i. e. broidering, embroidering. 13 this] *read* his. [4] 9 the] i.e. thee. 13 *or* 'No poynt!'

[5]

'A Taylor shall not be my love;
'and Glover I'le haue none.
'With Tanners I will never toy—
'I love to lye alone.
'The bucher shall
'not be my halfe,
'for feare he dresse me like a calfe.
'Therefore together
'get yow gone,
'for I will mary ne'er a one.
'But I will be
'a mayden certainlye;
'I like to lye alone.'

[6]

Away these heavy Suters wend,
with sorrow in their harts.
Miles miller learnèd by a friend
howe they maye plead their parts.
He is bold,
nothing could;
in his purse is store of gold.
He puts on
his *Munimouth* cap;
and, at the dore he lovd, doth rap,
Crying—'god be heere's!'
At length coms forth his deare,
bending her pretty browes.

[7]

'Fayre mayd,' quoth he, 'I must intreate
'your companye a while.'
With that, he rudly rushèd in,
and she began to smile,
Saying, 'Staye,
'freind, I praye:
'none but I keepe howse, I saye.
'My father
'and my mother be
'both in garden certainlye.'
'The better then for me.
'I come to none other but thee,'
answered the myller playne.

[5] 12 a mayden] *read* maid. [6] 4 maye] *read* did. 11 heere's] *read* here. [7] 3 rudly] i.e. rudely.

[8]

'Here's 40 pound in gould, faire mayd;
'vse yow yt at your will.
'Besyde, before your feet, be layde
'the miller and his mill.
'Your fayre eyes
'doe surprize,
'and bewitch my fantasies.'
'Sweete!' quoth he
(with that he kist),
'vse the miller as yow list.'
The mayde lookt red;
and, blushinge, hung her hed,
saying 'I cannot love.'

[9]

'Sweet,' sayd the miller, 'be not strange
'but blythly looke on me.
'Vnto my mill I praye yow range,
'where we will merrye be.
'Lad nor lowne
'in the towne
'shall better teach yow *daunce a downe*.
'While my mill
'goes click a clacke
'I will set yow on a sacke.
'Sweete, goe with me
'where we will pleasant be.'
'Fye!' sayde shee, 'howe yow faigne!

[10]

'I meane to trye your curtesye,
'and go vnto your mille.
'I'le keepe this monye for a pawne
'for feare yow vse me ill.
'In the towne
'*daunce a downe*
'is loved of Lasse and lowne.
'If yow doe teach
'the same to me,
'your trew love I doe vowe to be.'
'Content!' he sayde,
'goe with me, gentle maide:
'yow shall my cunninge see.'

[11]

Now are they in [the] merry mill,
where *Miles* the daunce doth play,
And woon the maiden's heart's good will:
shee could not start awaye.

So he playd
that the mayde
to her mother plainely sayde,
'I haue learnd
'to *daunce a downe*,
'the prettyest sport in all this towne.
'The miller hee
'did teach the same to me:
'he shall my husbande be.'

[12]

Thus are the miller and the mayde
a marryed couple now.
The matter nothing was delayd;
their friends the same allow.
Yow that woo
learne to doo,
as the miller teacheth yow.
Neither Gloves,
nor tokens, bringe;
but *daunce a downe* teach mayds to sing.
Else favour none
vnto yow will be showne,
although yow dye for love.

Edwarde Hull[1].

No. XXX

Those gentle hearts that true love crave

Fol. 155^{v}: see the complement in No. L. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 420, from several Black-letter exemplars.

The dying teares of a trewe Lover forsaken, made vpon his deathbed at the howre of his death.

To the tune of *Liue with me and be my love.*

[1]

Those gentle harts which trew loue craue
where trewe love can no harbor haue,
From sheddinge teares can yow refraine?
but morne with me thus lovd in vaine.

[1] See p. 1.

[1] 4 thus] *read* that.

[2]

Sore sicke for love, sore greiud in minde,
come, gentle death, my lyfe vntwine;
For *Cupid's* shaft, and Golden bowe,
nowe seeks my ioyes to overthrowe.

[3]

Vpon my deathbed I haue spend
this storye of my dolefull end.
Vaine world, behold! I dye, I dye,
here murthered by Love's crueltye.

[4]

Oh *Sara Hill*, thow art the wight
that turnes my ioyes to sharpe despite.
Thow art the causer of my death.
Farewell, false love; farewell, fraile death.

[5]

Be warned, young wantons, by my fall;
in love their is no trust at all.
Although in love yow liue vntrewe,
their be some maides as false as yow.

[6]

Here beautye dazeled soe mine eyes
that, in her breast, my hart still lyes.
I lou'd her, but she loved not me,
Wherefore, behould! I dye, I dye.

[7]

Oh cursèd eyes! why doe yow gaze
vpon her faire and flattering face?
Oh! wherefore did myne armes enfold
one framde of such vnconstant moulde?

[8]

Come, wrape me in my windinge sheete;
and beare me sadlye through the streete,
That, from her eyes, salt teares may shed,
when, for her sake, she sees me dead.

[9]

In outward show we ioynèd hands,
and vowed to liue in wedlock's bands;
But shee, vnkind, hath me despizd,
and broke her voice, so highly prizd.

[3] 1 spend] *read* penn'd. [4] 4 death] *read* breath. [6] 1 Here] i.e. Her. [7] 1 doe] *read* did. [9] 4 voice] *read* vow.

[10]

Oh lord, what greife doe they sustaine,
which lyve despizd, and love in vaine;
But, lord, how well are they appayde,
who hap to choose a constant maide.

[11]

There is noe lyving wyght that knowes
the pyninge paine, and endlesse woes,
That we forsaken lovers byde,
but such as hath like torments tri'de.

[12]

I needes must yeeld, for lyfe doth fade;
deat[h]'s comming cannot be denayde.
Oh reach my Bible booke to me,
for that my soule's true Love shalbe.

[13]

Goe, tole my passinge Bell, deare friends;
for here a Lover's Journey ends.
But marke what fortune she shall have,
when death hath closed me in my Grave.

[14]

I doe not doubt, but yow shall see
her body pine in miserye,
And made a laughinge stocke to those
who now her great vnkindness knowes.

[15]

Yow of the gentle Craft that be,
shew this kinde favour vnto me,
That to the world this mournefull song
be chaunted sweetely you amonge.

[16]

And some of yow I must request
to beare me to my longest rest,
And laye my carcasse in the grounde,
with ringinge Bels' melodious sound.

[17]

To my deere love goe then, and saye
her chaunge of minde cast me awaye;
Bid her hard hart more constant prove
to him that next shalbe her love.

[15] 1 gentle Craft] i. e. of shoemakers.

[18]

With that he yeelded vp his lyfe,
where death giue end to further strife,
Desiring god, that rules in heaven,
his lover's sinnes might be forgiuen.

[19]

Thus have yow heard *Hugh Hill's* good mind,
who never prov'd in love vnkinde;
But, to his end, continued trewe,
nowe changinge olde love for a newe.

No. XXXI

England, give praise unto the Lord thy God

Fol. 156v. Text given, from this MS., in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii, p. xi. Mountjoy's defeat of Tyrone was known in London on 5 Jan., 1601–2 (State Papers, Domestic, 1602, p. 142); and the surrender of Kinsale was known 23 Jan. (ib. p. 150). The ballad faithfully turns into metre some news-letter, or pamphlet of the day, which described the operations in Ireland. Too tardily for success, Philip III had sent an expedition to the south of Ireland, to help the insurgent Ulster chiefs (see No. XLII). 23 Sept., 1601, 4,000 Spaniards, under Don Juan d'Aquila, occupied Kinsale, where, in October, they were blockaded by Mountjoy. Shortly afterwards, a second Spanish force, 2,000 strong, under Alonzo del Campo, landed at Baltimore, some forty miles west of Kinsale. O'Donnell, hearing of the descent, hastened south; and was followed more leisurely by O'Neill (Tyrone). By November, the two chiefs had joined del Campo, and were near Brandon, ten miles north-west of Kinsale. The Irish plan was to starve out the English investing force; but d'Aquila, straitened by the blockade, insisted on an immediate effort for his relief. It was then proposed that on the morning of 24 Dec., 1601, the Irish should fall suddenly from the rear on Mountjoy, while d'Aquila fiercely attacked the trenches. Mountjoy, having intercepted the letter conveying this proposal, had his troops on the alert and well posted. To add to the Irish discomfiture, their guide missed his way in the night; and when they reached the proposed scene of action, they were worn out and disheartened. They at once fell back, in disorder, harassed by Mountjoy, who took del Campo prisoner. Disgusted at the failure, O'Donnell sailed for Spain, 6 Jan., 1601-2; and O'Neill withdrew to Ulster. Weary with the blockade and in bad temper with his allies, d'Aquila, 9 January, agreed to evacuate his posts in Ireland and return to Spain.

With Mountjoy in this action, as described in the ballad, were Sir Richard Wingfield (stanza 8), who had been made Marshal of the army in Ireland, 29 March, 1600, and commanded the cavalry; and Richard Bourke, aged 29, who had just (20 May, 1601) succeeded as fourth Earl of Clanricarde (stanza 22). From receiving knighthood (stanza 22) on the battlefield Clanricarde was afterwards known as 'of Kinsale'.

[18] 2 giue] *read* gaue. [19] 4 nowe] *read* not *or* ne're.

A ioyful new Ballad of the late victorye obtained by my Lord *Mount Joy* and our Maiestie's forces in *Ireland*, against that archtraytor *Tirone* and his confederates, vpon the 24 of December last. Also of the yeeldinge of the Towne of *Kingsalt*, with 3 or 4 other houldes, by Don *John at Aquila*, Generall of the *Spanish* army, which was yeelded vp the 9 of January last 1602.

To the tune of *Fortune my foe.*

[1]

England, giue prayse vnto the Lord thy god,
the which in mercye doth withhold his rod
From vs, whose synnes deseruèd haue the same:
yet we continewe, *Sodome*-like, past shame.
From vs, whose sinnes deservèd etc.

[2]

Oh let vs now returne vnto the Lord,
and to his prayses singe Psalmes with one accord
Which hath defended little *England's* right
from forraigne foes their cruelty and might.

[3]

Oh giue him thanks for that which he hath done:
in *Ireland* through him haue *England* won
A victory, which doubted was of all
till, through god's help, they saw the rebells fall.

[4]

For, on the xx of December last,
Tyrone, with many *Spaniards*, hyèd fast—
Syx 1000 foote, fyve hundred horse, in all—
with courrage bold, to worke L[ord] *Mounioye's* fall;

l. 2 our] *read* her. l. 5. 24 of December] i. e. in 1601.
l. 10 1602] *here is* 1601–2.
[1] 5 In every stanza, the last couplet is to be sung twice.
[2] 2 prayses] *read* prayse. [3] 2 Ireland] i. e. I-er-land.
[4] 1 xx of] *read* twenty-fourth.

[5]

Who had layd syedge that time vnto a Towne,
Kinsayle by name, with hope to beate it downe,
Or els to force them for to yeelde at last:
which to effect his Ordinance plyed fast.

[6]

Kinsale that time the *Spaniards* did defende,
till they were forcèd for more sucker sende:
which came, in number as before is tolde,
with hope to beate our forces from their holde.

[7]

It was agreed the *Spanish* Captaines should,
out of the towne, yeeld all the force they could
Against the trenches which we did defende,
and many *Spaniards* to their fellowes sendes.

[8]

While we our foes with valour did annoye,
Sir *Richard Wingfield* came to L[ord] *Mountioye*,
Saying—'*Tirone*, with many rebels more'
(the number I reported haue before),

[9]

'Are marching hither, and are very neare.'
Quoth L[ord] *Mountioy*, 'And they shall buy it deare,
'Yf god assist me. I will them withstande,
'hoping he will defend me with his hand.

[10]

'Courage, braue Marshall! for our queene we fight.
'Let vs goe forward: 'tis for *England's* right.
'God and S[aint] *George* for *England*! still we crye.
'Let vs proceed: methinks the cowards fly.'

[11]

My Lord giue order to his forces straight
some should the trenches and the townsemen waight;
And he himselfe, with fifteene hundred more,
march to the army which was fled before.

[12]

And, when my Lord did see them to retier
in such bad order, he had his desire.
For, presently, he followed them soe fast
that he enforcèd them to stand at last.

[7] 4 sendes] *read* sende.
4 march] *read* march'd.

[11] 1 giue] *read* gaue.

[13]

Then, settinge all his men in order right,
he presentlye gave onset to the fight;
Which was performd with valour and with skill,
forceing the *Irish* dearest bloud to spill.

[14]

The fight did not continue very longe.
Although *Tirone* with *Spaniards'* help was stronge,
Yet did our men behaue themselves so well
that many *Spaniards* gaynèd heaven or hell.

[15]

The Rebels, fearing for to lose the daye,
threw downe their Armor, and ran all awaye;
Which we perceivinge, followed them amaine
almost two miles, ere we returnde againe.

[16]

Tirone the Rebell thought yt noe disgrace
to take his horse, and ride away apace.
No more did *O'doneall*, which ran awaye,
knowing it folly longer for to staye.

[17]

Chiefe of the Spaniards, *Allonso* by name
was taken prisoner, vnto *England's* fame;
Sixe Allfaris, and forty Souldiers more;
they that were *Irish*, hangèd vp for store.

[18]

Three Captaines taken prisoners in that fight,
eight hundred hurt, twelue hundred slaine outright,
Two thousand armes, their drums, and powder-store
the Rebels lost, the which they had before.

[19]

Nine Ensignes there was taken at that time;
sixe were the *Spaniards*, whose disgrace did clime
A higher pitch then willingly they would,
thankes be to god! which haue their courag coolde.

[20]

Hurt of our side was fowre of account,
whose deeds that day in valour did surmount;
Syxe common Soldiars in that fight was slaine,
some horses kilde, and some still hurt remaine.

[17] 1 Allonso] accented A'lŏnsŏ; not as in Spanish. 3 Allfaris] Spanish *alférez* = standard-bearer. 4 for store] *possibly* fourscore. If so, the ballad asserts that Mountjoy hanged eighty Irish prisoners as rebels. [19] 3 then] i. e. than. [20] 1 fowre] i. e. fow-er.

[21]

There was not one, that on that day did fight,
but gaue the Rebels that which was their right.
Chiefly my L[ord] *Mountioy* performd, that day,
such warlike deeds as never will decaye.

[22]

The Earle *Clanrickard*, at that same place,
did through his valour purchase so much grace
That my L[ord] *Mountioy* knighted him, even there
where-as the bodyes kilde and mangled were.

[23]

The fight endinge, he cald his forces all,
and willèd them vpon their knees to fall,
Praysing the Lord for this great victorye:
the which they did, kneeling immediatlye.

[24]

'Glory and prayses be gyven to thee, o lorde.
'Thy holy name we prayse with one accorde,
'The which hast kept vs from our enimies all,
'and gyven us victorye, with their downefall.

[25]

'Oh god, continue this thy favour still
'to vs thy servaunts, yf yt be thy will,
'That *Pope* and *Spaine*, with all their *Irish* rout,
'may alwayes say—The lord for *England* fought.'

[26]

Then, rising straight, and taking vp the spoyle,
they left the place where Rebels had the foyle;
And to their trenches came, in all the hast,
the which they found in order, none displast.

[27]

They had not stayed there fully yet syxe dayes
eare *Jhon Aquila* did our Generall prayse,
Saying he was an honorable man:
who sayd 'for him I'le doe the best I can:

[28]

'For I doe love him, though mine enemye;
'and hate *Tirone*, for all his flatterye,
'Who being come with all the force he had,
'to take their heels the cowards all were glad.

[24] 1 prayses] *read* prayse.

[29]

'Wherefore, vpon condition that yow will
'our condition with consent fulfill,
'We straight will leave this towne, with many more
'that any *Spaniard* had in hould before.

[30]

'And we will leaue the traytor, Earle *Tirone*,
'in *Ireland* with griefe to make his mone.'
They did agree: and *Spaniards* all depart,
which was great ioye to good L[ord] *Mountioye's* hart.

[31]

Thus hath my Lord, to Earle *Tirone's* disgrace,
possest those houlds; and *Spaniards* are defast
To *England's* comfort, and L[ord] *Mountioye's* prayse:
to god above be glory gyven alwayes.

[32]

To god [give praise who us do]th still defende.
Lord, on this [land always] thy blessing sende;
Preserve our Queene, her Counsayle grave and wise;
confound her foes that doth the truth despise.

Finis.

No. XXXII

There was a proud brawler, a thief by his trade

Fol. 159. Maldon accounts contain frequent notes of expenses in conveying prisoners, and of escapes of prisoners both from the constables who had charge of them and out of prison, exactly as described in the ballad: e.g., in 1599, '8*s.* paid for men, horses, and dyett in careinge [carrying] a prysoner to Colchester the 28 of Marche; 40*s.* expenses in carrying Jonas Browninge prisoner to London and staying there till he was delivered, and 8*s.* for horse-hire for two horses for 4 dayes when Jonas Browninge was removed to London by wrytt.' In 1567 Peter Jervis, constable, was mulcted 12*d.* for suffering a mariner of Canewdon, prisoner for felony, to escape. 17 August, 1616, Maldon constables laid out 4*d.* in forwarding 'a hew-an-crye [=hue and cry] for one that broke out of

[29] 3 many] *read* any. The capitulation included Baltimore and Berehaven, as well as Kinsale. [30] 2 Ireland] i. e. I-er-land. [31] 2 defast] i. e. defaced. [32] 1 and 2 Lines partly destroyed by damp in MS. Gaps filled up by guess.

Colchester towne gayle.' One Assizes case gives, in actual record, examples of most points which occur in the ballad. In Maldon, at the 'first Lady Day fair' (25 March, 1573) William Armotteredinge, glover, of London; Elizabeth Lodge, who professed to be his wife; and Henry Stafford, sadler, of London, were arrested as 'three notorious cuttpurses', at the instance of 'Thomas Frenshe, the spie', whose fee was 20*d.* On 26 March they were examined by the Bailiffs and Town-clerk, who afterwards dined together, the borough paying the 2*s.* 6*d.* charged for their 'diet'. The expenses of maintaining the cutpurses while they lay in Maldon prison amounted to 12*s.* 3*d.*; and the charges of keeping their two horses between arrest and conviction came to £1 18*s.* 9*d.* From Maldon, the cutpurses were sent to Newgate for securer custody. Thence, at a cost of 10*s.* 7*d.* they were brought to Chelmsford Midsummer Assizes, where they were found guilty, Henry Stafford of taking from Edward Stelewoman, yeoman, of Stow Maries, a purse worth 4*d.*, containing a gold angel, worth 10*s.*; a gold ducat, worth 13*s.* 4*d.*; and 10*s.* in other coin: the other two, as accessories after the fact. Stafford and Armotteredinge were hanged. The goods of these felons were forfeited to the borough, and sold by auction. Armotteredinge's white gelding, with white saddle, 3 girths, and the reins, brought 22*s.* 8*d.*; the woman's-pynneon (pillion), on which he had brought the female prisoner, 2*s.* 7*d.*; his black cloak, with velvet cape and lace, 14*s.* 6*d.*; his sword, 6*s.* 10*d.*; his dagger, 2*s.*; and his white canvas-bag, 13*d.* Stafford's bay nag, with saddle and reins, fetched 30*s.* 6*d.*; his dagger (noted as of great length), 5*s.*; and his cloth cloak, with velvet cape, 13*s.* The money found on the prisoners was also forfeited to the borough, viz. Armotteredinge's, 10*s.*; Lodge's, 4*s.*; and Stafford's, 8*s.* The interest attaching to highwaymen is shown by the fact that these belongings were purchased by quite the leading men of the borough.

The punishment of 'pressing to death' attached to refusal to plead 'guilty' or 'not guilty'. A criminal sometimes chose to 'stand mute of malice' to avoid the confiscation of his property, and the consequent ruin of his family, which would have followed on conviction. Here it is represented (stanza 14) as done to make good the offender's boast that he would never be hanged. Cowell's *Interpreter* (1637) describes the process: the criminal, refusing to plead, 'shall be sent backe to the prison . . . And layed in some lowe, darke, house, where he shall lie naked upon the earth, without any litter . . . and without any rayment about him . . . And he shall lye vpon his backe, with his head couered and his feet; and one arme shall be drawne to one quarter of the house with a cord, and the other arme to another quarter; and in the same manner let it be done with his legges. And let there be layed vpon his body irons and stones, so much as he may beare (or more). And the next daye he shall have three morsels of barley bread without drinke; and the second day, he shall have drinke three times and as much at each time as he can drinke of the water next vnto the prison doore (except it be running water) and no bread. And this shall be his dyet vntill he dye.' This method of barbarism remained, as a tradition, in the Statute-book till 21 June, 1827, when the Act 7 & 8 Geo. IV, cap. 28, directed the courts to treat every 'standing mute of malice' as a plea of 'not guilty'.

A new ballade, shewinge the cruell robberies and lewde lyfe of *Phillip Collins* alias *Osburne*, commenlye called *Phillip* of the *West*, who was prest to death at *newgate* in *London* the third of December last past 1597.

To the tune of *Pagginton's rounde*.

[1]

There was a proud Banker, a theefe by his traide,
(in *Deuenshire* he dwelled, as plaine is exprest)
That in the west cuntry made many afraide,
and called 'flaunting *Phillip*, the Devill of the west.'
Indifferent tall;
high-minded withall;
his strength, with stowt courage, did worke his great fall.
He loathèd to labour;
and all his delight
was for to pick quarels, to brawle, and [to] fight.

[2]

By this swashing copesmate, ['t]is commonly known,
the people of *Deuonshire* were greatly distrest.
Vpon the high-way he tooke more then his owne:
in this sort lyvd *Phillip*, the Devill of the west.
Some fashions to see,
for service sought he,
and [to take people in, a seruante w]ould be,
Which looks li[ke a player,
with long flow]ing haire;
[and a l]ight Bl[ade] by his syde he did weare.

[3]

At last he met with a Gentleman brave,
which Gentleman wanted a servaunt or two,
Of whom he requested a service to have:
he askèd of *Phillip* 'What things he could do?'
Then *Phillip* did say
'I'le do what I may;
'I know how to flaunt yt, and how to obeye.'
'But canst thow fight stowtly?
'declare it to me.'
'Sir, try me,' quoth *Phillip*, 'and then yow shall see.'

[1] 1 Banker] *read* brawler. [2] 7–10 MS. injured by damp and worms: gaps filled up by guess.

[4]

The gentleman, seing he was a stout knave,
said 'Sirra! yf thow will be trusty and trewe,
'My love and my livery soone shalt thow have;
'and, for the good service, all things that is dewe.'
Then *Phillip* at first
swore he would be just,
which causèd the gentleman put him in trust.
But, ere a full twelmonth
with him he did stay,
he robde his good maister, and got him awaye.

[5]

And, spending that loosely, that lewdly he got,
many a good budget and purse he did take.
The cuntry vp and downe still he did trotte,
while after him hue and cry many did make.
All cuntryes, in breife,
were layd for the theife;
in no corner could he finde any reliefe;
But apprehended
he was at the last
And vnder a horse-belly his leggs tyèd fast.

[6]

To *Exceter* Gaile convaide he was then,
along many mountains, both valleys, and hills.
To guard him full safely was many trimme men,
with pickstaves and holberts, and good forrest bills.
When Sessions drewe neere
that he should appeare,
he broke the Gaole subtilly, and got away cleere.
Thus, then he scapt hanging,
and made no more mone;
but yet for his presence the gallowes did grone.

[7]

Then closely to *Summersetshire* did he runne,
where he, on a suddaine, at *Shipton* was tooke,
After he had done many a shrewd turne when
when for my daunger the least he did looke;
And, with full intent,
to Gaole he was sent;
but, by the way, *Phillip* their spite did prevent.
He snapt in two peeces
his hard-twisted bands;
and by a slaight, cunningly, losèd his hands.

[4] 3 love] *read* badge. 4 the] *read* thy. [6] 2 both] *read* and. [7] 2 Shipton] i.e. Shepton Mallet. 3 *Read probably* After he many a shrewd turne there had done. 4 my] *read* any. 10 losèd] i.e. loosèd.

[8]

Then, trippinge vp trimly on of their heeles,
he caught his stafe from him, without any staye;
And layd so about him, in middest of the fieldes,
he forcèd his garders to run all awaye.
Thus getting from thence,
to seeke his defence,
he came into *Barkeshire*, with little expence.
When where by his theeving
he got a good share,
he coms into *Marlborowgh* in midest of the fayre.

[9]

But, being well knowne by some of the towne
to be a false theefe, the Baylyffes came there,
And many, to take him, came shuffling downe,
but yet he got from them as smoth as a heare
When *Phillip* did see
his fortune so free,
that still he escapèd so prosperouslye,
He gryn'de at the gallows,
and moad at the moune
and sayd he would spitt in the hangman's spoon

[10]

Then, following his fancy and wicked lewde will,
watching for purses and robbing for gould,
He traveled to *Kent*; and vpon *Gad's-hill*
at last he was taken, and layd vp in hould.
Within the *blacke Beare*,
in *Rochester* there,
they layd him vp safely, without any feare;
And, for to haue him
forth-comminge in sight,
they sett syxe watchmen to keepe him all night.

[11]

But *Phillip* so lullèd his watchmen a-sleepe,
that ere they awakèd at breake of the daye,
And while they lay snorting that had him in keepe,
out of a high window he gott him awaye.
Great strife here-vpon
was raysèd anone;
but now in *Essex* false *Phillip* is gone;
And, comming to *Chirvill*
in pittyfull case,
at midnight he entred a gentleman's place.

[8] 1 on] i. e. one. 8 where] i. e. there. [9] 4 heare] i. e. hare. 9 moad] i. e. mowed, mocked. [11] 7 in] i. e. into. 8 *Chirvill*] ? Chelmsford *or* Chignall.

[12]

But when [by] the mastiues, that barkèd full sore,
this theefe was discryèd, and taken was he,
Then, brought vnto prison, he had irons store;
and there he lay shakled, for all men to see.
Yet prison he broke,
as care did provoke,
and *Nottinghamshire* was then his best cloake.
Where he so behauèd
himselfe, at the last,
that he into *Nottingham Castle* was cast.

[13]

But there he broake prison, as oft he had done,
and soe into *Deuonshier* againe he did goe;
But there he was caught, eare away he could run,
[and] in *Exeter* Gayole he lodgèd full woe.
From thence he was sent,
by commaundement,
to *Newgat* in *London*, all shifts to prevent.
And, being found gilty,
he would not agree
by god and the cuntry he tryèd should be.

[14]

He would not be hangèd, for so he had sworne:
wherefore he had Judgment, to death to be prest,
To haue his bones broken, his flesh brus'd and torne:
and thus dièd *Phillip*, the Deuill of the west.
Though long he had past,
loe! thus, at [the] last,
a greeuious affliction vpon him was cast.
Take heed, all yow roysters!
take warning herebye:
who leads his lyfe badly, as badly shall dye.

No. XXXIII

England's fair dainty dames

Fol. 161^{v}; with second part on fol. 163. Cf. No. LXXII. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 20, from numerous later Black-letter exemplars, all of which have the woodcut of the monster. The rod (stanza 11, line 5) of this woodcut is the traditional Eton bundle of birch-twigs. Rev. J. W. Ebsworth has pointed out that on 15 Aug. 1608, the Stationers' Company registered a book, professing to describe 'God's Judgement shewed vpon the wyfe of Andrewe Ringesfeild, a rich citizen of Jena in high-Germany, which happened the 28th of February' [1607-8]. The ballad turned this pamphlet into metre, but blundered over the name of the town.

Pride's fall: or a warning to all *English* women, by the example of a strang monster, borne of late in *Germany* by a proude marchant's wife in the city of *Geneua*, 1609.

TO THE TUNE OF *All yow that fathers bee.*

[1]

England's fayre daintye dames,
see here the fall of pride:
Wantonnes, leave lust in tyme,
that god may be your guide.
I was a *Duchland* froe,
shining with beauty bright,
And a brave marchante's wife,
in whom he toke delight.

l. 3 proude marchant's wife] B.-L. (*better*) merchant's proud wife. l. 4 Geneua] *read* Jena.
[1] 3 Wantonnes] i.e. wantons. 5 froe] i. e. frau.

[2]

All things I had, at will,
my hart could wish or crave;
My dyet, dainty fayre;
my garments, rich and brave.
No wife in *Germany*,
where I in pleasure dwelld,
For golden brauery
my person there exceld.

[3]

My coaches, richly wrought,
all bright with pearle and gould,
Carried me, vp and downe,
where-as my fancyes would.
The earth I deemd to to base
my feete to tread vpon;
My bloominge, crimson cheeks
seldome fall winde or sunne.

[4]

My beauty made me thinke
myselfe an Angell bright,
Framèd of heauenly moulde,
and not an earthly wight.
For my soule's happynes
(God's holy bible booke),
I hade my lookinge glasse
where I most pleasure tooke.

[5]

There was no fashion fond,
that might advaunce my pride,
But, in my looking glasse,
my fancye soone espi'de.
Every vaine, foolish toye
changèd my wanton minde;
And they best pleasèd me
that could new fashions find.

[6]

Yet all these worldly toyes
yeelded me small content,
In that kinde nature had
ne'ere child to me sent.

[2] 3 fayre] i.e. fare. [3] 5 to to] *read* too. 8 fall] *read* felt. Cf. *Hamlet*, Act. i, Sc. 2, 'winds of heaven visit her face too roughly.' [4] 5 For] i.e. instead of. 7 hade] i.e. had. [6] 4 to] *read* vnto.

For which offence to god
(that makes my soule to bleed),
He therefore greiuosly
scorgèd me in my seede;

[7]

And, in my tender wombe,
of soe pure flesh and bloud,
Created he, straunge to see,
a most deformèd broode,
That women of wanton pride
might take example by,
How they, in fashions fond,
offended god on hye.

[8]

Before this babe came to light,
and I brought to my bed,
No cost was spar'd, that might
stand me in any steed.
My nurses, young and fayre,
fyt for a royal Queene,
Gaue all attendance there,
as it was dayly seene.

[9]

Never had marchant's wife
of Ladyes such a traine,
That came, in gentle sort,
at the howre of my paine.
But when my swelling wombe
yeelded vp nature's due,
Such a straung monster borne
never man hardly knew.

[10]

For it affrighted soe
all the whole companye,
That each one thought in hart,
vengeaunce was drawing nye.
It had two faces strange,
and two heads paynted fayre;
On the browes, curlèd lockes
such as our wantons weare.

[11]

One hand held right the shape
of a fayre lokeing-glasse,
In which I tooke delight
how my vaine beauty was.

[7] 3 straunge] *read* most straunge. [8] 4 steed] i.e. stead.

Right the shape of a rod,
scorginge me for my synne,
The other semde to haue,
perfectly seene therin.

[12]

Those women's wantonnes,
and their vaine foolish minds,
Never contented are
with that gyft God assignes.
Looke to it, *London* dames!
God keepeth plagues in store;
As now the second part
of this song sheweth more.

The second part, Or, a warning for fayre women.

To the tune of *All yow that fathers be.*

[13]

Greife and care kills their harts
where god offended is,
As this proude marchant's wife
did worldly comfort misse.
Strang were the miseryes
that she long time indurd;
And no ease, by man's help,
could as then be procurd.

[14]

Here-vpon spake the childe,
with a voyce fearefullye,
'Mother, your wanton pride
'brings me this misery.
'Let your lyfe soone amend,
'or else the mighty god
'Will scorge your wantonnes
'with a more shapper rod.'

[15]

About the necke, flaunting ruffes
it had most gallantlye,
Starchèd with whyte and blewe
seemely vnto the eye,
With laces large, and broad
as nowe are women's bands:
This heavy wanton pride
still in god's anger standes.

[11] 7 semde] i.e. seem'd. [12] 1 Those] *read* Thus.
[14] 8 shapper] *read* sharper.

[16]

The brest was all plated o're,
as still the Mairmaids be,
Now as lewd women's are
to hide adulterye.
Every part, everye lymme
had not trew nature's frame;
But to shewe to the worlde
this my great synne and shame,

[17]

From the head vnto the foote,
monster-like was it borne.
Every part had the shape
of fashions daylye worne.
On the feete pinckèd shooes;
insteps had Roses red,
Which in silke now are vsed—
so vainelye are we led.

[18]

Thus hath my flesh and bloude,
norisht nowe neere my hart,
Put me in mind of synne
and bids me soone conuert.
Oh let all women, then,
take heed of cursèd pride.
Angels have falne from heaven,
and, for that synne, haue died.

[19]

No sooner brought to light
was this fruite of my youth,
But to the counsaile howse
it was borne for a truth:
Where, to the maiestraites,
in a most fearefull sort,
Began alowd to speake,
and these words did report:

[20]

'I am a messenger,
'sent here from god on high,
'To bid yow all repent:
'CHRIST'S comming draweth nigh.
'Repent yow all with speede,
'this is my message sure:
'The world is at an ende,
'and cannot long endure.

[21]

'Pride is the prince of synne,
'which is your chiefe delight.
'Mankinde, repent with speede,
'before the Lord doth smite.
'This is my last adewe:
'repentaunce soone provide.'
These were his latest words,
and soe the monster died.

[22]

Great was the feare of those
that those same speeches hard.
God graunt all *Christians* maye
haue their minds well prepard,
With trew repentant teares,
God's mercye to implore,
That never woman kinde
may bringe such fruite forth more.

[23]

And yow, fayre *English* dames,
that in pride soe excell,
my wofull miseryes
to your heartes print full well.
Let not pride be your guide;
for pride will have a fall.
Mayde, and wife, let my lyfe
be warninge to yow all.

Finis.

No. XXXIV

So long have I followed the alewife's cans

Fol. 165, with sequel on fol. 166: a most spirited admonition to sobriety and thrift, with a good swing throughout, but spoilt by a farcical ending. The frequenter of the ale-house is depicted as reforming, when he finds poverty, personified as a beggar-man, dogging his steps and watching opportunity to seize on him.

In stanza 11 mention is made of old implements for cleaving logs, which in Essex are now forgotten except by the oldest labourers. A socket-wedge was a stout iron wedge with a large socket for the insertion of a thick wooden haft, to lengthen it. It was driven home by a heavy hammer, here called a sledge. Each labourer, until recent years, possessed, as in the ballad, a set of tools of his own for general farm-work, as hedging, ditching, &c. Now the farmer provides the tools, and the labourer's stock-in-trade is, in his own phrase, 'a short pipe and a shut-knife' (clasp-knife to cut his tobacco).

Stanzas 18 and 20 describe losses in gambling at ale-houses. Games of chance in such houses were expressly forbidden by statute (see No. IX),

[23] 4 to] *read* in.

but the records of the court at Maldon quite bear out the ballad in its picture of the prevalence of the practice. Convictions and fines occur at every Quarter-sessions. 3 July, 1559, William Loughborough, currier, admitted that on Saturday, 27 May, he was paid 9*s.* by his master, and on Sunday, 28 May, at Manning's alehouse, playing with the host at tables, 2*d.* a game, he lost 3*s.* 4*d.*, but Manning gave him back 4*d.* In 1567, at Easter sessions, John Horncliffe was fined 6*s.* 8*d.* for suffering work-people to play at cards in his alehouse (the Bell) contrary to his recognizances. At the Epiphany sessions, 1582–3, it was shown that John Kellingdon, sherman, George Hover, blacksmith, and William Whyskyn, ostler, had played at dice at a game called *novum et eundem*, and Whyskyn lost 16*s.*

In stanza 29 the hue and cry is alluded to. A person whose goods were stolen was entitled to send out a description of the thief and the stolen property, to be passed on by messenger from constable to constable in the direction which the thief had taken. A Maldon constable's bill-of-charges in 1616 shows that each parish was expected to contribute its groat towards the cost of transmission. 'Receiued a hew-en-cry sent out from Colchester for two randed geldings (one of them with a waled eye) 10 January, 4*d.* 20 July, 4*d.* a hew-an-cry carried to Wodham Mortimer, which cam from Bentley, and so on to Gravesend.'

A merry new Ballad intituled:—The begger comes, the begger comes, etc.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.

[1]

So long haue [I] followed the Alewiue's cannes,
and so often gone in at the Alewiue's doore,
It hath caused me for to spend my lands;
and now, alasse! I am growne poore.
The begger comes! the begger comes!
loe! where the begger doth me watch!
And I doe not leave the Alehowse off,
the begger soone he will me catch.

[1] 5 Refrain sung in chorus at end of each stanza. 7 And] i.e. if.

[2]

He that hath mony in his purse,
and will vnto an Alehowse goe,
There he may learne to sware and curse,
and spend his mony and wit also.

[3]

I know a man was very rich,
and he of many was often sought;
Yet he had followed the pot so longe,
at length the begger had him caught.

[4]

My mother tould me, long agoe,
yf I did followe soe much the pot,
At length yt would cause my overthrow,
and make me goe in a threedbare coate.

[5]

When I had siluer and gold good store,
good fellows then thought well of me;
But now it is gone, and I haue noe more,
they are not for my companye.

[6]

The brauest lasses in our towne
I might haue had their company;
But, now I am scarce worth a crowne,
alasse! they looke asquint on me.

[7]

Our hostis at the *Walnut-tree*,
when I had mony at my will,
She lovèd well my company,
because the shot I payèd still.

[8]

Our hostis' maids did love me well,
when I had mony to my store,
Because I gaue them farings still;
but now they care for me no more.

[9]

They tell me, now, the begger comes;
and show me where he doth me watch.
They bid me hye me to my worke,
or els the begger will me catch.

[10]

Indeed, their counsell I will take;
I'le come no more within their vaine.
What shift soe euer I doe make,
I'le get my monye vp againe.

[11]

I'le get me a shovell, and a spade,
a flayle, a hedge-bill, and an axe,
Two socket-wedges, and a sledge;
I thinke I will haue all my knacks.

[12]

I'le hedge, and ditch; I'le cleave out roots;
I'le thresh; I'le cut downe woode amaine;
I'le doe all worke—I care not what—
to get my mony vp againe.

[13]

And when I haue mony in my purse—
because the Alewiues were so stout,
I thinke I will keepe it tyll it rust,
ere they shall get a penny out.

[14]

All they that to the Alehowse packe,
and they that spend their mony there,
The begger may catch them by the backe,
ere they of him shal be aware.

The second part of The begger comes, etc.

To the tune of *Watton towne's end.*

[15]

All yow that now haue hard me synge
'the begger [he] doth come,'
Shall here me sing another part
agreeying to the same.
The begger! the begger!
the begger he was come,
And almost like to catch me:
'twas tyme for me to run.

[16]

I went vnto an Alehowse
to drinke a pot or two,
And the begger he stoode watchinge
to see where I did goe.
O the begger etc.

[16] 5 Refrain to be sung in chorus at the end of each stanza.

[17]

I had but cald my Ostisse,
a stope of beare to fill;
The begger he was comd
and their stood watching still.

[18]

I went into another howse,
and there I playd at dice;
And there I lost fyve shillings—
therin I was not wise.

[19]

I openèd the windowe,
because the light was dymme;
and I might see the begger,
where he stoode lookinge in.

[20]

I went into another howse,
which stood besyde a pond;
And there I went to a 'newe cutt'
tyll all my mony was gone.

[21]

As I was goinge out,
to run home for more,
There I might see the begger
stand watchinge at the dore.

[22]

One day as I was sleepinge
vnderneath a shade,
And spent the time in idlenesse,
which is a filthy trade,

[23]

Then suddenlye I wakèd;
and, casting vp mine eye,
I spi'de the begger comminge,
as fast as he could hye.

[24]

Thus I haue tould yow all
how troubled I haue beene,
For to withstand the begger—
the like was never seene.

[17] 2 i. e. a stoup of beer. 3 comd] i. e. come. [21] 2 run] *read* run to.

[25]

If that I doe but looke
vpon an Alehowse sygne,
The begger he will watch me,
to see yf I goe in.
Then the begger! the begger!
the begger he will come,
And will be like to catch me:
'tis time for me to runne.

[26]

But now that I haue found a slight
the begger shall not catch me,
But I will shift away from him
wheresoever he doth watch me.

[27]

I'le take me to my horse;
I'le ride awaye in hast;
And then he cannot catch me,
though he runne never so fast,

[28]

Except he steale a horse,—
he hath none of his owne:—
And, yf he take another man's,
the same shall soone be knowne.

[29]

I'le reare the cuntry up
strayght-wayes, and will not faile,
And they shall catch the begger,
and laye him in the Jayle.
Then the begger! the begger!
the begger cannot come;
For when that he is in the Jayle,
then what neede I to runne?

[30]

And when the Syses come,
then hangèd shall he be;
And then I neede not feare;
the begger cannot catch me.
For then the begger! the begger!
the begger cannot come;
For when that he is hangèd,
then what neede I to runne?

[26] 1 slight] i.e. sleight.
[27] 4 never] *read* ne'er.
[29] 1 i.e. by hue and cry.

[31]

If that he haue some younge ones,
they are but verye smale,
And they will fall to stealinge,
and soe be hangèd all.
Then the begger! the begger!
the begger cannot come:
For when they be all hangèd,
then what neede I to runne?

No. XXXV

Your answer to my sad laments

Fol. 167v. Funerals were great functions in Elizabethan and Stuart times; and memorial-verses were a necessary feature at funerals. These ballads have examples of both the high and the low types of such verses. No. LXII is a good example of a public lament for a great man, comparable to Tennyson's *Ode on Wellington*; No. LVII is as good an example of private elegy, comparable to *In Memoriam*. The present ballad is of coarser fibre, being such a piece as was stocked by the printers to be used by any widow for any husband, as part of the mechanism of mourning. The ballad-monger's ingenuity has sought to provide for treble custom by making it one of a series:—the Lamentation, the Answer to the Lamentation, and the Reply to the Answer. Surely the disconsolate would wish to possess all three. Churchyards in the West Lindsey district of Lincolnshire supply an amusing modern parallel to this standardization of grief. The country-folk desired a 'verse of poetry' on their tombstones; and Mr. Swift, memorial-mason of Gainsborough, having found one to their mind, has set it up everywhere, even several times over in the same churchyard:—

Afflictions sore long time I bore:
physicians were in vain;
Till God did please to give me ease,
and rid me of my pain.

Swift, *Gains.*

The Ladye's replye to the answere made to her lamentation.

To the tune of *Oh Hone.*

[1]

Your answere to my sad laments
I haue receiu'd, and the contence
Have well perused; but therin finde
no salue to swage a greiuèd minde.
The wisest man that lyves this daye
with words cannot my woes delaye—
Oh hone, hone an alergo,
alergo, tararalergo hone.

[2]

Vnlesse he could [bring] newes to me
(which I do never looke to see)
That my deare Lord doth lyve againe:
then would I leaue for to complaine!
But, since he cannot backe returne,
I'le never cease to weepe and morne.

[3]

What though his soule in heaven doth rest,
and is of lasting ioyes possest,
Yet I am greed at the heart
that he so soone from earth did part,
Whereby I am of ioyes bereft,
and haue (alas!) no comfort left.

[1] 2 contence] *read* contents. 7 Refrain to be whined at the end of every stanza. [3] 3 greed] *read* greeuèd.

[4]

Those which in peace their loves inioye,
and never tasted griefe's annoy,
To other can good counsell gyve:
but where doth any creature lyve
Should fall from ioy to misery,
that would not weepe as well as I?

[5]

Thinke yow I am not vrgd to moane,
that am depriued of such a one
As all the world can scarce afford—
so good, so sweete, so braue a Lord—
The thought of whose vnhappye death
doth make me loath my vitall breath.

[6]

In vaine (kinde friend) yow counsell me
to end these plaints, which cannot be
Dissolu'd with all the wit yow haue,
till death bring me vnto my grave.
The which (I hope) shall be ere longe,
and then I'le end this dolefull songe.

[7]

Yow wishe me to lay griefe asyde,
and to reioyce because he dyed.
Nay, more: you bringe examples in
to prove that weepinge is a synne.
My friende, 'tis lawfull for to weepe,
so we in teares a measure keepe.

[8]

But, for my griefe doth farre surpasse
the greatest wo that ever was,
Therefore, my mones must needs exceed
those which from smaller cause proceed.
Then henceforth cease, and say no more;
for I will still his death deplore.

[9]

A thing of little worth (god wot)
full easylye maye be forgott;
But, sure, a Lord so deare as he
cannot soe soone forgotten be;
And, being he my soule did love,
his death must needs great sorrow move.

[10]

Then, yf with me yow will not mone,
nor waile my losse, let me alone.
For, since the gods haue reft his lyfe,
and made a widow of a wife,
I neyther can, nor will, refraine;
But, till I dye, for him complaine.

[11]

The fates haue done the worst the[y] can,
in robbing me of that same man
Who was the Jewell and the pride
of all dame nature's sonnes besyde.
Then haue not I iust cause of wo,
whom cruel fates hath crossèd so?

[12]

Yet powers devine, yow know my griefe;
yet yow will lend me no reliefe.
Then why should I to men complaine,
which have no power to ease my paine?
Since gods on me no pittye have,
I'le leave the world, and seeke a grave.
Oh hone hone hone alergo,
alaler[g]o tararalergo hone.

No. XXXVI

O mortal man, bedrencht in sin

Fol. 169. Stanzas 16–18 are noticeable as testifying to the sumptuous life and the favourite sports of Jacobean county magnates. The chief country sports were hare-coursing, deer-hunting and hawking. Fox-hunting was not yet sport. The fox in old forest law had been 'vermin', and remained so at the date of this ballad. Laxton manor, Northamptonshire, in 1322, was held of the king *in capite* by service of keeping dogs to destroy wolves, foxes, wild-cats, and other vermin, in the king's forest in the counties of Northants, Rutland, Oxon., Essex, Hunts., and Bucks. Pytchley manor, in the same county, was held in 1339 of the king *in capite*, by service of destroying wild-cat, fox, and badger, in the above counties. At the date of the ballad churchwardens regularly paid a fee for each fox, pole-cat, or badger killed, much as the Government of India now subsidizes the destruction of venomous snakes.

By 1663 fox-hunting had become established as sport. We find the king and his nobles then showing partiality for it (Wood's *Life and Times*, i. 495). In *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 360, is a spirited ballad in praise of 'The Fox-chase', of Charles II's date.

Payments for destruction still continued. At Waddesdon, Bucks., the rate was 2*d.* for each polecat, 4*d.* for each hedgehog, and 1*s.* for each fox or badger. In 1690 (the earliest extant account) payments were made for 13 polecats, 25 hedgehogs, and 14 foxes.

[12] 1 Yet] *read* Ye.

A new Ballad intituled A myrrour or lookinge glasse for all sinners.

To the tune of *Queene Dido.*

[1]

O mortall man, bedrencht in synne,
rouze vp thy selfe; 'tys tyme to rise.
Delight noe more in sluggish sleepe;
the crowinge Cocke the day discries.
Remember then thine owne estate;
repent in tyme; come not to late.

[2]

Nought els thow art, but meate for worms:
of basest earth god framèd thee;
And, into that filthy slyme againe,
thow shall at length convertèd bee.
As thow, by kinde, of claye wert cast,
so shalt thow turne to dust at last.

[3]

Thy youth is [as] the growinge grasse;
thine age resembleth withered hay.
Thy head ere night may lye full low,
although yow brave yt all the daye.
Remember then thine owne estate;
repent in tyme; come not to late.

[4]

No written lease of lyfe thow hast.
No deed enrold can the[e] assure
That for a moneth, day, nor howre,
thy fading fortune shall indvre.
No rest thow hast to rest vpon;
but, shortly, hence thow must be gon.

[5]

As, in the twinkling of an eye,
Jehovah gaue his vitall breath,
So, in a moment, yow shall feele
the daunting death of grysely death.
Remember then thine owne estate;
repent in tyme; come not [*too*] *late.*

[1] 6 to] i. e. too. [2] 3 into] *read* to. [3] 6 to] i. e. too.
[5] 4 death of] *read* dart of.

[6]

The softned bed whereon thow lyest
doth represent the place to thee,
Wherein the carrion corps at last,
by course of kinde, interd shall be.
Then shalt thow lodge within thy grave
the greatest grace that best men have.

[7]

The crawling worms will welcome thee,
reioycing at their newcome ghest.
The dead man's bones will welcome thee,
and make the rome with them to rest.
Remember then thine own estate;
repent in tyme; come not too late.

[8]

When once thy Carkase is intombd,
the fearefull trump will sound apace:—
'Arise, yow dead! to iudgement come!
'appeare before the lord of grace,
'Who yeelds to every man his dew,
'for he alone is iust and trew.

[9]

'Arise, yow mighty potentates!
'Arise, yow poore blind, deafe, and lame!
'Arise, thow gallant! rise, yow rich!
'Arise, thow coy and daintye dame!
'Arise, yow wights of eche estate!
'Make hast, for feare yow come to late!'

[10]

Ther's then no restinge place for thee:
vntrusse yow must, and passe from thence.
Then will thy soule and body meete,
expecting their dew recompence.
As they did ioy in good or bad,
theyr [future] soe shall then be had.

[11]

Then *Sathan* comes to crave his right.
'Thow god!' sayes he, 'behould the man
'That led his lyfe in secure synne.
'His soul in mine: doe iustice than.
'He never wayld his owne estate,
'and now repentaunce coms to late.

[6] 3 the] *read* thy. [7] 2 ghest] i.e. guest. 3 man's] *read* men's. 4 the rome] i.e. thee room. [9] 3 rise] *read* arise. 6 to] i.e. too. [10] 2 yow] *read* thou. [11] 4 in] *read* is. 5 wayld] *in a correction: may also be read* waydd [=weighed]. 6 coms to] i.e. comes too.

[12]

'While late he lyved vpon the earth,
'he tooke noe care of thy behest
'But bent himselfe, with might and mayne,
'each thing [to get] that likt him best.
'He wore my badge, contemning thee:
'his soule, therefore, belongs to me.

[13]

'I know thow art a Judge vpright;
'thy doome in Justice cannot swarve.
'To iustice therefore I appeale:
'give each man what he doth deserve.
'This wretch forgat his owne estate,
['and now repentaunce comes too late.']

[14]

O wofull wight! what wilt thow do,
When thow doest behold this wofull case?
To frame excuse will not avayle.
Forethinke thee, then, while thow hast space.
Have good regard to thine estate;
[*repent in tyme; come not too late.*]

[15]

No Prince's power can stand in steade,
when wrath hath clapt thee in his clawes.
No Sargiant dares [to] vouch a fee
before the barre to plead thy cause,
No friend, no charme, no skyll, no art,
can comfort then thy heavy hart.

[16]

Thy princely howse, thy stately port,
thy trim attyre, thy troopinge trayne,
Thy delicate and thy dainty faire,
thy badge of gould, will then seeme vaine.
Remember then thy owne estate;
[*repent in tyme; come not too late.*]

[17]

Thy curious coach, thy trampling steede,
thy thrice-rackt rent to presse the poore,
Thy hungery minde, shall boote the[e] naught,
that huntes poore *Lazare* from thy dore.
Thy plumes, thy fans, thy pleasinge ioyes,
vnto thy sovle shall breed annoyes.

[14] 2 doest behold] *read* behold'st. [15] 3 Sargiant] i.e. Serjeant-at-Law. [16] 3 faire] i.e. fare. [17] 5 ioyes] *possibly* toyes.

[18]

The beagles f[l]eete that huntes the hare,
thy deepe-mouthd hounds to chase the harts,
Thy Spaniels, Hauks, thy chiefe delights,
will then procure thy bitter smartes.
Remember then thine owne estate;
[repent in tyme; come not too late].

[19]

Arise, therefore, thow sinfull man;
behold thy loathsome Leprosye.
Thy whoredome, pride, and drunkennes,
thy couetousnes and vsurye,
Thine enuy, malice, and disdaine,
will breede thee euerlasting paine.

[20]

Prepare thee, with the virgins wise,
if thow doest meane thy soule to saue.
At midnight will the Bridegroome rise
to let in them whom he will haue.
Yf thow remembrest thine estate,
repentaunce cannot come to late.

[21]

The lord preserve our royall Kinge,
and graunt him *Nestor's* yeeres to raigne.
Endew him, lord, with heavenly grace
thy truth and ghospell to maintaine,
That he, regarding whence he came,
eternize may his holy name.

[22]

Lord, blesse Q[ueen] *Anne*, our Soueraine's wife;
but the ympes that doe from them descend
Plant Princelye vertues in their hart,
in them to lyve, in them to end,
That they, consideringe their estate,
their auncestors maye imitate.

[18] 1 The beagles] *read* Thy beagles. 4 thy] *read* thee.
[19] 6 thee] *substituted for* thy : *or vice versa*. [20] 6 to] i. e. too. [21] 1 Kinge] i. e. James I. 6 his] *read* thy.
[22] 1 Anne of Denmark, *d.* 1619.

No. XXXVII

In reading merry memories

Fol. 171ᵛ. In 1520 John Dorne sold at Oxford 'The fryre end boy', probably a broadside exemplar of this ballad (Oxford Historical Society's *Collectanea*, ii. 459). The full text of *The Fryar and the Boy* is given by Dr. F. J. Furnivall in the appendix to *Bp. Percy's folio MS.*: see also Dr. Furnivall's *Captain Cox*, p. lxxiii.

The ballad presents us with a feature of English rural life which has long disappeared. All over the country were stretches of wood, relics of the primaeval forest, the underwood and timber of which belonged to the lord of the manor, but the rough pasture was common to all who held land from him. Daily, therefore, the cattle of each homestead were driven to pasture in the wood, under the charge of a lad. Thus, in the survey of Fotheringhay Castle, made 10 April, 1340, when Edward III granted the reversion of it to William de Bohun, earl of Northampton, it is stated that the Castle possessed in King's Cliffe forest two woods, Erles-wode, 240 acres, and New-haghe, 60 acres; but the pasture of these was common to the neighbouring townships, and of no value to the Castle, because too distant for the lord's cattle to be driven there.

The boy is tried for sorcery in the ecclesiastical court, before the official (stanza 21), i. e. the archdeacon's law-officer. In Elizabeth's time even the civil courts took cognizance of such suits. At Maldon, 6 July 1573, the jury at the General Sessions presented Alice Chaundeler, spinster, of Maldon, as a sorceress and witch, who, on 3 July, by felonious use of incantation, charms, and sorcery, had done to death Mary, the eight-year-old daughter of Francis Cowper, fletcher. There also, at the Epiphany sessions, 1577–8, the jury presented Richard Asplyn, alehouse-holder, of Maldon, for taking into his house Thomas Barker, shoemaker, of Great Maplestead, a conjurer, with his books of conjuring and invocation of evil spirits. In the Burials Register of Boreham, Essex, under date 29 July, 1593, is the entry:—'H. Mother haven suffered at borham*e* for witchcraft the sam day.' 'H.'=hanged. Agnes, wife of William, Haven had occurred in 1570.

An excellent merye songe of the freier and the boye.

To the tune of *Peggy Ramsey*.

[1]

In reading merry memoryes,
  it was my chaunce to finde
An honest man who had three wives,
  whose last was most vnkinde;
For he had, by his first deere wife,
  a goodly, iollye sonne,
With whom his step-dame could not gree,
  but thought herselfe vndonne,

[2]

But all shee thought consumde and lost,
that did the poore child good.
His father, that consideringe,
did sende him to the woode,
Which pleasèd well the stepdame's minde.
The child, devoyde of care,
His father's neate did driue to feild,
and sing *High hoe the mare!*

[3]

Then, as he came into the plaine,
he drewe his dinner forth;
And quickely put it vp againe,
it was soe little worth.
But, mery pipinge on a hill
to make his cattell sporte,
A grave old man appeard to him,
righ[t] fayre, in freindly sorte,

[4]

And said:—'My sonne, god speed the well!
'or hast thow any meate?'
'Such as I haue,' the boy saide still,
'a' god's name, come and eate.'
The old man, thanking him therefore,
did gladly theron feede;
And sayd, 'My boye, a thousande thanks;
'thow hast releeued my neede.

[5]

'Now will I giue yt things three,
'that thow shalt not forgett.'
The boy sayde:—'I'le be ruled by thee,
'yf such things I may get.
'For, yf I had a bowe,' quoth he,
'to shoote at birds on bryer,—'
The old man saide, 'Take here of me
'the thinge thow dost desire.'

[6]

'Then,' saide the boye, 'a pype also,
'me thinks, were very good,
'As I doe travaile to and fro
'from home vnto the woode.'

[2] 1 But] *read* For. [4] 1 the] i. e. thee. 2 or] *read* oh. [5] 1 I giue yt things] *possibly* I giue choice of things. 2 i.e. that you may have something by which to keep me in remembrance.

The old man sayd, 'Take heere a pipe,
'that all that heere the glee
'Shall never cease, but daunce and leap,
'while piping thow shalt bee.'

[7]

Then 'aske the third,' he sayd, 'my sonne!'
The boy sayd, 'Nowe inough—'
The old man saide, 'thow shalt not have,'
At that the boy loud lought.
Then sayd the boy, 'I haue a dame,
'that is to me vnkinde,
'Which many wayes dooth worke my shame,
'as well I call to minde.

[8]

'And yf my father giue me meate
'she stares me in the face.'
The old man swore to make her rage
in strange and wondrous case;
'ffor when she frownes on thee, my boy,
'she shall a rappe let goe,
'which shall soe ringe that she shall raye
'the place, for verye woe.'

[9]

The old man sayde:—'Farwell, my childe!
'of thee my leaue I take.'
The boy, that sawe, and well beheeld,
the sunne began to slake,
He tooke his pipe, and gan to blowe:
his neat fast by him springe.
Thus forwards, homeward, he doth goe,
as ioyfull as a kinge.

[10]

He found his father in the hall,
at supper syttinge then.
Then *Jacke* sayde:—'Jesu saue yow all!
'howe cheere yow, freindly men?'
Saying, 'Father, I haue kept your neate,
'and brought them safely home:
'For god's sake, therefore, giue me meate.'
His father threw a bone.

[7] 3 i.e. I will not let you cry 'enough', without taking the third gift.

[11]

That greiued the stepdame's heart full [sore],
but she blewe such a blast
That all the howse began to rore:
the people were agast.
Then sayd the boye: 'Right well I wott,
'yf thow shoote such another,
'I needes must saye it is well shot—
'I sware, by Marye mother.'

[12]

But then more cursedly shee lookt,
she was soe ill content;
One rapp annother overtooke,
her taile was neere-hand rent.
Then little *Jacke* sayd 'Fye, for shame!
'Dame, temper well your bum.
'Your stuffe,' saide he, 'is good to borowe,
'for each one shall have some.'

[13]

The next daye after came a freyer
that laye there all the night,
that fed the goodwiffe's oft desire
and coniured many a sprite.
This dame, to him, of little *Jacke*,
a great complaint did make.
The freire saide, 'Dame, be [yow] content:
'for I dare vndertake

[14]

'To beat him well, in sundrye sort;
'and giue him evill fare.'
With that, vnto the feild he went,
to worke the poore child's care.
'Boy,' he saide, 'god giue the[e] shame:
'come! quickly shew to me
'What thow hast done vnto thy dame,
'else beaten shalt thow be.'

[15]

The boy saide: 'Holy father frier,
'my dame right well doth fare.
'See yonder birde, that sits on bryer,
'had neede for to beware,
'For, though I haue but little skill,
'yet I can shoot her head.'
The fryer saide, 'All vnpossible!
'with words thow hast me fed.'

[15] 6 head] *read* dead.

[16]

Jack shot, and downe the bird did fall;
the fryer, amonge the thornes,
Began to grope to finde her out—
which provèd to his harmes.
Then *Jacke* his pipe began to blow;
the fryer began to daunce;
Amidst the brambles on a rowe,
right braulye he did praunce.

[17]

The thornes prickt: the breyres schratch[t]
his leggs, also his face.
His body was with bloud so redd,
and scratched in every place.
Then cryed he, '*Jacke*, for Christ's sake,
'cease the pipe that I were gone.'
With raggèd breech and clothes all tore,
thus the folish freier went home.

[18]

[Vnto] *Jack's* father and his mother
the story all he toulde;
Then home came *Jacke*, his neat to fother,
with courage braue and boulde.
Then saide his father: 'Cursèd sonne,
'how hast thow vsde this frier?
'This musicke strange now let me heare,
'for it is my desire.'

[19]

The frier saide: 'Tye me to a post:'
some sayde he should not fall.
Jacke piped; his mother lookèd grim,
but evermore [them all] amonge
Her taile let many a pellet flye,
she well perfumed the thronge.
They daunced so sore, they neere were lost,
they caught soe many a fall.

[20]

The sylly frier was neere hand lost,
though he full fast was bounde.
He knockt his head so to the post,
with many a bloudy wounde.

[17] 5 Christ's] i. e. Christ his. 6 *omit* the. 8 *omit* thus.
[19] The lines are misplaced: 1, 2 should stand as 7, 8. 2 i. e. they had tied him so effectually.

Some broocke their shins; some hurt their arms;
some were so madd and franticke;
But never a won escapèd free,
in dauncinge of this anticke.

[21]

Then *Jacke*, before the officiall,
was warnèd by the frier,
To answere as a coniurer;
but, when that he came there,
He tooke in hand againe his pipe,
and gan to playe so trymme,
The officiall lept over the deske,
with many a broken shin.

[22]

Then *Jacke* they hartely doe praye,
for love of *Marye* free,
To cease, and for to leaue his playe:
and forgiuen he should be.
'Content,' quoth *Jacke:* so peace was made,
and friends they were in place,—
Desiringe God, who reads this iest,
to graunt him of his grace.

No. XXXVIII

The wondrous works of God above

Fol. 174^{v}; with second part on fol. 175^{v}. The locality of this marvel of retributive justice is well chosen to give verisimilitude to the piece. The fairs of Frankfort-on-Main, held in March and September, were well known as great marts of cloth and books; and Bonn is a natural halting-place for travellers between Antwerp and Frankfort. The date of Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale* (1611) gives special interest to its Act iv, Scene 3, where Mopsa's 'I love a ballad in print; for then we are sure they are true', and Autolycus's 'Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses', agree with the attestations at the end of this 1612 ballad.

A most miraculous, strange, and trewe Ballad, of a younge man of the age of 19 yeares, who was wrongfully hangd at a towne called *Bon* in the *lowe Countreyes* since christmas last past 1612; and how god preserued him aliue, and brought his false accuser to deserued destruction.

To the tune of *O man in desperation.*

[1]

The wondrous works of god above
man's thoughts cannot conceiue,
For all that him doe fear and love
in daunger hee'le not leaue—
The proofe of which in holy writ
most sacredlye is showne;
And in this story, wondrous fit,
his mighty power is knowne.

[2]

A younge man, from good parents sprunge,
in *Anewarpe* liude of late,
Who[m] none could ere accuse of wronge,
and liude in happy state;
Did with his loving vncle dwell,
and was so well beloved;
He did behaue himselfe soe well,
as all men['s] likinge moved.

[3]

His vncle was a marchant man;
and put him still in trust
In every thinge he tooke in hand,
he was soe trewe and iust.
He, with his kinsman, lately went
to *Frankfort* mart with wares,
Not doubting any thinge to come
to breed them griefe and care.

[4]

From *Antwarp* as they travellèd,
by settinge of the sunne
Came to an Inne, to lye all night,
cald the *White Swan* at *Bon*;
And in the morninge rose betimes
by breakinge of the daye,
And went to *Frankfort*, and dispatchd
their marts, and came their waye.

[5]

But nowe begins the younge man's woe!
His vncle sent him backe,
Whilst he at *Frankfort* staide behinde.
The youth, not beinge slacke,
Made all the speede time would afford
that he might soone goe home;
And, home-ward, laye each night where they
lodgd, when from home they come.

[6]

One night, amongst the rest, he came
to *Bon*, vnto the *Swanne*,
Where-as his Host did shewe himselfe
a Deuill in shape of man.

[2] 2 Anewarpe] i. e. Antwerp. [3] 8 them] *substituted for* his. care] *read* cares. [4] 7 and dispatchd] *read* to dispatch. 8 came] *read* come.

For, in his howse, a marchant lay
who had good store of Coyne,
The which this theeuish hoast did seeke
by all meanes to purloyne.

The second part of a most miraculous, straunge, and trew Ballad, of a young man of the age of 19 yeares, who was wrongfully hanged fyve days at a towne called *Bon* in the *lowe countries.*

[7]

Att last, in dead of drowsye night,
when every one was sleepinge,
This filthy hoast vnto the male
of mony vp coms creeping,
And from the marchant steales the gould;
and then invents a drift
The yong man might be in suspect,
for his abhorrèd theft.

[8]

He takes a Beaker of his owne;
and, in the young man's male,
He cuningly convayes the same,
his falsehood to avayle.
An obligation, and a ringe,
he from the marchant had,
Which he, into the young man's male,
he there likewise convayde.

[9]

The young man in the morning rose;
and vp his horse he gets,
Suspectinge nothing that could breede
his hinderance or his letts.
Who beinge gone, the marchant wakes
and finds his money gone;
In rage a furious noyce he makes,
and making piteous moane.

[7] 3 male] i. e. trunk, bag. 6 drift] i. e. plan. [8] 4 avayle] i. e. help out. 5 obligation] i. e. a covenant to pay money. 7 Which he] *read* The which.

[10]

His hoast perswades him the yong man
had done this wicked deede;
And soe in hast they both tooke horse,
to fetch him backe with speede.
They haue not farre rod on their way,
but they the youth had spi'de:
For he, suspectinge of no harme,
did verye softlye ride.

[11]

When straite his false accusing hoast
attachd him for a theefe;
And searched his male—where-as he found
those things that causde his griefe.
Although the youth, with vehement words,
deny'de this guilty act,
Yet he was rackt, condemnd, and iudgd,
and hangèd for the fact.

[12]

But now, his vncle's busines don,
in hast he homeward hyes;
And, at the wicked catife's howse,
at night he eates and lyes.
And risinge in the morne, his hoast
did tell this wofull thinge,
Which almost kild his vncle quite,
his hart it soe did stinge.

[13]

Yet, nevertheles, with griefe he went
his Kinsman's corps to see;
Which was soe great a woe to him,
as greater none coulde be.
To whom the executèd youth
sayd: 'Vncle, praye drawe neere.
'I am not dead, although that hangd
'I, in your sight, appeare.

[14]

'For why? I stand vpon a stoole,
'although yow see it not;
'And for this 5 dayes all my meate
'I haue from heaven got.

[11] 2 attachd] i. e. arrested. 8 fact] i. e. crime.
[13] 1 nevertheles] *read* ne'ertheless.

'The glorious Angell of the lorde
'hath brought me foode from heaven,
'And saved my lyfe, by myracles,
'which all men thought bereaven.'

[15]

His vncle, straight-way, cald for helpe
to come and take him downe;
And afterwards they both relate
this newes about the towne.
When-as the wicked hoast did see
the power of God on hye,
His guilt he hartylye confest;
when, lowe! immediatlye

[16]

The maiestrats, in iudgement iust,
awarded him his hire,
That at a stake, alyve, he shoulde
consumèd be with fyre.
Though god longe tyme doth hould his hand,
and synners spares to strike,
Yet, in the ende, he them confounde[s],
and saves whom he doth like.

[L'envoy]

The truth of this straung accident
men neede not farre to looke,
For 'tis confirmed by good men's hands,
and printed in a booke.

Finis.

No. XXXIX

A heavy doleful story

Fol. 177^{v}: second part, fol. 180. The first part of the ballad is arranged in stanzas of 16 lines each, apparently with intention that they should be sung to the tune *Crimson Velvet*. The characteristic metre of this tune is a 20-line stanza (No. XLVI); and although a 16-line stanza is also found (No. LX), that is obtained by arbitrarily writing as 4 lines the first 8 of the other form. Clearly, therefore, if *Crimson Velvet* was used for this ballad, there must have been some device of subdivision or repetition of lines in the stanza. I fancy, however, that the *Crimson Velvet* is an error. The *Merchant of Emden* tune uses an 8-line stanza (as seen in the second part); and this first part could be sung to it by halving each stanza.

[15] 8 lowe] i. e. lo.

The fearefull Judgement of almighty god, shewed vpon two sonnes who most vnnaturallye murthered their naturall father.

To the tune of *The Marchant of Emden* or *Crimson Velvet.*

[1]

A heavy dolefull storye
I am abovt to wright:
The like was never hard before,
nor seene, by any wight.
A blody murther, I intende,
the truth for to declare
Of every and each accident,
that others may beware.
A rich marchant-man here was
their dwelt at *Amsterdam*;
Who had issewèd of his loynes
two sonnes, that did the same.
They both did act this murther vile
vpon their father deare,
Even on the high-waye as he rid,
as after yow shall heare.

[1] 9 here was] *read* there was once. 10 their] *read* that.

[2]

One of his sonnes was of the age
of fowre and twentye yeares,
Who had his portion him allowed
to spend in good affayres.
Eighteene yeares was expirèd
of the other sonne,
Who had not moneye at his will
a ryotous race to runne.
The younger sonne did cleaue vnto
his brother for protection,
And did disdaine his father's words,
and to lyve in subiection.
The elder brother did maintaine
the younger in such pride,
That he consumèd had his stocke
before he it espide.

[3]

And when they had consumèd all
in ryotousnes and playe,
They lookèd that their father should
the younger's portion paye.
Their father did perceiue right well
their great vnthriftines,
And did keepe backe the younger's part
[be]cause of his excesse.
Vpon a tyme the younger sonne
vnto his father came,
And did request his porti-on;
but he denied the same,
Shewing reasons very good,
saying 'My youthfull sonne,
'Yow must not haue your owne desire,
'till I be dead and gone.

[4]

'But here, for to maintaine thy selfe,
'in all cyvilitye,
'Take here my gyft; accept the same,
'till more necessitye.'
Away then went this sonne againe
vnto his eldest brother,
And did revaile howe he did speede
in going to his father.
So when the elder brother knew
how smale was his reward,
And how his father answerd him
without all fond regard,

[3] 13 Shewing] *read* Shewing him. [4] 7 revaile] i. e. reveal.

Then did he thinke assewredlye
(these things troubled his head)
All pleasure should ecclipsed be
vntill that he was dead.

[5]

So both these wicked children
agreèd to conspire
To take awaye their father's life
to fulfill their desire.
So they might all delights obtaine
their appetytes to fill,
They would not spare, in blody sort,
their father's bloud to spill.
It soe fell out and chauncèd
their father should ride forth,
To pay great somes of monye
for marchandize of cloth;
For such like things he dealt in,
to gaine and get for them:
But they repayed his carefulnes,
like savage beast[s], againe.

[6]

Intelligence these brethren hard
of their father's journey,
That he should ride full seven miles' space
with great store of money.
Then did these two, with one accord,
bloud-thirstily enflame,
To goe and meete him by the waye,
and ease him of the same.
These brethren, beinge resolute,
rode one the way before,
And watcht their father comming by
with baggs of money store.
At last he did approach neere hand,
and came within their sight;
Then they to meete him made great hast
which did him sore affright.

[7]

They came close to their father,
and thus to him did saye,
'Stand, [and] deliuer vs your coyne,
'in hast, without delaye:'
Who was much amazed to heare
and see their crueltye,
That they, in such like manner,
should use extremitye.

[5] 1 children] i. e. childer-en. [6] 10 one] i. e. on.

The elder of these brethren,
more vilder then a beast,
Did set his pistoll, chargèd well,
against his father's breast.
The younger had a milder minde,
and thus to him did saye,
'Let vs not kill; but take his coyne,
'and let him passe awaye.'

[8]

With that, the elders brother's wrath
did more and more augment,
and swore, because he spooke the same,
should haue like punishment.
But thus their good father was
at length put to great smart:
The elder, with a pistole chargd,
did pearce his tender hart.
Then did their feble father [down]
fall straight-wayes from his horse:
They both, with daggers drawne,
did stabb without remorse.
Their agèd father's carkaise,
with deadly blowes, they strooke;
And, beinge mangled in this sort,
they cast him in a brooke.

The second part of god's iudgement shewed vpon two sonnes that murthered their owne father.

To the tune of *The Marchant of Emden.*

[9]

The father mangled, in such sort
that no man should him know,
Even by his owne vnnatural sonnes,
a heavy sight to show!
Thus when they had conveyèd him,
as I haue sayd before,
They tooke their way dyrectlye
each one vnto a whore.

[7] 9 brethren] i. e. brether-en. [8] 1 elders] *read* elder.
13 father's] *MS. has* father's father's.

[10]

And, beinge come vnto a towne,
they for a tyme did staye,
Into which place came great resort
at length, that fell in play.
And being playinge game soe great,
the dice against them went,
That, in smale space of time,
they all their money spent.

[11]

The elder, being destitute
of money, great or smale,
Which, by mischaunce[s] of the dyce,
full suddenly did fall,
He went out of the doores in hast,
and vp he casts his eyes;
Being fixèd on the firmament,
in this manner he cryes—

[12]

'O God! yf thow wert heare below,
'I would revenge my losse.
'Yea! I would stabbe thee to the hart,
'and breake thy head a-crosse.'
And, with blasphemous words and oathes,
his dagger vp he threw
Vnto the clouds, most vehemently—
but marke what did ensewe.

[13]

Yea! marke the iudgment of the Lord,
shewed on this creature vile.
This cruel beast, more worse by kinde,
from mankind was exild
And in a traunce full sodenlye.
Yet, madd in inwarde minde,
Vnto the feare of *Iehouah*
he was noe whit inclinde.

[14]

He went againe in[to] the howse,
above the ground he stunke:
The earth did open immediatelye,
and downe therin he sunke.
The people marveld much to see
the earth devoure him soe.
The younger were examined well,
and here began his woe.

[12] 6 Cp. No. LV, stanza 24. [13] 5 full] *read* fell. [14] 7 were] *read* was.

[15]

His conscience was soe bitten,
with the mercilesse worme,
To thinke of all his villanye
which he before had done;
And also then, beholdinge well,
his brother's fearefull end
Did stricke with horror to his hart,
which could no way be pen'd.

[16]

But marke the wonders of the Lord!
The murther was revaild,
Even by the mouth of this young man;
there was no thinge conceald.
He tould a tale substantiallye
(naye, pitifully rather)
How he and his brother vilde
did vse their naturall father;

[17]

That in so much he was condemnd,
as guilty of that deede;
And after, suffered for the same,
as lawe and iudge agreed.
He was first bound vnto a stake,
being starke naked stript;
And then, with red-hot pinsons strong,
all flesh from bones was nipt.

[18]

Thus haue yow hard these gracelesse sons'
wicked conspiracye
To get them pleasures of the earth,
and lyve most riotouslye.
How god hath dealt with these
let all example take,
Both high and low, both rich and poore:
and thus an ende I make.

Finis.

[16] 5 a] *read* the. [17] 7 pinsons] i. e. pincers.

No. XL

Jerusalem, my happy home

Fol. 181v. The Black-letter copy in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 167 (*olim* 269), contains additional stanzas (11 to 20), which are here appended.

In Stanza 16 this chorister very quaintly transfers his own art to the skies, and counts among the joys of heaven the musical rendering of the Psalms and Canticles of the Book of Common Prayer.

The zealous Querister's songe of *Yorke*, in the prayse of heaven, to all faithfull singers and godlye readers in the world.

TO THE TUNE OF *O man in desperation.*

[1]

Jerusalem, my happy home,
when shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes haue an end:
thy ioyes when shall I see?
Where happy harbour is of Saints,
with sweete and pleasant soyle.
In thee noe sorrowes ever were found,
no griefe, no care, nor toyle.

[2]

In thee no dampish mists are seene,
no could, nor darksome night.
In thee all soules for everlastinge:
there god alwayes gyves light.
Heaven is the springe where waters flow
to quench our heat of synne.
There is the tree where truth doth grow
to lead our lyves therein.

[3]

There CHRIST is iudge that stints all strife
when men's devises faile:
There is the bread that feeds the lyfe
that death cannot assayle.

[1] 7 sorrowes ever were] *read* sorrow's ever. [2] 3 everlastinge] B.-L. ever sing. Possibly it should be 'ever shine'. Cp. David Dickson's (circ. 1630) version :—

'But every soul shines as the sun,
for God himself gives light.'

The tydings of salvation deere
comes to our eares from thence:
The fortresse of our fayth is there,
and sheild of our defence.

[4]

Jerusalem, *Jerusalem*,
God graunt I once may see;
Those endlesse ioyes, with thee, O CHRIST!
partaker for to be.
Thy wales are made of precious stones;
thy bulwarkes, diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right *Orient* pearles,
exceedinge rich and rare.

[5]

There lust, nor lucre, cannot dwell;
there enuye beares no swaye.
In these no hunger, heate, nor could;
but pleasure, night and daye.
For daye and night to thee are one;
noe darknesse maye appeare.
O God, in CHRIST to vs make knowne
Those lights that are more cleere

[6]

Then any man could ever see
or mortall eye behould
That ever yet, since *Adam* first
in blisse he was inrolde
Within the gates of *Paradise*
to haue free witt and will
To doe eyther good or euill, which
his minde was bent vntill.

[7]

When God (in CHRIST) *Adam* beheld,
he sayd, in love soe free:
'O man, thow shalt not lyve alone;
'A helper I'le give thee.'
Then, *Adam*, thow didst, through on sinne,
at counsaile of thy wife,
Throw downe thy selfe, and also vs
From that fayre cytye of lyfe,

[4] 5 wales] *read* walls. [5] 3 these] *read* thee 's. 5 to] *read* in. [6] 3 yet] *read* was. 4 inrolde] B.-L. infold. 7 eyther] *read* or. [7] 5 on] i. e. one. 8 cytye] B.-L. state.

[8]

Till CHRIST himselfe from Heaven came
to save vs one and all,
Redeeming vs from death and sinne,
as well the great as small.
Then be not like the hogge that hath
a pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure in the trough
and walloinge in the mire.

[9]

For CHRIST sayth :—'Come, all yow that will
'in heaven me behould,'
Where Carbuncles and Turrits fayre,
and streets are paved with gould;
Where howses all of Ivorye,
and windowes christall cleere,
And tyles of burnisht bright red gould.
O CHRIST, that I were there!

[10]

Within in gats nothing can come
that is not verye cleere;
No spider's webb, nor filthy thinge,
in thee may once appeare.
Thy saincts are crownd with glory great;
they see god face to face.
They triumph all, and still reioyce;
most happy is their case.

[11]

[We, that are here in banishment,
we sob, we sigh, we groan.
We weep and wail, both night and day;
continually we moan.

[12]

Our sweet is mixt with bitter gall;
our pleasures are but pain;
Our joys do scarcely last an hour;
our sorrows do remain.
But there they live in [such] delight,
such pleasure, and such joy,
As that to them a thousand years
do seem but as one day.

[9] 3 and] *read* are. [10] 1 in gats] *read* thy gates. [11] 1 In the printed copy the 'Second Part' begins here, but without heading. To fit the letterpress into the *forme*, stanza 11 has been given four lines only, so dislocating the stanzas which follow.

[13]

There Vineyards and their Orchards are
most beautiful and fair,
Well furnish'd Trees of pleasant Fruits,
most wonderful and rare.
Thy Gardens, and thy gallant wal[k]s,
continually are green.
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
as nowhere else are seen.

[14]

There is that Nectar and Ambrose,
with Musks and Civet sweet:
The greatest joys on earth below
are trod under their feet.
There Cinnamon and Sugar grows;
the Nard and Balm abound.
No tongue can tell, nor heart can think,
what joys in them are found.

[15]

Quite thorow thy streets is Silver found
where Flood of life doth flow:
Upon whose Banks the wood of life
for ever there doth grow;
As also trees, both more and less,
which evermore do spring.
There evermore the Angels sit,
and evermore do sing.

[16]

There *David* stands, with Harp in hand,
as Master of the Quier.
A thousand times all those are blest
that might his Musick he[a]re.
God's prayses there are always sung,
with harmony most sweet.
Old *Simeon* and *Zachary*
have not their songs to seek.

[17]

There *Magdalen* hath left their moan,
and cheerfully doth sing,
With blessed Saints, whose harmony
in heaven sweet doth ring.

Old men and wives, young men and maids,
and all that hear this song,
Print well, and bear this in your hearts—
think not your time too long.

[13] 1 There] *read* Thy. their] *read* thy. [14] 8 them] *read* thee. [17] 1 their] *read* her.

[18]

And do not read these godly lines,
but with a single eye:
Read not, but first desire God's grace
to understand thereby.
Pray still in faith, with this respect,
this Heaven for to win,
That knowledge may bring good effect
to mortifie your Sin.

[19]

Then happy you in all your life,
what-so to you befalls.
Yea, double happy shall you be,
when God by death you calls.

God still preserve our Royal king,
our Queen likewise defend;
And many happy joyful days,
good Lord unto them send.

[20]

Thus to conclude, I end my Song,
wishing health, wealth, and peace;
And all that wish the Commons good,
good Lord, their joys increase.

Finis.

[Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.[1]]

No. XLI

I read that many years ago

Fol. 183v. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 685, from later Black-letter exemplars. The Black-letter exemplar (with woodcut of Abraham's sacrifice) in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 123 (*olim* 204), has for colophon '*London*, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke. 1675.' This ballad is quoted in *Hamlet* (1602), Act ii, scene 2. As in No. XI, allowance must be made for the librettist fitting words to this intricate tune.

[1] Printed] i. e. circ. 1675.

[18] 3 i. e. Read not, without first desiring. 5 king] i. e. Charles II, in this B.-L. copy.

[19] 3 double] *read* doubly. 6 Queen] i. e. Catherine of Braganza.

A proper new Ballad, intituled When *Jepha* Judge of *Israell.*

[1]

I READ that, many yeares ago,
when *Jepha*, Judge of *Israel*,
Had one faire Daughter, and no moe,
whom he beloued passinge well,
And as by lot, God wot
it came to passe, most like is was,
Great warres there should be,
and who should be chiefe but he, but he.

[2]

When *Jepha* was appointed now
chiefe Captaine of the Company,
To god the Lord he made a vow:
yf he might haue the victory,
At his returne, to burne,
for his offringe, the first quicke thinge
Should meete with him then
from his house, when he came againe, againe.

[3]

It chauncèd so, these warres were doone,
and home he came with victory;
His daughter out of dores did runne
to meete her father speedyly,
And, all the way, did playe
one taber and pipe, with many a stripe,
And notes full high,
for ioy that he was so nye, so nye.

[4]

When *Jepha* did perceive and see
his daughter first and formostly,
He rent his Cloathes, and tore his haire,
and shrikèd out most pitiously:—
'For thow art shee,' quot[h] he,
'hath brought me low, alas for woe!
'And troubled mee to,
'that I cannot tell what to doe, to doe.

[1] 2 when] not strictly grammatical, because the line is borrowed from first line of an older piece. 4 beloued] *read* lov'd. 6 is] *read* it. [3] 6 one] i. e. on. [4] 1 and see] *read* with care. 7 to] i. e. too.

[5]

'For I haue made a vow,' quoth he,
'which must not be deminishèd,
'A Sacrifice to God one high:
'my promise must be finishèd.'—
'As yow haue spoke, provoke
'no further care, but to prepare
'Your will to fulfill
'accordinge to God's good will, good will.

[6]

'For, sithence God hath given yow might
'to overcome your enemies,
'Let me be offered vp, as right,
'for to performe all Promises.
'All this let bee,' quoth shee,
'as yow have sayd. Be not afraid.
'Although it be I,
'keepe promise with God on high, on high.

[7]

'But, father, doe soe much for me
'as let me goe to Wildernesse,
'There to bewaile my Virginitye,
'three months to moone my heavinesse.
'And let there goe some moe
'like maides with me.' 'Content,' quoth hee;
And sent her away,
to morne till her latter day, her day.

[8]

And when that time was come and gone
that she should sacrifizèd bee,
This Virgine sacrifizèd was
for to fulfill all promises.
And, as some saye, for ay
the virgins there, three times a year,
Like sorrow fulfill
for the daughter of *Jepha* still, still, still.

Finis.

[5] 3 one] i. e. on. 7 will] *read* word. [7] 4 moone] i. e. moan. [8] 1 come and gone] *read* come to pass.

No. XLII

Ring out your bells

Fol. 184v. Elizabeth's sixty-seventh birthday was 27 Sept., 1600. On 16 Nov. following, she ended her forty-second year of reign. This effusion is in honour of her forty-third Accession-day, 17 Nov., 1600, celebrated, as line 1 says, by bell-ringing. A singular story, vouched for by an informant of Brian Twyne (*d.* 1644), the great Oxford antiquary, makes this custom of bell-ringing on Accession-day begin in 1571 through a jest in All Saints' belfry, Oxford (Clark's *Lincoln College*, p. 46).

In stanza 5 allusion is made to the queen's navy, and its munitions of war. It may be of interest to note that in 1596, for the Cadiz expedition, Elizabeth enforced the old feudal claim[1] on seaports to provide ships for naval service. Henry II's charter to Maldon, given at Pembroke, 7 October, 1171, while remitting many feudal claims, retained the obligation to furnish one ship when the king personally goes or sends on warlike expedition, and to maintain it for 40 days at the charges of the borough, as in Henry I's time. Elizabeth demanded a large man-of-war, apparently from the county of Essex, to the charges of which Maldon should contribute. The claim was opposed, both by way of petition and bribe, but unsuccessfully:—'£4 10*s.* laid forth in charges in suynge the Privy Counsell to be released of the charge of the shipp: 22*s.*, expenses in travelling to Colchester several tymes touching business about the said shipp: 47*s.* 8*d.* to Mr. Burnell [Vice-admiral] in benevolence[2] and dyett[3], to have his frendlie favor vnto my lord admirall in the behalf of the towne.' The actual payment is '£20 paid to Mr. Burnell the vice-admyrall towards the settinge forth of a shipp out of Harwich into her maiestie's service according to order of the Lord Admirall and privy Council'. The receipts mention '£26 16*s.* collected, by the constables, of the inhabitaunts towards the setting foorth of one shippe out of Harwiche into her maiestie's service'. The supply of powder was also imposed on the country by the queen. Maldon accounts specify, e. g. 1590, '£7 10*s.* for a barrell of gunne-powder bought for the burrowe to be preserved in rydynes for her maiestie's service'; and 1597, '£9 to provide two barrells of powder to be preserved in the [town]-hall.' Maldon church-bells, and no doubt others, went into the furnace to provide great guns. 1565, £8 2*s.* was received, 2 April, 'in full satisfaction of two bells which the quene's maiestie had, th'one of the parishe of Seinte Peter's and th'other of the parishe of All Seints.'

Stanza 6 describes the queen's armory in the Tower of London. Great pressure was also put on the country to have ready (at its own cost) weapons, offensive and defensive, sufficient to equip the militia. On 25 April, 1569, the Queen's Commissioners ordered Maldon to find 'two corsletts furnished [i. e. with all things requisite for their use in actual service], with too pikes; and fower haquebutts furnished [i. e. with powder-flask, match-case, &c.], with fower murrions[4]', to be kept 'in good safety

[1] The bearing of this on Charles I's first ship-money demand is plain. That claim was not so obsolete as is often represented.
[2] i. e. money given to him. [3] i. e. dinners, &c., at the inn. [4] i. e. morions.

in the storehouse of the burroughe'. For this purpose £9 8*s.* 2*d.* was raised from 78 inhabitants, in sums varying from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 12*d.* About the same time land-owners in Maldon were called on to supply 11 calivers furnished; 7 hacquebuts furnished; long-bow and sheaf of arrows, with steel cap (or scull), for 9 bowmen; and 6 pikes, black-bills, or halberts, with accustomed armour for 6 pikemen. Thirty-six inhabitants also supplied 'armor of benevolence, for the defence of their own personnes', viz. 12 longbows, each with its sheaf of arrows; 4 halberts; 10 black-bills; 12 bills; with defensive armour (a museum-like miscellany of coats of plate, almain ryvetts, payres of splents, jacks, &c.); and with sword or dagger for every man.

Early in Elizabeth's reign increase of trade led to building of new custom-houses (stanza 8). In 1565, Maldon paid £3, expenses of one of its aldermen 'when he went to London to sue for the custom-house', and 20*s.* 'for two seales of the custom-house'. Maldon custom-house was actually built in that year, as appears by the charges for materials and work on it. The panegyrist naturally assigns all the credit to Elizabeth personally.

The reference in stanza 9 is to the Irish chiefs, the O'Neill and the O'Donnell. Hugh O'Neill, 2nd earl of Tyrone, recognized as the O'Neill, 1593, had routed and slain Sir Henry Bagnall, 14 August, 1598; baffled the earl of Essex, 1599; and invaded Munster, March, 1600; but later on in that year had fallen back before Sir George Carew and Mountjoy. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, lord of Tyrconnell, made his escape from Dublin Castle, 24 Dec., 1591: was recognized as the O'Donnell, May, 1592; wasted Connaught, Jan., 1597; defeated Sir Conyers Clifford, July, 1597; helped Tyrone to rout Bagnall, 14 August, 1598; but, early in the winter of 1600, had lost Lifford to the English.

In stanza 10 allusion is made to embassies from foreign powers, with petitions to Elizabeth. Czar Ivan (the Terrible) in 1567 had wished English help against the Poles: Czar Boris Godunoff, at a later period, had opened negotiations. The kings of Sweden and Denmark, while Elizabeth was still young, had been suitors for her hand. The 'many a knight' phrase probably describes the German princes who, at one time or other, sent envoys to the queen, e. g. Adolphus of Holstein.

A pleasant newe Ballad, of the most blessed and prosperous Raigne of her Maiestye for the space of two and fortye yeeres, and now entring into the three and fortith to the great ioy and comfort of all her Ma[iestye's] faythfull subiects.

To the tune of *The Queene's hunt's vp.*

[1]

Ring out your bels!
what should yow doe els?
Stricke vp your Drums for ioy!
The Noblest Queene
that ever was seene
In *England* doth Raigne this day.
The noblest Queene
that evar was seene
In England *doth Raigne this day.*

[1] 7 In each stanza the second triplet is to be sung over again, in chorus.

[2]

Now let vs pray,
and keepe holy-daye,
The seaventeenth day of November;
For ioy of her grace,
in every place,
Let vs great prayses Render.

[3]

Three and forty yeares
her grace writeth heare
In glory and great renowne;
Elizabeth,
whose lyke on earth
Wore never the *English* Crowne.

[4]

To the glory of god
she hath made a Rod
Hir enemies to subdue;
And banisht away
all Papisticall play,
And maintaynes the Ghospell true.

[5]

Such ships for the Seas,
her foes to feaze,
She hath made as never was seene;
With powder and shot,
and Cannon so hot,
As never did any Queene.

[6]

Such Armor of proofe,
with picks all a-loofe
(Her enemyes to with-stande),
She hath filled the *tower*
so full, at this howre,
As never was in this land.

[7]

Her stately Bowers,
her Castles and Towres,
She hath kept them vp everye one;
That none doe decay,
but stand goodlye and gay,
Repayrèd with lyme and stone.

[8]

The custome-howse keyes,
the fortes by the seas,

[3] 1 yeares] *read* yeare. [5] 2 feaze] i. e. beat. Cp. *pheeze*, *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. i; *Tro. and Cress.*, Act i, Sc. 3. [6] 1 Such] *read* With. 2 picks] i. e. pikes. 5 i. e. Sh'ath fillèd. [8] 1 keyes] i. e. quays.

The blocke-howses everye one,
Were never so stronge,
continuing soe long;
For cost she hath sparèd none.

[9]

Those Rebels Route,
that were so stoute,
She hath quickly made them quaile.
By Sea and by lande,
she hath strength at hand,
To make them stricke their sayle.

[10]

The *Muscovite*
with many a knight,
The *Swesians* and *Denmarke* kinge,
To her good grace
send hither, a-pace,
For many a needfull thing.

[11]

The *Scots* can tell,
the *Spaniards* knowe well,
The *Frenchmen* cannot denye,
But her good grace
toward every place
Doth carry a gratious eye.

[12]

Now let vs take heede,
seinge well we speede,
That our synnes do not annoy
Our blessèd ioy,
and chyefest staye,
Because we haue deserud it so.

[13]

Yet god, that doth see
her maiestye
His servaunt in all assayes,
His grace will giue
that she maye lyve
Many prosperous yeares and dayes.

[14]

All yow that giue eare
this song to heare,
With dilligent dutye all praye
That long vpon earth
Elizabeth
Our Queene continue maye.
That longe, &c.

Finis.

[11] 3 cannot] i. e. can't.

No. XLIII

From sluggish sleep and slumber

Fol. 185^{v}. Stanzas 2–10 are expository of the parable of the marriage of the king's son, St. Matt. xxii ; stanza 11 changes to the parable of the virgins, St. Matt. xxv.

The belman's good morrow,
which in our eares doth ring
How we must be preparèd
for CHRIST our heauenly king.

TO THE TUNE OF *A-wake, a-wake, O England.*

[1]

FROM sluggish sleep and slumber,
good *christians*, all arise.
For CHRIST'S sake, I praye yow,
lyft vp your drowsye eyes.
The night of shame and sorrowe
is parted cleane awaye—
God giue yow all good morrowe,
and send yow happye daye.

[1] 3 CHRIST'S] i. e. Christ his. 7 This refrain is to be sung in chorus at the end of every stanza. The last word is to be 'daye', or 'ioye', as required by the rhyme. In stanzas 3 and 5 the transcriber has 'daye' in error.

[2]

The kinge of glorye greeteth yow,
desiring yow to come
Vnto the mariage banquet
of his belovèd sonne.
Then shake of shame and sorrow;
put on your best arraye—

[3]

From all rags of wickednes
looke that yow strip yow quite;
In garments of true godlinesse
see that yourselues delight.
Shake of all shame and sorrow
which doth your soule destroye—

[4]

And rise not to revenge thee
for any trespasse past;
Thow knowest not of certaintye
how long thy lyfe shall last.
Seeke not thy neyghbour's sorow
by any kynd of waye—

[5]

Forgiue thy brother friendly,
for CHRIST doth will the so;
And let not spite and envy
within thy stomake grow,
Least god shoote forth his arrow
thy mallice to destroye—

[6]

Seeke not, by fraude and falshood,
for to procure thy gaine;
But beare in thy remembrance
all earthly things are vaine,
For he that searcheth narrow
thy secrets will bewray—

[7]

Vnto the poore and needye
stretch forth thy helping hand,
And thow shalt be most happye,
and blessèd, in thy lande.
From him that fayne would borow
turne not thy face awaye—

[2] 5 of] i. e. off. [3] 4 delight] be dight. 5 of] i. e. off.
[5] 2 the] i. e. thee.

[8]

In whordome, pride, and drunkennes,
do not thy pleasure frame;
Wish not thy neighbour's hindrance,
nor blemish his good name;
And never take thow sorrow
for losses gon awaye—

[9]

Be thankefull to thy maker
each day, vpon thy knee,
For all the gratious benefyts
he hath bestowed on thee;
And let the greatest sorrow
be for thy synnes, I say—

[10]

And, being thus attyrèd,
yow maye in peace proceed
Vnto the heavenly table
of CHRIST our lord indeede,
Where neyther shame nor sorrow
Shall yow in ought annoy—

[11]

Then looke your lamps be ready,
and that with oyle good store,
To wayte vpon the Bridegroome
in at the Chamber doore,
Where neyther shame nor sorrow
yow shall in ought annoye—

[12]

Then shall yow rest in blessednes
which never shall haue end,
Inioying CHRIST his presence,
our sweet and surest friend,
Where neyther shame nor sorrowe
shall yow in ought annoye—

[13]

Thus, with my bell and Lanthorn,
I bid yow all farwell;
And keepe in your remembrance
the sounding of the bell,
Least that, with synne and sorrow,
yow doe your selues destroy—
God giue yow all good morrowe,
And send yow happy ioye.

[14]

Lord, saue our gracious soveraigne,
Elizabeth by name,
That long, vnto our comfort,
she maye both rule and raigne.
Hir foes with shame and sorrow,
O lord, doe thow destroye.
And thus, with my good morrowe,
God send yow happy ioye.

Finis.

No. XLIV

Arise up, my darling

Fol. 187v. The piece is of the nature of Milton's *L'Allegro* (1645), only the speaker is a husband addressing his wife, not a bachelor musing to himself. The music, as tricked in the MS., provides for the initial triplets, and, by expansion, for the longer triplets which come at the end of the stanza. In the MS. the lines are arranged 18 to the stanza. *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 62, contains the ballad *The Bride's Good-Morrow* which gave name to the tune. There the lines are disposed 14 to the stanza, but an improvement is effected by presenting them as six triplets. The theme is a musical reveillée to a bride on the morning of the wedding-day.

The night is passèd,
and joyfull day appeareth,
most cleare on every side.
With pleasant musick
we therefore salute you:
Good morrow, mistris Bride!
From sleep and slumber now
awake you, out of hand.
Your bridegroom stayeth at home,
whose fancy, favour, and
Affection, still doth stand
fixèd on thee alone.
Dresse you in your best array:
this must be your wedding-day.
God Almighty send you happy joy,
in health and wealth to keep you still.
And, if it be his blessèd will,
God keep you safe from sorrow and annoy.

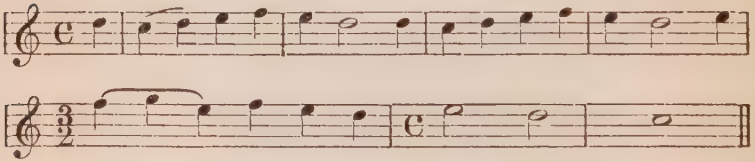
A modern parallel is found in the lines *Wake, Maid of Lorn!* as they are set in Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, canto 1.

The 'crooks' of stanza 4, productive of echoes, I take to be sharp bends of the stream caused by the opposition of a high bank on one side. The 'echoes' may be the brawling of the stream against the barrier, increased by reverberation from the bank. Compare, in a melancholy key, a similar thing in chapter i of Sir Walter Scott's *Old Mortality* 'the gentle chiding of the brook' against 'the steep heathy bank'.

A pleasant ditty,

which doth pleasantly displaye
the ioyfull walkes
in the month of Maye.

To the tune of *The Bride's go[o]d-morrowe.*



[1]

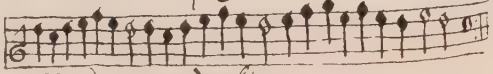
Rise vp, my darling;
Abroad let vs be walking:
the radiant sunne doth show.
The sweet dwes are mounting;
The prety birds are singing:
the cheerfull Cocke doth crow.
The gordeous blossoms
Vpon the tres aboundeth:
the earth it giues a gallant scent.
The goodly flowres this *May*
Do spread themselues in fayre aray,
your gentle hart for to content.

[1] 1 Rise] *read* Arise. 4 dwes] i. e. dews. 7 gordeous] i. e. gor-ge-ous. 8 tres] i. e. trees.

Chus with my Doll and Lantyorn
I bid Lord all farwell
and Lordes in yo mr remembrance
the sounding of the bell
Last night with sighe & sorrow
your dore Lorde shuto destroy
God send you all good morrowe
and send your Lady joy

Lord save our gracious soveraigne
Elizabeth by name:
That long maye rule our romfort,
her maye both rule & raigne.
Hir foes with shame & sorrow
And Lord Lord thou destroye:
And send with my good mornow
God send your Lady joye.
finis

A pleasant ditty wch doth pleasantly display
the joyfull walkes in the mouth of May
To the tune of the Birdes gan mourne



Rise up my darling
Abroad let us be walking.
The radiant sunne doth showe,
The sweet sowes are blowming.

The pretty birds are singing
The goodly Corne doth growe,
The redde cocke blossome upon the tree abounding
The earth it yields a pallant scent,
The goodly flowers fine & gay,
So pleasd them selves in fayre array,
Your griefe hart for to content.
Dresse you in your best attyre,
Walke abroad for earth doth yeld
Beauti[illegible] the plumy bed:
Drive thereby many a mudewe parted
Noble Lady flowr famous Queene,
So worthy she her mantels fayre doth spred.

This is the merriest meet time in all the yeare
And fit for lovers kind:
The pretty birds pleasing melody mouing,
Their wonted loves renewe.
The nightingale sing[illegible] a tune,
The larke in top of all the skye:
The ruddy Rom her fore[illegible] romplaining of mirth,
And to the forest doth flye.
And so doth every kinde upon earth bynde:
Beautifull flowers sings, beare of lament
And so my deare be you contente
To yeeld unto the thing I do require

The mighty Oakes the pine & stately Beeches
So spread about the wood:
Each plant your loue a shadowe
The earth is no sure friend unto:
The Cypres growne so great and good:
The fearnie fonles sits gates my ofspring
The blacke bird with his yellow bill
The throstle pretty in musicke pretty skyll,
These two do thee from dale to hill
sing my tunes melodious

To face p. 186

Dresse yow in your best attyre;
Walke abroad for hart's desyre;
leaue the sluggish and the slumbring bed.
Trase thorow many a medowe greene
Where Lady *flora*, famous Queene,
so worthyly hir mantels fayre hath spred.

[2]

This is the meriest
Meet tyme in all the yeare,
and fyt for lovers true.
The pretty Turtles,
This pleasing merry moone,
their wonted ioyes renewe.
The Nightingale
Sings *Jugge, a-Jugge, a-Jugge*;
the larke, in top of all the skye.
The prety Robin then
Forsaks the company of men,
and to the forrest doth flye
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
and so doth other birds vpon each bryer.
Dame Nature's Imps leaue of lament.
And so, my Deare, be yow content
to yeeld vnto the thing I do require.

[3]

The mighty Oakes,
The hye and stately Beeches,
do spread about the Wood.
Each plant yeeldes a pleasure;
In earth is no such treasure;
the Byrch growes sweet and good.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
the famale foules syts hatching of ther yong.
The blacke-bird, with his yellow bill;
The Thrush, that hath in musicke prety skyll,—
these two do flye from dale to hill,
Singing tunes melodious
Vnto our God most glorious;
and so do other birds, with one regard.
The skyes are full of harmonye;
The earth belowe doth grorifye
the lord, that every good thing hath prepared.

[2] 5 moone] i. e. month. Lines 13 and 14 are missing. 16 of] i. e. off. [3] Lines 7 and 8 are missing. 9 and 12 'yong', 'hill,' are a defective rhyme: possibly 'brood', 'wood.' 17 grorifye] *read* glorifye.

[4]

Then may we walke
Vnto the siluered brookes,
and rivers that abound,
Where pleasant Ecchoes
Returne from sundry crooks,
which giues a pleasing sound.
There shall yow see
The fishers, with their nets,
how, with their hookes and their line,
For to deceiue
The pretye frisking fish,
wylely wayting their tyme,
Lye down sweetly on the bancke,
After many a pleasing prancke:
but yf yow lyke not of that pleasing sport,
Through good pastures we may trace,
And, homewards then, hye home apace,
and so of every vertue make report.

[5]

And so, in our returning,
Regard the syly lam
how he cryes styll *May May*.
The wanton calfe
Runs whipping by his dam,
as though that he would stray.
The Ram he wayts
Vpon his Lady Ewe;
the Bull attendeth on his feere.
Yf every pleasure
Were to be had or got,
I do thinke, Madame, yt is heere.
Then may we to our garden bowers,
And rest vs there some certaine howers,
and ther to tast some dainty viands sweet;
That, when the Sunne's hot heat is gone,
About the alleyes we may runne,
that health and pleasure may together meet.

[6]

And, in the coole evening,
Where yow please be plucking
sweet flowers of delight.
And so at our departing
To god giue gloryfying,
as well by day as night.

[4] 9 how] *read* who. 12 wylely] i. e. wilily. [5] 10 every] *read* ever.

But yet, at our returne
Vnto our quiet rest,
thinke, Lady, there is a May
The which for ever
And evermore doth last:
those pleasures cannot decay.
Take to yow your *Bible* booke,
And there for consolation looke,
but see then that your fayth be firme and pure.
For all the rest is vanitye,
So *Salomon* hath sayd to me;
but heaven's ioyes perpetually indure.

Finis.

No. XLV

My heart is in pain my body within

Fol. 189; followed by 'The Mayden's answer' on fol. 190v.

The second part of *Jeamye.*

To the tune of *Gigg-a-gogge*, or *Woddycocke.*

[1]

My hart is impure my body within:
because I must tell yow, when I do begin;
For once I loved a mayden fayre,
but now I am forced from her to repayre.
For once I loved a mayden fayre,
but nowe I am forced from her to repayre.

[2]

She is gone away: she is taken from me,
which I loved in my hart full tenderly.
Her beauty appearèd and semèd to me
more purer then ever did blossom on tree.

[3]

Her Lillye-whyt hands, and her fingers so smale,
(which causeth me nowe for to tell yow my tale)
When I goe to bed, to take my rest,
my hart doth burne within my brest.

[1] 1 impure] *read* in paine. 2 because] *read* the cause. 5 The last couplet of each stanza is to be sung a second time.

[4]

There is no water this heat doth quench,
but only the love of this prety wench,
Considering her behauiour so rare,
which vnto me hath seemed so deare.

[5]

Hir person so comely to me did appeare;
hir eyes did shine like the christall cleere;
Surmising fayre *Venus* she seemèd in eye:
would I were *Adonis*, her loue to trye.

[6]

I kist; I askt yf that she could love:
she wishèd me often my mind to remove.
I vrgèd her often with speaches so fayre,
and all was to wine her person so rare.

[7]

Againe I replyed, and thus I did saye,
'for your sweet sake have I walkèd this way,
'To win your sweet person in bed for to lye.'
With speeches vnkindly she did me deny.

[8]

All [in] my armes I did her infould;
I askèd the cause why her loue was so could.
With words demure she answered and sayd,
'I haue vowd a virgin, and will dye a mayd.'

[9]

With that in great wroth from me she did turne,
as though in great anger her hart it did burne.
And sayd no man for my sake she could loue,
and therefore she wishèd my minde to remove.

[10]

Now must I leaue of to woe this fine dame,
whom nature hath brough[t] all others to shame;
And follow my former lyfe, as I beganne,
and never let loue more breed my payne.

[11]

All yow that be lovers, be warnèd by me;
graft not the top on a saples tree:
The toppe it will wither, the roote it will dye—
then lost is your love in the turne of an eye.

[4] 1 doth] *read* can. [5] 3 Surmising] *read* Surpassing. 4 to] *read* for to. [8] 3 demure] *read* so demure. 4 vowd] i. e. vowèd. [10] 1 of] i. e. off. woe] i. e. woo. [11] 2 saples] i. e. sapless.

[12]

Wherefore I wish all men to take heed,
that they set not love where non will breede.
For wenches be wantons; some be coy
vntyll they haue gotten a curle-hedded boy.

[13]

Come, wenches; come, wantons; come, listen to me.
I'le teach yow a play more pleasant shall be.
Come, learne yt: come, try it; and then yow shall finde
'tis pleasant and sweeter concerning your minde.

[14]

And for my love no care will I take,
for she hath mockèd her faythfull friende.
I'le never love any so well for her sake;
and nowe for my love no care will I take.
I'le never [love any so well for her sake;
aud nowe for my love no care will I take.]

The Mayden's answere.

[15]

If I might intreat yow to alter your minde,
then should I thinke my selfe behoulding to yow;
For yow haue intreated me, earnestly,
To playe with my heynnonye, nonny, nonny!

[16]

For yong men were wauering, which made me mistrust
that they would offer wrong unto me,
And when the had but appeasèd their lust
they would leaue me at vncertentye.

[17]

Which made me to wring, and to turne from thee,
least wrong should come by my hey nony nony,
for I haue hard it is a prety game,
but youth doth seldome try the same.

[18]

Good lord, how often mother hath sayd.
I'le haue a bout to pursue the game.
I'le haue a bout, do what she can,
at hye nony nony. Your selfe is the man.

[12] 2 non] *read* no love. 3 For] *read* Some. some be coy] *read* and some be too coy. [14] 1 *Possibly* And now my love is quite at an end. [15] 2 my selfe] *read* me. [16] 2 wrong] *read* great wrong. 3 the] i. e. they. 4 they] *read* then they.

No. XLVI

In the days of old when fair France did flourish

Fol. 190ᵛ. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 309, from Black-letter exemplars. The tune is named from line 6 of stanza 10.

A new Ballad, of a Prince of *England* that loved the king's daughter of *Fraunce*; and how the Prince was slayne, and she after maried to a Forrester.

TO THE TUNE OF *Crimson veluet.*

[1]

In the dayes of ould,
when fayre *Fraunce* did florish,
storyes plaine hath tould
lovers felt annoy.
The king a daughter had,
beautious, bright, and lovely,
which made her father glad,—
she was her father's only ioye.

Shirburn Ballads, XLVI

A Prince of England came,
whose deeds did merit fame:
he wooed her long, and, loe! at last,
Looke! what he did require,
she graunted his desire—
their harts in one were linckèd fast.
Which when her father prouuèd,
lord! how he was movèd
and tormented in his minde!
He sought for to prevent them;
and, to discontent them,
fortune crossed Lovers kinde.

[2]

When these Princes twaine
were thus bar'd of pleasure,
through the King's disdaine
which her ioyes with-stoode,
The Lady got vp close
her iewels and her treasure.
Having no remorse
of state and royall blood,
In homely poore aray,
she got from Court awaye
to meete her Loue and hart's delight,
who, in a forrest great,
had taken vp his seat
to waight her comming in the night.
But, see! what sodaine danger
to this Princly stranger
chauncèd, as he sat alone!
By Outlawes was he robbèd,
and with Poniards stabbèd,
vttering many a dying groane.

[3]

The Princesse armd by him
and by trew desyre,
wandring all the night,
without dread at all.
Styll vnknowne she passed,
in her strange attyre.
Comming, at the last,
in the Ecchoes' call:—
'Yow fayre woods,' quoth she,
'honored maye yow be
'harboring my hart's delight,

[2] 4 her] *read* their. [3] 1 him] *read* love. 3 wandring] *read* wandred.

'which doth compasse heere,
'[my ioy and only deare],
'my trusty friend and comely knight.
'Sweete, I come to thee.
'Sweete, I come to woe thee,
'that thow mayst not angry be.
'For my long delayinge,
'and thy courteous staying,
'amendes for all I'le make to thee.'

[4]

Passing thus alone
through the sylent forrest,
many a greeuous groane
sounded in her eare;
where she hard a man
to lament the sorest
that was ever seene,
forst by deadly feare:
'Farewell, my deare!' quoth he,
'whom I shall never see:
'for why? my lyfe is at an end.
'For thy sweet sake I dye,
'through villaines' crueltye,
'to shew I am a faythfull friende.
'Heere lye I bleeding,
'whyle my thoughts are feeding
'in thy rarest beauty found.
'O hard hap that maye be!
'Lyttle knowes my Lady,
'my hart-blood lyes on the ground.'

[5]

With that he gaue a groane
which did burst in sunder
all the tender strings
of his gentle hart.
She, which knewe his voyce,
at this tale did wonder.
All her former ioy
did to grief conuert.
Strayght she ran to see
who this man should be
that so lyke her love did speake.
And found, when-as he came,
her lovly Lord lay slayne,
all smeard in bloud which lyfe did bleake.

[3] 13 missing in the MS. 15 to] *read* vnto. 16 woe] i.e. woo. [4] 15 bleeding] *read* a-bleeding. 17 in] *read* on. [5] 12 he] *read* she.

When this deed she spièd,
lord! how sore she cryèd:
her sorrow cannot counted be.
Her eyes, lyke fountaines, running,
while she cryed out 'My darling,
'would Christ that I had died for thee.'

[6]

His pale lyppes, alas!
twentye tymes she kissed;
and his face did wash
with her trickling teares.
Everye bleeding wound
her fayre eyes bedewed,
wyping of the blood
with her golden hayres.
'Speake, my Loue!' quoth she,
'Speake, fayre Prince, to me!
'One sweete word of comfort giue.
'Lift vp thy fayre eyes;
'listen to my cryes:
'thinke in what griefe I liue.'
All in vaine she sued;
all in vaine she viewed—
the Prince's lyfe was fled and gone.
There stood she styll mooning
tyll the Sunne approchinge
and bright day was comming on.

[7]

'In this great distresse,'
quoth this royall Ladye,
'who can [ere] expresse
'what will become of mee?
'To my father's Court
'will I never wander;
'but some service seeke,
'where I maye placèd be.'
And thus she made her moane,
weeping, all alone,
all in a dread and dreadfull feare.
A forrester clad in greene,
most comely to be seene,
ranging his woods did find her there.
'Round beset with sorrow!
'Mayd!' quoth he, 'good morrow!
'What hard hap hath brought yow here?'

[6] 7 of] i. e. off. 14 what] *read* what great. 18 mooning] *read* mourning. 19 approchinge] *read* returning. [7] 9 And] *read* As.

'Harder hap did never
'chaunce to Mayden ever:
'he lyes slayne, my brother deare.

[8]

'Where might I be placèd?
'Gentle foster, tell me.
'Where should I procure
'a service in my neede?
'Paynes I will not spare:
'but will doe my duetye.
'Ease me of my care;
'helpe my extreame neede.'
The forrester, all amazd,
on her beauty gazd
tyll his hart was set on fire.
'If, fayre mayde,' quoth he,
'yow will goe with me,
'yow shall haue your hart's desire.'
He brought her to his mother,
and aboue all other,
he set forth this mayden's prayse.
Long was his hart inflamd;
at last her love he gayned:
thus fortune did his fortune rayse.

[9]

Thus, vnknowne, he matched
with a King's fayre daughter.
Children seven he had,
ere she told the same.
But, when he vnderstood
she was a royall Princesse,
by this meanes at last,
she shewed forth her fame;
He cloathed his children then,
not lyke other men,
in partye colours strange to see:
The left syde cloath of Gold,
the right syde (nowe behould!)
of woollen cloth styll framèd he.
Men hereof did wonder;
goulden fame did thunder
this strange deede in every place.
The King of Fraunce came thyther,
being pleasant weather,
in these woods the Hart to chase.

[8] 2 foster] i. e. forrester. [9] 8 she] *read* he.

[10]

The children then did stand,
as their father willèd,
where the royall King
must, of force, come by;
Their mother, richly clad
in fayre crimson velvet;
their father, all in gray,
comely to the eye.
Then the famous Kinge,
nothinge every thinge,
did aske how he durst be so bould
To let his wife to weare,

and decke his children there
in costly Robes with cloth of gold.
The forrester bold replyed,
and the cause discryed.
To the Kinge this did say:—
'Well may they, by their Mother,
'weare rich gold, with other,
'being by birth a Princesse gaye.'

[11]

The King, vpon these words,
more heedfully behelde them,
till a crimson blush
his conceite did crosse.

[10] 10 nothinge] *read* noting.

'The more I looke,' he sayd,
'on thy wife and children,
'more I call in minde
'my Daughter whom I lost!'
'I am that child,' quoth shee,
falling on her knee,
'pardon me, my soueraigne Leege!'
The King, perceiuing this,
his daughter deare did kisse,
and ioyfull teares did stop his speech.
With his traine he turnèd
and with her sojournèd.
Straight he dubt her husband knight.
Then made him Earle of *Flaunders*,
one of his chief Commaunders.
Thus was sorrowes put to flight.

Finis.

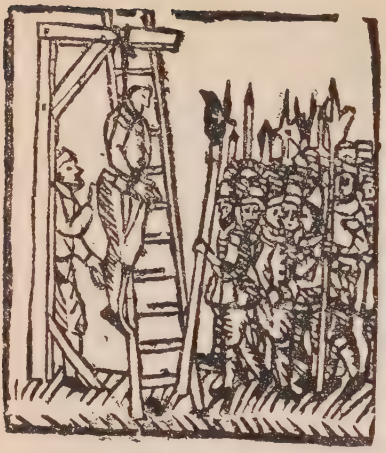
No. XLVII

With heart opprest with grief and care

Fol. 194^{v}. Two questions arise in connexion with this ballad. First, whether the forces of the Crown, under Elizabeth and James I, were made up of such worthless material as the ballad describes; and, secondly, whether the methods of collecting them are faithfully depicted in the recruiting scene in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part II*. The borough accounts of Maldon give a decided affirmative to both questions. Whenever the sovereign sent out forces, order was given, in the first instance, to the Lords Lieutenant, specifying the number of men required of each county; each Lord Lieutenant subdivided his number among the different places in his county; and then the local authorities collected their quota. They did so, by ordering their constables to draw together, out of the vagrant, or semi-vagrant, population, the necessary number of men. These were then given shoes and clothes; kept in ward or in prison till the muster-day, when they were furnished with arms, and sent under guard to the rendezvous. Pressed men often got off by influence or payment. The cost of equipping these 'soldiers' was met in boroughs, (*a*) by the old device of 'shot and lot', i. e. a poll-tax of 2*s*. on every freeman of the borough; (*b*) by 'benevolence', i. e. a rate assessed by the borough officials on the basis of property and goods as shown in the latest subsidy roll; and (*c*), if necessary, the deficit was made good out of the borough-stock. In 1589, we have at Maldon '30*s*. 10*d*., charges of setting forthe of vii. soldyers into Portingale, who were delivered at Romforde, over and besides that was collected for that service'. In 1591, we have both sides of the account:—'Collected by the constables for the setting forth of iiii. soldyers into the lowe countreys in April, 28*s*. 2½*d*.; similarly collected, 37*s*. 7*d*. for the setting forthe of iii. souldyers into Fraunce in August; and collected for the provision of

new armor [to replace the town-armour given to equip these soldiers], £12 6*s.* 7*d.*' The expenditure was:—58*s.* 11*d.* for equipping the four soldiers and delivering them at Colchester; and £4 3*s.* 10*d.* for the three soldiers 'for their prest-moneye, their fynding in the towne, money in their purses, and new apparrell, and for charges upon their delivery at Colchester'. The new 'armor' bought ('one black corselett, 3 pykes, 2 callyvers furnished, 3 black gorgetts, a murrean [morion], one musket furnished') cost, with carriage from London, £5 19*s.*; and £4 6*s.* 9*d.* was spent in repairs of the old armour belonging to the borough, and in providing seven swords and seven daggers. The entries of 1625 are especially clear as to the force employed to conduct the pressed men to their destination. We find 9*s.* 6*d.* as the town-officials' charges 'when they lodged at Chelmsford about the delivery of 6 souldiours in January last, pressed in this burrowe for the service of our then kinge; 24*s.* 10*d.* for the fower constables in their attendance upon the conduccion and delivery of the saide souldiors; 12*s.* 8*d.* paid to those soldiers, for their pay, which laye three dayes in the prison-howse before they went; 12*s.* paide unto 12 souldiours in Maye following to presse them for the service of the kinge; 9*s.* 2*d.* for shooes and stockinges for some of the souldiors who were destitute of those thinges; £5 13*s.* 4*d.* for the charges of the magistrate and the four constables and three others for the conveyinge and deliveringe up of the said souldiours at Burntwoode [Brentwood], and watchinge of them here before they wente; 31*s.* for the diett, fier and candle for the saide souldiours after their impressinge and before their departure; 4*d.* for ostrey faggots for the soldiors that lay in the prison-howse before they went'. Particulars are given of the people impressed to supply these 18 places. They included, labourers, 8; tailors, 7; shoemakers, butchers, 4 each; ostlers, blacksmiths, petty chapmen, 2 each; collar-maker, fiddler, hatmaker, sawyer, tanner, 1 each. They had wandered from Bristol, Devon, Durham, York; and were chiefly lodging in alehouses. One, the collar-maker, had been constantly in the borough-court as a hopeless drunkard (as in stanza 11). A labourer 'gives 20*s.* and is discharged because of his lameness'. A shoemaker, on the petition of the minister and inhabitants of Chelmsford, gets off because he supports his widowed mother in that town. One lad escapes because of his youth; and another, because he was bound apprentice. Another man is excused by favour of a letter from the Lord Lieutenant. It has to be added that these waifs and wastrels were not only, in all probability, destitute of manly spirit, but certainly ignorant of arms. It was expressly forbidden to present in the trained-band, the only school of arms, 'servants, nor anie unsettled dwellers, but sufficient householders.' On every ground, therefore, we may take the ballad as truthfully depicting the poor quality of the queen's soldiers, and the frequency of desertion. The wretched *personnel* of the expeditionary forces counts for much in explanation of the shameful military failures of Elizabeth's and James I's reigns.

Branding in the hand is mentioned (stanza 4). In 1573 Maldon paid '4*d.* for the yron, of the compasse of one inche, for the burninge of roges in the gristle of the right eare according to this year's statute'. The branding is represented as 'clearing' him on this occasion, inasmuch as he was not hanged for this felony, but merely branded and dismissed.



A warning for all Souldiers that will not venture their lyves in her Maiestye's cause and their Countrie's right: wherein is declared the lamentation of *William Wrench*, **who, for running away from his captaine, with other two more, were executed for the same fact, in severall places about** *London*, **vpon the viii. day of** *September* **last, 1600.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Shore's wiue's Lamentation.*

[1]

WITH hart opprest with griefe and care,
I wish all youngmen to beware,
least they in such lyke steps do tread
and lead the lyfe that I haue led.

[2]

My name is *Wrench*, in *Londone* borne,
of all my kindred held in scorne,
despisde, and made an open shame
vnto my honest parents' name.

[3]

My friends could never me perswade
to follow any honest trade;
leawd women were my chiefest ioyes,
and best consorts were Cut-purse boyes.

[4]

What I could steale I thought well got;
wherefore disgrace fell to my lot,
and, for my synnes, one tyme I were
burnt in the hand, myselfe to cleare.

[5]

Yet could not I be warned by this,
but dayly led my lyfe amisse,
contemning all good councell styll
till I had run to worser ill.

[6]

When I was sent to serue my Queene
(which seruice had my credite beene),
a souldier's lyfe I counted bace
and held yt alwayes in disgrace.

[7]

An idle lyfe was my delight;
for which I sooke myselfe to flight,
and from my Captaine secret came,
regarding neyther feare nor shame.

[8]

For which, my selfe, with divers more
vnto the number of thre score,
were searcht and sought for, farre and neare;
and many of vs taken were.

[9]

My selfe, the more vnhappy I,
with others two, were iudgd to dye,
to be a warning to all those
that will not fight 'gainst *England's* fooes.

[10]

In deede, I must confesse, for thuth,
I haue bene still a desperate youth;
and haue, for many a wilfull crime,
deseruèd death before this tyme.

[11]

Licentiously I spent my lyfe,
and gaue my minde to brawles and stryfe;
and he that could best drinke and swill
I tooke for my companyon styll.

[7] 2 sooke] *read* tooke. [10] 1 thuth] *read* truth.

[12]

God's holy word I tooke in vaine:
to go to church I thought much paine.
The Ale-howse, quaffing canns of beere,
was all the service I would heare.

[13]

For which god's vengance lights on me,
as, by my fall, all men may see.
Therefore let all men haue respect
how they God's Gospell do reiect.

[14]

Let youngmen all that liue at ease
take heed by me how they displease
their vertuous Prince, as I haue done;
but, for her sake, no dangers shunne.

[15]

If I had di'de in mother's wombe,
blest had I beene in such a toumbe;
but I was borne, with shame to dye
(breake hart!), the more vnhappye I.

[16]

If in the wars I had beene slayne,
I should not then this shame sustaine.
Then, gallant boyes, make this your hope,
a bullet's better then a rope.

[17]

Now, *London*, tenne tymes fare thow well,
and likewise those that there doe dwell;
my last farwell to yow I giue,
for longer time I may not lyue.

[18]

All yow that came to see my fall,
forget my name and shame with-all;
forget that I was ever I,
which by the law was iudgd to dye.

[19]

Father, farewell: though left behind,
with greuèd hart and troubled mind,
forgiue me faultes of me your sonne;
forgiue the race that I haue runne.

[14] 3 Prince] i. e. Princess. [19] 3 me] *read* the.

[20]

Vaine world, farewell, with all my showes;
thy pleasures bring foorth endles wooes.
I goe vnto a world of blisse,
where neyther care nor trouble is.

[21]

Pardone I aske of man and child;
pardone, of those I haue beguild.
Pardone, sweete CHRIST, of the I craue.
Vouchsafe, good lord, my soule to saue.

Finis.

Made with his owne hand, after his condemnation, in *Newgate*.

W. WRENCH.

No. XLVIII

If ever words did move a wight

Fol. 196. In Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, iii. 357–8, is a minute account of this storm and the damage done by it to the Cathedral spire. The Cathedral, though dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was constantly called Christ Church by the common people. In a map of Norwich, 1541, it is called 'Christe-church', and in another map, 1571, 'Christes-church': *Norfolk Archaeology*, viii. 2, 3. The ballad-measurements (stanza 5) are exaggerated: 'pinnacle'=spire (measured from the tower), in the ballad, 180 feet, but in fact, 174 feet 7 inches; 'steeple'=tower (measured from ground to base of the spire), in the ballad, 300 feet, but in fact, 140 feet 5 inches. The writer perhaps attributed the 315 feet of tower and spire together (Blyth's *Norwich Cathedral*, 1842, p. 10) to the tower by itself.

In stanza 14 the night-watch is mentioned. A few details of this institution, as it existed in Elizabeth's time, from contemporary accounts at Maldon, may be of interest. Maldon constables every evening gave warning to six men, two for each of the three parishes, to watch from sunset to sunrise. When they met, the constable on duty gave them their charge (apparently according to some traditional form of words), and then went home to bed. Each pair of watchmen walked the streets of the town in turn, while the others remained under cover in the market-house, or in the guard-house at the bridge. Their duties were to ensure the peace of the town and the security of property. They were armed with bills, and with bows and arrows. In 1570, 12*d*. was paid for 4 bolts and strings used in the watch; 2*s*. 8*d*. for shafts and arrow-heads, and 4*d*. for horning a bow and for 4 strings for the town-watch. In 1571, 10*d*. for five watching shafts, and 3*d*. for 3 bowstrings for the watch. The service was compulsory, and enforced by fine. At Michaelmas sessions, 1575,

[20] 1 my] *read* thy. [21] 3 the] i. e. thee.

Augustine Fernham, yeoman, was fined 12*d.* for refusing to watch when called on by the constable. In 1570, at Easter sessions, a mariner and a porter were fined 6*d.* each because, instead of duly keeping their watch, they sat in an alehouse and played cards. In 1571, at Easter sessions, Edmund Tyler, surgeon, was fined 4*d.* for leaving off watch before sunrise.

A newe Ballad of the most wonderfull and strange fall of *Christ's Church* pinnacle in *Norwitch*, the which was shaken downe by a thunder-clap on the 29 of *Aprill* 1601, about 4 or 5 a'clocke in the after-noone: with a discription of a miraculous fire, which the verye next morninge consumed and burnt downe a great part of the cloyster.

TO THE TUNE OF *Flyinge fame.*

[1]

If ever words did moue a wight
to shed a wofull teare,
Then can no creature choose but weepe,
this dolefull tale to heare.
Norfolke, thow hast great cause to weepe,
to sigh, and to lament:
The heauenly god to the (of late)
hath manye warnings sent.

[2]

But loe! a wonder farre more great
then any of the rest;
Yea, such a one as never man
did heare the lyke exprest.
In *Norwich* cytty, farre renounde,
a famous Chrurch doth stande:
For beautye, and for building, is
no better in this land.

[3]

What man is he that hath not seene,
or els hard of the same?
Christ's Church 'tis cald; and god graunt, long
it may retaine that name.
About the middle of this Church
was a fayre steple placd,
By which the Church and Cyty both
are beautyfyed and gracd.

[1] 7 the] i. e. thee. [2] 6 Chrurch] i. e. Church.

[4]

Vpon which steeple there was built
a pinnacle of stonne:
I think in *England* never was,
[nor] will be, such a one.
No wood nor Tymber longd therto,
nor lead to hid the same;
But stone was all and every part
of that most stately frame.

[5]

Some three score yards it was in height
(I speake within my bound)
Above the steple, which (at least)
is fyvescore yards from ground.
The stone, which on the top thereof
(to crowne the other) lay,
Is thought to be a good Cart-loade,
as many people say.

[6]

Vpon that stone there stoode a crosse,
about some three yards hye,
Which bare a stately wether-cocke
that shewd most gallan[t]lye.
The cocke was full an ell in length;
and in the breadth (full out)
Three quarters of a yarde it was;
syxe quarters round abovt.

[7]

Now you haue hard the height thereof,
beholde the fall likewise:
A sadder sight was never seene
with any mortall eyes.
In *Aprill* last (oh weepe therefore!),
the nine and twentith daye,
Vpon a suddaine yt grew darke—
all light was fled away.

[8]

Then fell a shower of hayle and raine
(whereof the earth had neede).
A flash of dreadfull lightning
did followe that with speede.
Straight-wayes there came a mighty cracke
of man-amazinge thunder:
The terror of yt was so great,
that made the people wonder.

[4] 6 hid] i. e. hide. [8] 3 lightning] i. e. light-en-ing.

[9]

Nay, more then that, yt did inforce
the very earth to quake,
And made *Christ's Church*, and many more,
to tremble and to shake.
It shakt the Church in such a sort
that many stones did fall,
In divers places of the same,
out of the strong-built wall.

[10]

And that same statly Pinnacle
(wher-of I spake before)
Had her high top quite shaken downe
a doozen yards and more.
The rest, which stands, is battered sore,
and to the bottom clyft—
A man maye stand a mile from thence,
and yet see through the slyft.

[11]

O wat a wofull thinge is this!
Who is it that can heare
This dolefull tale (to full of truth),
and yet not shed a teare?
What Atheist lyues, or other wretch
that thinks there is no god,
And doth not tremble in his hart
to see his scorging rod?

[12]

Their service-time was but new done
ere this mischaunce did fall;
Yet all were gone, so that no man
was thereby hurt at all.
The stones that fell from of this spire
vpon the church did light,
And, with the force thereof, yt did
the roofe in sunder smite.

[13]

Much harme by this: and o! much more
vnto the church befell
the next day after that againe,
which I with greife doe tell.
The thunder and the lightninge past,
there did remaine a smoake,
Which smelt of fyre, and was so thicke,
it semd a man to choake.

[11] 1 wat] i.e. what. 3 to] i.e. too. [12] 5 of] i.e. off.

[14]

Great search was made: but yet no fire
could any where be found,
Although the savour of the same
did every where abound.
No sooner did the watch breake vp,
which was at breake of day,
But loe! the Cloyster was on fyre,
and much was burnt awaye.

[15]

The winde blewe sore: but yet ere long
there came such helpe and ayde
That in two houres that cruell fire
was quenchèd and allayde.
Beholde in this what god can doe!
By his Almightye powre,
He can destroy this wicked world
in minute of an howre.

[16]

Deere brethren, let vs all agree
for to abandon synne;
For synne is certainely the cause
these iudgements doe beginne.
Oh let vs nowe, even now, repent;
for, even this present day,
The lord may come (for ought we knowe),
and take our lyves awaye.

[17]

Throw dust and ashes on your heads;
put sackcloath on, and mourne;
And, from all former wickednesse,
vnto the lord returne.
And vnto him (for CHRIST his sake)
let vs most humbly pray
In mercy for to looke on vs,
and turne his wrath awaye.

Finis.

No. XLIX

Mark well my heavy doleful tale

Fol. 198v. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 764, from numerous Black-letter exemplars. The popularity of this piece changed the name of its tune, which, as *The Lady's fall*, became the universal accompaniment of the lugubrious and insincere ballad-preachments which formed so large a part of the Brownist stock-in-trade.

A lamentable ballad called *The Ladye's fall:* Declaring how a young gentlewoman, through her too much trust, came to her end; and how her lover slew himselfe.

To the tune of *Pescoode time.*

[1]

Marke well my heavy dolefull tale,
yow loyall lovers all;
And, heedfully, beare in your brest
a gallant Ladye's fall.
Long was she woo'd, ere she was won,
to lead a wedded lyfe;
But folly wrought her overthrow,
before she was a wife.

[2]

Too soon, alas! she gave consent
to yield unto his will,
Though he protested to be true
and faithful to her still.
She felt her body altered quite,
her bright hue waxèd pale;
Her fair red cheekes changd colour quite,
her strength began to fail.

[3]

So that, with many a sorrowful sigh,
this beauteous Lady mild,
With grieuèd heart, perceivd her selfe
to be conceivd with child.
She kept it from her parents' sight
so close as it might be;
And so put on her silken gowne
none could her swelling see.

[4]

Unto her lover secretly
her greife she did bewray,
And, walking with him hand in hand,
these words to him did say:—
'Behold,' she sayd, 'a Ladye's distress,
'my love, brought to thy boe.
'See how I goe with child by thee,
'though none therof doth knowe.

[5]

'The little babe springs in my womb,
'the heare the father's voice.
'Let it not be a bastard cald,
'sith I made thee my choice.
'Come nowe, my love; performe thy vowes;
'and wed me out of hand.
'It is not time, in these extreames,
'upon delayes to stand.

[6]

'Thinke on thy former promises,
'thy oathes and vowes each one.
'Remember, with what bitter tears
'thow mad'st to me thy mone.
'Convey me to some secret place,
'and marry me with speede.
'Or, with thy rapier, rid my life
'ere further shame proceede.'

[7]

'Alas! my dearest love,' quoth he,
'my greatest ioy on earth!
'Which way can I conuay thee hence
'to scape a suddaine death?
'Thy friends they be of high degree;
'and I, of meane estate.
'Full hard it is to get the foorth
'out of thy father's gate.'

[8]

'Dread not thy life, to saue thy fame.
'And, yf thow taken be,
'My selfe will step betweene the swords,
'and take the harme on me.
'So, should I scape dishonor quite,
'yf so I should be slayne.
'What could they say, but that trewe loue
'did worke a Ladye's baine?

[4] 5 Ladye's] *read* maid's. 6 boe] i. e. bow. [5] 2 the heare] *read* to hear. [7] 7 the] i. e. thee. [8] 1 thy] *read* my.

[9]

'But feare not any further harme.
'My selfe will so devise,
'That I will safely ride with thee,
'vnknowne of mortall eyes.
'Disguisèd like some prettye page
'I'le meet the in the darke;
'And, all alone, i'le come to thee,
'hard by my father's Parke.'

[10]

'And ther,' q[uo]d he, 'i'le meet my deere,
'yf god do lend me lyfe:
'And this day month, without all faile,
'I will make thee my wife.'
Then, with a sweet and loving kisse,
they parted presentlye:
And, at their parting, brinishe teares
stoode in each other's eye.

[11]

At length the wishèd day was come
wherein this lovely maide,
With longing eyes, and strang attire,
for her trew lover staid.
When any person she espied
come riding ore the plaine,
She thought it was her own trew loue:
but all her hope was vaine.

[12]

Then did she weepe, and sore bewaile
her most vnhappy fact.
Then did she speak these wofull words,
where succourlesse she sate.
'O false, forsworne, and faythles man,
'disloyall in thy love!
'Hast thow forgot thy promise past?
'and wilt thow periured prove?

[13]

'O hast thow now forsaken me,
'in this my great distresse,
'To end my days in open shame,
'Which well thow might'st redresse?
'Wo worth the time I did beleeue
'that flatteringe tongue of thine.
'Would god that I had nevèr seene
'the teares of thy false eyne.'

[9] 6 the] i. e. thee [12] 2 fact] *read* fate.

[14]

And thus, with many greeuous grone,
homeward she went amaine.
No rest came in her watry eyes—
she felt such priuye paine.
In travell strong she fell that night,
with many a bitter throw.
What wofull paine the time she felt
doth each good woman know.

[15]

She callèd up her waiting-maide
that lay at her bed's feet,
Who, musing at her mistress' woe,
began full fast to weepe.
'Weepe not,' she said, 'but shut the doores
'and windowes all about.
'Let none bewaile my wretched state,
'but keepe all persons out.'

[16]

'O Mistress, call your mother heere;
'of women you have need,
'And of some skilfull midwive's help:
'the better you shall speed.'
'Call not my mother, for thy life:
'nor fetch no woman here.
'The midwive's help comes now too late.
'My death I doe not feare.'

[17]

With that the babe sprung from her womb
no creature being by:
And, with a sigh that broke her heart,
this gallant dame did dye.
The lovely little infant young,
the prettye, smiling babe,
Resignd his new received breath
to him that had him made.

[18]

Next morninge came her lover trew,
affrighted with this newes;
And he, for sorrow, slewe himselfe,
whom each one did accuse.
The mother, with her new-borne babe,
were both layd in one graue.
The parents, overworne with woe,
no ioy of them could haue.

[19]
Take heed, you daintye damsels all;
of flattering words beware:
And, of the honour of your name,
haue yow a speciall care.
To true, alas! this is,
as manye one can tell.
By others' harmes learne to be wise;
then shall yow doe full well.

Finis.

No. L

Come, lovely lasses, listen well

Fol. 201; see the complement in No. XXX. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 422, from several Black-letter exemplars. Shakespeare, in like manner, puts a marvellous 'ballad against the hard hearts of maids' into Autolycus's pack: *A Winter's Tale* (1611), iv. 3.

The repentant Songe of *Sara Hill* vnto the maydes of *W[o]rcester.*

To the tune of *Liue with me and be my loue.*

[1]
Come, louely lasses, listen well
vnto the tale that I shall tell;
For vnto yow I will vnfould
a matter worthy to be toulde.

[19] 5 To] i. e. Too. this is] *read* this story is.

[2]

There was a yong man loved me well,
a shoe-maker; his name *Hugh Hill.*
His hart with loue did burne amaine;
I promisde to loue him againe.

[3]

Then were we sure made together;
but I, vnconstant as the weather,
Did him forsake (I was soe nice),
when, in the church, we were asked thrice.

[4]

When that he sawe I was vnkinde,
and that I had a cruell minde,
For love of me, he left his lyfe,
because I would not be his wife.

[5]

I never cared what he did say,
but suffered him to pine awaye;
And, when he yeelded vp his breath,
I quickly had forgott his death.

[6]

But, in my bed, vpon a tyme,
as many things were in my minde,
There, smyling, to my selfe I sayde,
'I think that I shall dye a mayde.'

[7]

Then many youthes I thought vpon,
and loved and fancied many a one.
I hated some; yet some reserud,
to like or leaue, as they deserud.

[8]

But, in the middest of my choyse,
I hard a lamentable voyce,
With musicke pleasant to the eare,
but not to me, as did appeare.

[9]

For, when I harkned what yt might be,
and what was cause of this melodye,
In at a window a voyce did crye
'*Hugh Hill* is dead: fie! *Sara,* fye!'

[3] 1 sure] i. e. su-er.

[10]

My conscience then accusèd me
of my false hart and flaterye;
And, evermore, the voyce did crye—
'Goe, pine thyselfe; repent, and dye.'

[11]

Me thought, he was the ghost [of] *Hugh,*
of kind *Hugh Hill,* that was so trewe,
That was soe faythfull vnto me—
yet I vsde him most wickedlye.

[12]

O there he did my faults expresse;—
and I the same must needs confesse;—
How I kilde him with crueltye;
for which I would, but cannot, dye.

[13]

And, since that time, my head is light,
and all my body altred quite;
My eyes are sunke within my head,
which makes me looke like on that's dead.

[14]

My face, that was so fresh and fine,
as cleare as [is] the claret wine,
Is now transformed to another hew,
both grymme and loathsome to the view.

[15]

My skin is withered; my flesh is gone,
and nothing left, but skin and bone;
And then I pine most dolefullye;
wishing for death, yet cannot dye.

[16]

Therefore, sweete mayds that suters haue,
yeeld vnto them that trew loue craue.
O doe not cast a man awaye,
least that your selues go to decaye.

[13] 4 on] i.e. one.

[17]

If vnto yow a yongman come,
yow are soe fine yow will ne're haue done;
Vntill your beautye fade awaye,
yow scorne most men, yow are so coy;

[18]

Fye! fye! remember what yow are;
doe not refuse whilst yow are fayre;
Vnto trew lovers be not coy:
'tis good to take them while yow maye.

[19]

As yow be coy, soe I haue beene;
but see what miserye I liue in,
That, were it not for my soule's health,
I could be willing to kill my selfe.

[20]

Therefore, fayre mayds, amend in tyme,
least that your woes be like to mine;
And pray to god to ease my greife,
or els to rid me of my lyfe.

Finis.

No. LI

Henry, our royal king, would go on hunting

Fol. 202ᵛ. See the sequel in No. LXXVI. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 539, from later Black-letter exemplars.

The references (in stanzas 8 and 9) to the passport probably refer to the statute of 5 Elizabeth cap. 4 § 7 (1563):—that no servant shall depart out of any parish to another unless he have a testimonial of the constable and two other honest householders declaring his lawful departure. A master employing a servant without such 'passport' was liable to a fine of £5. At Maldon sessions in 1567, William Lyving, butcher, was indicted for retaining 'to his service a servant traviling the country without passport'. Similarly, in 1568, William Cornyshe, linen-draper, was fined 5*s.* for taking into his service a maidservant without a certificate, contrary to statute 5 Eliz.

[17] 2 yow will] *read* you'll.

A pleasant new Ballad of the Miller of *Mansfeild* in *Sherwood*; and of King *Henry* the seconde; and how he was lodged in the Miller's Howse, and of their pleasant communication.

To the tune of *The French Lauata.*

[1]

Henry, our royall Kinge, would go on hunting
to the greene forrest, most pleasant and fayre,
To haue the hart chasèd, the daintye Does trippinge,
vnto mery *Sherewood* his nobles repayre.
Hawke and hound was vnbound; all things prepard
for the same to the game, with good regard.

[2]

All a long Summer's day rode the Kinge pleasantly,
with all his nobles and princes each one,
Chasing the hart and hinde and the Bucke gallantly,
tyll the darke Evening inforct them turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
all his lords in the wood, late in a darke night.

Lauata] Levalto (in B.-L. copies). [2] 6 in a] *omit* a.

[3]

Wandring thus warylye, all alone, vp and downe,
with a rude Myller he met at last.
Asking the readye way to fayre *Nottingham*,
'Syr,' quoth the Myller, 'your way yow haue lost:
'Yet I thinke, what I thinke; truth for to saye,
'yow doe not lightly goe out of your waye.'

[4]

'Why? what dost thou thinke on me?' q[uo]d our K[ing] meryly,
'passing thy iudgement vpon me soe breefe.'
'Good fayth!' q[uo]d the miller, 'I meane not to flatter;
'I gesse thee to be but a gentleman-theefe.
'Stand thee backe, in the darke: light not a-downe,
'lest that presently I cracke thy knaue's-crowne.'

[5]

'Thow dost abuse me' q[uo]d the Kinge, 'saying thus.
'I am a gentleman, and lodging I lacke.'
'Thow hast not,' q[uo]d the miller, 'a groat in thy purse;
'all thine inheritance hangs on thy Backe.'
'I haue gold to discharge all that I call;
'if yt be forty pence, I will paye all.

[6]

'If thow beest a true man,' then answrede the Miller,
'I sware, by my tole-dishe, I'le lodg thee all night.'
'Heere's my hand,' q[uo]d the King, 'that I was ever.'
'Nay, soft!' q[uo]d the miller, 'thow mayest be a theefe.
'Better I'le knowe thee ere hands I will shake:
'with none but with honest men hands I will shake.'

[7]

Thus the went all along vnto the miller's howse,
where they were seething of puddings and sowse.
The Miller first entred in; after him went the Kinge:
never came he in soe smoakye a howse.
'Now,' q[uo]d he, 'let me see heere what yow are.'
Quoth our king, 'Looke yow styll, and do not spare.'

[8]

'I well lyke thy countenance; thow hast an honest face;
with my sonne *Richard* this night thow shalt lye.'
Q[uo]d his wife, 'By my troth, 'tis a good hansome youth;
'yet it is best, husband, to deale waryelye.
'Art not thow run away? I pray thee, youth, tell.
'Shew vs thy pasport, and all shall be well.'

[3] 1 warylye] i. e. wearily. 2 at last] *read* at the last. 3 to] *read* unto. [4] 3 flatter] *read* flatter thee. 5 light not] *read* light thee not. 6 presently I] *read* I presently. [5] 1 me] *read* me much. [6] 3 that I] *read* that true I. 4 theefe] *read* sprite. 5 hands] *read* hand. shake] *read* take. [7] 1 the] i. e. they.

[9]

Then our King presently, making low curtsye,
with his hat in his hand, thus he did saye:
'I haue noe pasport nor never was serviture,
'but a poore Courtier rode out of my waye,
'And for your kindnesse, now profered to me,
'I will requite [it] in every degree.'

[10]

Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretlye,
saying: 'It seemeth this youth's of good kin,
'both by his apparell, and eke by his manners:
'to turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.'
'Yea,' q[uo]d he, 'yow may see he hath some grace,
'when he speakes vnto his betters in place.'

[11]

'Well,' q[uo]d this miller's wife, 'yongman, welcome here;
'and, though I say it, well lodged shalt thow be.
'Fresh straw I will haue layd in your bed so braue;
'good browne hempen sheets, likewise,' quoth she.
'I!' quoth the good man, 'and when that is doone,
'Yow shall lye with no worse than our own sonne.'

[12]

'Nay, first,' quod *Richard*, 'good fellow, tell me true—
'Hast thow any creepers in thy gay hose?
'Or art thow not troubled with the Scabado?'
'I pray yow,' q[uo]d our King, 'what things are those?'
'Art thow not lowsye, nor Scabbèd?' q[uo]d he,
'If thow beest, surelye thow lyest not with me.'

[13]

This causèd our K[ing] sodainlye laugh out most hartelye,
tyll the teares tricklèd downe from his eyes.
Then vnto supper were they set orderlye,
with hote Bag-puddinge[s] and good Apple-pyes,
Nappy Ale, good and stale, in a blacke bowle,
which did about all the borde meryly trowle.

[14]

'Here!' q[uo]d the Miller, 'good fellow, I drinke to thee,
'and to all the courtnoules that curteous be.'
'I pledg the,' q[uo]d our Kinge, 'and thanke the hartelye
'for my good welcome in everye degree;
'And here, in lyke manner, I drinke to thy sonne.'
'Do so,' q[uo]d *Richard*, 'and quicke let yt come.'

[11] 5 I!]=Ay! *read* and nappy. [13] 1 laugh] *read* to laugh. 5 nappy] the] i. e. thee. [14] 3 the] i. e. thee.

[15]

'Wife!' q[uo]d the Miller, 'now fetch me forth *lightfoot*,
'that we of his sweetenes a little maye tast.'
A fayre venison pastye she brought foorth presen[t]lye.
'Eate,' q[uo]d the Miller, 'but, sir! make no wast.'
'Here is good *lightfoot*, in fayth!' q[uo]d our Kinge;
'I never before eate so daintye a thinge.'

[16]

'I wis,' said *Richard*, 'no daintye at all it is:
'for we doe eate of it everye daye.'
'I' what place,' said our King, 'may be bought like to this?'
'We never paye penny for it, by my fay!
'From merye *Sheerewood* we fetch it home heere.
'Now and then we make bould with the King's deere.'

[17]

'Then I thinke,' q[uo]d our Kinge, 'that it is venison.'
'Each foole' quoth *Richard*, 'full well may see that.
'Never are we without two or three in the ruffe,
'very well fleshèd and excellent fat.
'But I pray thee say nothing where ever thow go;
'We would not, for two pence, the K[ing] should it know.'

[18]

'Doubt not,' q[uo]d our King, 'my promisèd secrecye:
'the King shall never know more on't for me.'
A cup then of lambs-wol they drunk then vnto him,
and so to their beds they past presen[t]lye.
The nobles, next morning, went all vp and downe,
For to seeke out the King in everye towne.

[19]

At last, at this miller's howse, some did espy him plaine,
as he was mountinge vpon his fayre Steede:
To whom they ran presentlye, falling downe on their knee,
which made the myller's hart wofullye bleede.
Shaking and quaking, before him he stoode,
thinking he should haue bin hangd, by the roode!

[20]

The king, perceiuing him fearfull and trembling,
drew out his sword, but nothing he sayd.
The Miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
doubting the king would haue cut of his head.
But he, his kind curtesye to requite,
gaue him great lyving and dubd him a knight.

Finis.

[17] 3 ruffe] i.e. roof. 4 of] i.e. off. [20] 3 *perhaps* Down did the miller fall. 5 to] *read* for to.

No. LII

All in a garden green

Fol. 204^{v}. An imitation of the 27th Idyll of Theocritus, in 4 stanzas of 28 lines each (the first stanza being two lines short). A ballad of this name was registered in 1563, and gave title to a tune (*Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. p. xxxv).

A merrye new ballad, of a countrye wench and a clowne.

To a fine tune.

[1]

All in a garden greene,
where late I layde me downe
Vppon a banke of camemeyle,
where I sawe vpon a style,
sitting, a countrey Clowne,
howldinge within his armes
a comelye countrye mayde:
courting her with all his skyll,
working her vnto his will.
Thus to her he sayd:—
'Kysse me in kindnes,
'sweet hart,' quoth he.
'Syr, not for twenty
'good pounds,' quoth she.
He sayd 'Saye not soe.'
She sayd 'Let me goe.'
'Staye, sweet hart,' quoth he.
'Fye! how yow ruffle me.'
'What a lyfe is this:—
'Lord, how I love thee,
'sweet hart,' quoth she.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
'Fye for shame, I saye:
'take your hand awaye.'
'Sweet,' quoth he, 'be styll;
'Though against thy will,
'I must haue a Kysse.

[1] 21 she] *read* he. 22 and 23] two lines seem to have dropt out.

[2]

'Sweete, I'le forsake my holde
'yf thow will tarrye styll;
'And here I make a vowe to thee
'thow shalt not be toucht, for me,
'more then thy good will.'
'Hands off, for shame!' she sayd,
'In fayth, yow are to blame.
'Yf any body should vs see,
'what a blemish would it be
'to my honest name.'
'Syt but a lyttle,
'by me, on this style;
'and I will bringe thee
'on thy way a mile.'
There she sate her downe
by this lovely Clowne.
'Sweete!' then quoth he,
'Wilt thow wed with me?'
'No! good fayth, not I!'
'Let me but laye
'my hand upon thy knee.'
'Fye!' quoth this bony lasse,
'That may not be.'
'Sweete come kisse me then.'
'Maydes must kisse no men:
'Fye for shame! I say.'
'yf yow say me nay,
'Then for love I dye.'

[3]

'Lord, how yow hurt my hand;
'for god's sake let me goe:
'By my fayth and my troth,
'I did little thinke, forsooth!
'yow would haue servd me so.'
'Graunt me my suite;' quoth he,
'and then I'le let the goe:
'I praye thee, doe me not denye,
'gentle sweeting, but say I!'
Styll she answered 'No!'
'Let me but lay
my hand vpon thy knee.'
'No! let me goe.
'I must be gone,' quoth she.
'If my mother knew
'that I were with yow,

[3] 7 the] i. e. thee 9 I] i. e. Ay.

'Woe should be my part.'
'Stay!' quoth he, 'sweet hart!
'she shall never know.'
Then did he carrye her
behynd a tree.
What they did there
is unknowne to me;
But I hard her say,
when she came awaye,
making low curtsye,
'Once againe,' quoth she,
'kysse me ere yow goe.'

[4]

Then the went hand in hand,
a furlong and more;
Where, as they parted lovinglye
She put her finger in the eye,
and did weepe full sore.
Sighing, 'Sweete hart,' she sayd,
'Since now yow haue me won
'To yeeld and let you haue your will,
'if yow would not love me styll,
'I were quite vndone.'
'Sweete!' then quoth he,
'I praye thee be content.'
'If this be knowne,' quoth she,
'I am sure I shal be shent.'
'Hie thee home,' quoth he,
'for I doe sware to thee
'long it shall not be
'ere I come to thee
'to heare what thow wilt saye.'
Lord, how her colour
went and came for shame,
As other mayds
having done the same.
Though they make a showe,
and say often 'No!'
yet, before yow goe,
they will take it, tho
they crye 'fye awaye!'

Finis.

[4] 1 the] they.

No. LIII

Away, I will forsake her company

Fol. 206ᵛ. It is perhaps the remembrance of the tune name, or of the seventh line of stanza 2, of this ballad which comes to Falstaff (*King Henry IV, Part II* (1597), Act I, Sc. ii), when he mocks the majesty of the law.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of grāvity.

Fal. His effect of *gravy, gravy, gravy* [me].

A most pleasant and new Ballad of a young gentleman and a young Gentlewoman.

To a pleasant new tune called *Pitty, pittye me.*

[1]

Away, I will forsake her company,
yf that I be delayde;
And yet her modest kinde Civilitye
maketh me not dismaide:
For when I dally, kysse, and play with her,
hart, lyfe, and all, is spent;
Then she, with a pleasant, pretty, pretty, pretty, grace,
prayeth me to be content.

[2]

She sayth she loues: I know that I do love:
yf yt were well exprest,
My hart, my will, my soule, can testifye
that I doe love her best.
But, when I thinke of mine owne vnwor[thi]nes,
o then I faint and dy,
And with a short gasp of—pitty, pitty, pittye me,
'pytty, sweet loue!' I crye.

[3]

I could endure ten thowsand miseryes,
were I but halfe assured
Thy constant loue, by my long penury,
therby might be procurd;
But when I thinke on woman's ficklenes,
love then I count as a toy;
Let not the sweet sence of a pretty, pretty, pretty soule,
hinder a wise man's ioy.

[4]

Yet when, my selfe, I walked alone,
all in my minde sollace,
Then should I thinke vpon thy beauty bright
that I might thee imbrace.
Finding the absence, how I pine away;
remedye non I can spye.
Therefore this alwayes shalbe my song
'graunt loue, or els I dye.'

[5]

If thou denay, all women I'le deny,
because I am refusd;
The fervent loue I alwayes bore to thee
thow greatly hast abused.
Therefore this alwayes shalbe my song
'heigh ho! my heart will breake.'
Therefore my pretty, pretty, pretty, loving hart,
one word vnto me speake.

[6]

If I had ten thousand pound of golde,
all of yt shalbe thine,
So that thow wilt my true love be
and yeeld vnto my minde.
Then say vnto me, the comfort of my ioy,
what answer dost thow make?
Wilt thow be styll my pretty, pretty, pretty one,
all other to forsake?

[4] 5 the absence] *read* thee absent. [5] 1 denay] *perhaps* say nay. 4 abused] i. e. abus'd. [6] 5 the] *read* thou.

[7]

So shalt thow make amends therein
the losse of all my tyme;
For proufe whereof, some token shew
from those sweete lips of thine.
If not—Adew! Though loth for to depart,
[he] bids thee full oft farewell,
Who wished thy weale thow willedst
tongue, hart, and all, can tell.

[8]

My labour is lost! Heigho, my heavy hart!
my faythles friend is gone!
She hath my iewels, and my hart hath stollen,
with other things many a one.—
To morne for her (who smiles to think on me)
would but augment my paine:
Therefore farwell, my pretty, little, subtile one,
tyll we two meete againe.

[9]

All yow that heare, and listen to my song,
marke my words very well;
The proverbe oulde on me is verifyed,
the same yow know full well,
For she that maye, and often will say nay,
(thus reason hath concluded)
Shall be denayde (as proof the same shall shew)
because she once refused.

Finis.

No. LIV

In this town fair Susan dwelleth

Fol. 207^{v}. Text given, from this MS., in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. p. clxiii.

An excellen[t] new Ballad of a young man in prayse of his beloved.

[1]

In this towne fayre *Susan* dwelleth:
I love her and she loves me.
Hellen's beauty she excelleth:
white her forehead, browne her eye.

[7] 2 the losse] *read* for loss. 5 for to] *omit* for. 7 thow willedst] *substitute possibly* how fervently. [8] 5 morne] i. e. mourn. [9] 3 on] *read* in.

Her Ivory hands more soft then silke,
and her fingers, longe and slender.
Ther's neuer a Lady in thys lande
is by nature halfe so slender.

[2]

My love can sport, my love can playe;
my love can tricke, [and] daunce, and syng.
My love can sytt with me all daye,
and tell me many a prety thinge.
Like pretty birds, and turtles true,
each other still we delight:
We spend the tyme in pleasant sports,
from the morning to the night.

[3]

When she meetes me, she will kysse me,
and will take me by the hand,
Protesting that she will not misse me
for the wealth of *Tagus* land.
Then, lyke *Venus*, she will bring me
to some pleasant place of pleasure,
And give my hart the whole commaund
of all her beautye's pleasing treasure.

[4]

When she hath made this courteous offer,
I must needes fulfill her minde.
Who can refuse a mayden's proffer?
maydens loue not men vnkinde.
Like *Mars* I thus my *Venus* greete,
and her champion doe I prouue.
There is no pleasure halfe soe sweete,
as my *Susan's* in her loue.

[5]

Thus love and beautye are agreed
to giue both me her hart and hand.
She's true to me in word and deede,
and I am her's for to commaund.
At last she sayd, 'good syr, alas!
'oh, my hart is wondrous ill.
'Your love hath made your Susan sicke.
'Death will shortlye haue his will.'

[1] 5 Restore the rhyme by reading: More soft then silke, her Ivory hand. 8 slender] *read* tender. [2] 6 we delight] *read* we do delight. [5] 2 both me] *read* me both.

[6]

But now she is becomd a woman,
and of death is not afrayd.
She is my wife; and I, her husbande;
and noe longer liues a mayde.
But, as a mother, she hath prou'd
a lusty soldier, good and tall.
The stoutest champion in the world
she nothing feareth now at all.

[7]

Thus of my *Sew* I make an end,
my darling, and my turtle trve.
No young man eare found dearer friend
then I haue found of my sweet *Sew*.
Yow maydes that fayne would married be,
of her and me this lesson take:
When kindnes once is offered yow,
vnkindly do it not forsake.

Finis.

No. LV

You noble minds, and famous martial wights

Fol. 208ᵛ. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 544, from Black-letter exemplars. The interest of this ballad lies in its relation to the play *Titus Andronicus*, 1594, written, as is supposed, by Shakespeare in conjunction with Robert Greene or Thomas Kyd. The ballad has the ferocity characteristic of many Italian *novelle*: cf. No. LXXI. The common source of the ballad and the play must therefore be sought in some early Italian collection of tales.

Titus Andronicus' Complaint.

To the tune of *Fortune* [*my foe*].

[1]

Yow noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
that, in defence of native Countrye, fights,
Giue eare to me, that ten yeres fought for *Rome*,
yet reapt disgrace when I returnèd home.

[7] 1 Sew] i. e. Sue.

[2]

In *Rome* I livd, in fame, full threescore yeres,
Titus by name, beloud of all his Peeres.
Full fyve and twentye valiant sonnes I had,
whose forward vertues made their father glad;

[3]

For, when *Rome's* foes their warlyke forces felt,
against them still my sonnes and I were sent.
Against the *Gothes* full ten yeres weary warre
we spent, receiuing many a bloudy scarre.

[4]

Just two and twentye of my sonnes were slayne,
before we did returne to *Rome* againe.
O[f] fyve and twentye sonnes I brought but three
alyve, the stately Towers of *Rome* to see.

[5]

When wars were done, I conquest home did bringe;
and did present the Prisoners to the Kinge,
The Queene of *Gothe*, her sonnes, and eke a *Moore*,
which did such murders, like was ne're before.

[6]

The Emperor did make this Queene his wife,
which bred in *Roome* debate and deadly stryfe:
The *Moore*, with her two sonnes, did grow so proud,
that non lyke them in *Roome* was then allowd.

[7]

The *Moore* so pleasd the new-made Empres' eye
that she consented with him, secretly,
For to abuse her husband's marriage bed;
and so, in tyme, a blacke-moore she bred.

[8]

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
consented with the *Moore*, with blodye minde,
Against myselfe, my kin, and all his freinds,
in cruell sort, to bring them to their ends.

[9]

So, when in age I thought to liue in peace,
both woe and griefe began then to increase.
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
which ioyd and pleasèd best my agèd sight.

[3] 1 felt] *read* sent. 2 sent] *read* bent. [7] 4 blacke-moore] *read* blackamoor. [8] 3 his] *read* my.

[10]

My deare *Liuinia* was betrothed, as than,
to *Cesar's* sonne, a young and Noble man,
Who, in hunting, by the Emperor's wife
and her two sonnes, bereavèd was of lyfe.

[11]

He, being slaine, was cast in cruell wise,
into a dismall den from light of skyes.
The cruell *Moore* did come that way, as then,
with my two sonnes, who fell into that den.

[12]

The *Moore* then fetcht the Emperor with speed,
for to accuse then of that murdrus deede:
And, when my sonnes within that den were found,
in wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

[13]

But now, behold what wounded most my minde!
The Emperor's two sonnes, of tiger's kinde,
My daughter ravishèd, without remorce;
and tooke away her honour quite perforce.

[14]

When they had tasted of so sweet a flower,
fearing their sweet would shortly turne to sour,
They cut her tong, whereby she should not tell
how that dishonour vnto her befell.

[15]

Then both her hands they falsly cut of quite,
whereby their wickednes she could not write;
Nor, with her needle, [in] her sampler sew
the bloudy work[er]s of her direfull woe.

[16]

My brother *Marcus* found her in a wood,
staining the grassie ground with purple bloud
That trick[l]ed from her stumps and handles armes:
no tongue at all she had, to tell her harmes.

[17]

But when I saw her in that wofull case,
with teares of blood I wet my agèd face.
For [my] *Lauinia* I lamented more
than for my two and twenty sonnes before.

[12] 2 then] *read* them. [13] 2 Emperor's] *read* Empress's.
[15] 1 of] i. e. off. [16] 3 handles i. e. handless.

[18]

Wher-as I saw she could not write nor speake,
with griefe my aged hart began to breake.
We sp[r]ed a heape of sand vpon the ground,
whereby those bloody tirants out we founde.

[19]

For, with a staffe, without the helpe of hande
she write these words vpon the plot of sande:—
'The lustfull sons of the proud Emperes
'are doers of this hatefull wickednes.'

[20]

I tare the milke-white hayres from of my head,
I curst the howre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht my hand, had fought for country['s] fame,
in cradle's rocke had first beene stroken lame.

[21]

The *Moore*, delighting still in villanye,
did say, to set my sonnes from prisone free,
I should vnto the King my right hande giue,
and then my two imprisoned sonnes should liue.

[22]

The *Moore* I causd to stricke it of with speed,
whereat I greevèd not to see it bleed;
But, for my sonnes, would willinglye impart:
and, for their ransome, send my bleeding hart.

[23]

But, as my lyfe did linger thus in paine,
they sent to me my bloodles hands againe,
And therewithall, the heads of my two sonnes,
which fil'd my dying hart with fresher mone[s]

[24]

Then, past reliefe, I vp and downe did goe
and, with my teares, writ in the dust my woe;
Then towards heauen I shot vp arrowes two,
and for revenge to hell did sometimes crye.

[25]

The Emperes then, thinking [that] I was mad,
lyke furyes she and both her sons were clad
(She namd Revenge; and rape and murder, they)
to vndermine and knowe what I would saye.

[20] 1 of] i. e. off. 3 had] *read* that. [23] 2 hands] *read* hand. [24] 3 Restore the rhyme by reading: Then shot two arrowes vp towards Heaven high. Cf. No. XXXIX, stanza 12. How he could use the bow, without his right hand, is, of course, a triviality in a ballad.

[26]

I fed their foolish vaines a certaine space
vntill my freinds and I did finde a place
Where both her sonnes vnto a post was bound,
where iust revenge in cruell sort was found.

[27]

I cut their throats: my Daughter held the pan
betwixt her stumps, wherein the bloud then ran.
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
and made a past for Pyes straight their-withall.

[28]

Then with their flesh I made two mighty pyes;
and at a banquet, serude in stately wise,
Before the Empresse set this loathsome meate—
so of her sonnes' owne flesh she well did eate.

[29]

My selfe bereaude my Daughter then of lyfe;
the Empresse I slew with bloudy knife;
I stabd the Emperour immediatly;
and then my selfe—even so did *Titus* die.

[30]

Then this reveng against the *Moore* was found:—
alive they set him halfe into the ground,
Where-as he stood vntill such time he sterude
and so god send all murtherers may be serude.

Finis.

No. LVI

A greater fall, envy, you cannot require

Fol. 210^{v}: one stanza brought in between the end of No. LV and the beginning of No. LVII. Both the subject matter, and its anapaestic movement, dissociate it from the iambics of No. LV. It seems to be L'Envoy of a missing ballad, which possibly was given elsewhere on leaves now cut out. I have looked through Bagford, Roxburghe, Wood, 4to Rawlinson, and Douce Collections, but failed to identify it.

A GREATER fall, Envie, yow cannot require
then from a King's pallace to be a brickmaker's fire.
All yow that have pleasure and riches at will,
seeke not by fowle enuye your brother to kill.
If he haue successe, enuye not his state,
least that yow repent (with the steward) to late.

[26] 3 was] *read* were. [29] 2 Empresse] i. e. Emperess.
[LVI] 2 to be] *omit* be. 5 state] *read* estate. 6 to] i. e. too.

No. LVII

Come, sisters three, with fatal knife

Fol. 210ᵛ. This piece may be compared with Edmund Spenser's *Elegie* (1591) on the wife of Arthur Gorges. Stanza 2 suggests also Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* (1591). See introductory note to No. XXXV.

The Lover, being sorrowfull for the death of his Lady *E. C.* writteth this Epitaph followinge.

[1]

Come, sisters three, with fatall knife,
and cut the threyd in twaine,
That spunne and twisted was by lyfe,
but pineth nowe in paine.

[2]

Yow muses nine, do now complaine;
let sorrowe be your songe.
Sound forth your dolefull tunes amaine,
my haplesse haps amonge,

[3]

That I may morne a space;
that I maye sighe my fyll;
That I maye waile my heavy case,
as reason doth me will.

[4]

For duetye binds me soe,
I can it not denye.
My bitter woe no wight doth knowe,
but *Jove* that sits on hye.

[5]

Woe worth to me the howre,
when heavy newes was tolde!
Woe worth the wight, that, with his power,
the carefull bell hath knold

[6]

For her that was my freinde,
the comfort of my hart,
My ioye whilst *Jove* her lyfe did lend,
the easer of my smart!

[5] 3 the wight] i. e. Death.

[7]

Woe worth the man, with strife,—
her father I doe name—
Of two who hath bereft the lyfe,
by his soe open shame.

[8]

Shall this, his fylthy fact,
forgyven be of god?
He shal be scorgèd for his act,
even with an Iron rod.

[9]

This cannot helpe my case,
or cure me of my smart,
Sith she is gone, that onely was
the comfort of my hart.

[10]

Nowe, small is my comfort;
nowe, may I make my moane;
Now, may I sigh, in sorrowe's sorte,
sith my sweet *C.* is gone.

[11]

No mortall eyes can see
the dolor and annoye,
Of him, that was as trew to *C.*
as *Troylus* was in *Troye.*

[12]

Whilst *C.* aliue was left,
I ioyed to see her face:
But being dead, I am bereft
of this soe sweet solace.

[13]

Now she is closd in claye,
now she is tane me fro,
My pleasure nowe doth quite decaye;
my hart now bleeds for woe.

[14]

With blubbered eyes, I wayle
this, her vntimely, end,
Whose lyfe to saue, yf I might vaile,
my breth I, wretch! would spend.

[15]

The absence of her face
full oft hath greeud me sore;
But nowe, the losse of her, alas!
doth greeue me ten tymes more.

[16]

Yow virgins all, who did
frequent her companye,
Let not your wofull plaints be hid,
but powre them forth with me.

[17]

And yow, that brought her vp
soe well in vertue's lore,
Of sorrowes mine, I praye yow, sup,
her death for to deplore.

[18]

Farewell! my *C.*, farwell!
adewe, againe, my *C*!
To shew my loue, the carefull bell
of *Bow* shall ring for thee.

[19]

And I will morne amayne,
in sorrowe, care, and greefe.
I will not rest, but plunge in paine,
tyll death lend me releefe.

[20]

I will not sleepe in bed;
dispare shall dwell with me,
Tyll death awaye my carkasse lead
to bring my soule to thee.

[21]

And I will ioye no more,
my sorrowes will not swage;
Each wight shall know I morned for
a lover of thy age.

[22]

No pleasure shall appease
the greefe I take for thee:
From sorowes soure I will not cease,
tyll death shall set me free.

[21] 3 I morned for] *perhaps* I mourn full sore.

[23]

What pleasure can prevaile,
to abrogate my mone?
What ioy can be, my care to quaile?
sith my sweet *C.* is gone.

[24]

Adue, my *C*! farwell!
whereso thy body lyes,
Thy vertues rare haue raisd from hell
my soule vnto the skyes.

[25]

Though death hath done his worst
to shrine thee in the claye,
Yet he, by vertue, is accurst,
syth thow shalt liue for aye.

[26]

Thy soule shall still remaine
with god, from miserye,
Though my poore hart doe plung in paine
for my iniquitye.

[27]

Thy soule shall dwell in ioye,
where yt no blisse shall want,
Though I, poore I! liue in annoy,
where comfort is full scant.

[28]

A world of woes is past
from thee, my *C*! aliue;
But, by thy death, sowre sops I tast,
wherebye I cannot thriue.

[29]

Therefore, I *Joue* request,
to mitigate my paynes,
That I, at length, may liue in rest
where my good *C.* remaines.[1]

Finis.

[24] 4 my] *read* thy.

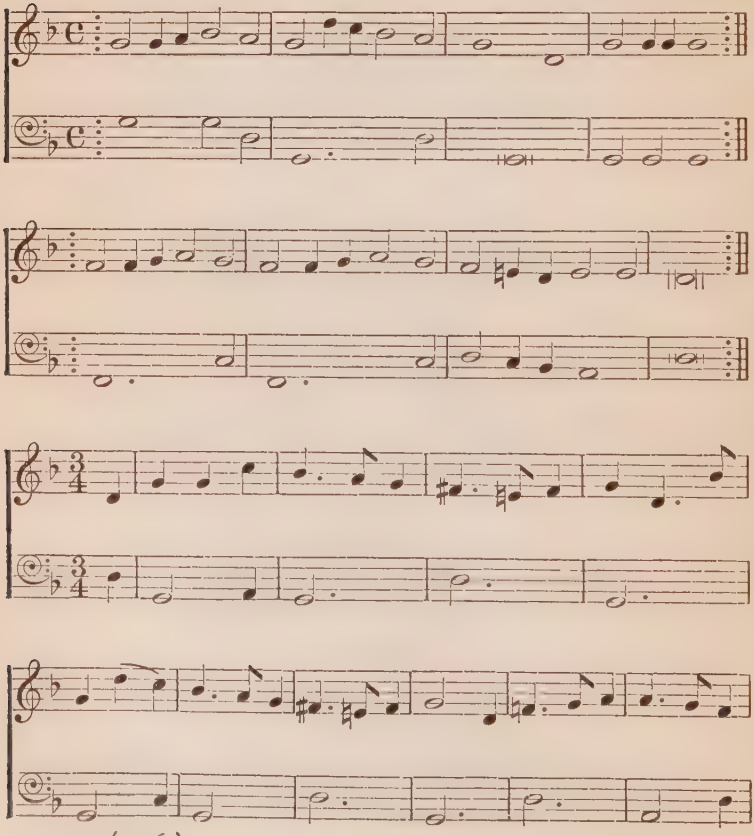
[1] The metre and the movement are those much affected by George Turberville in his elegies, but the piece does not come in his works as collected by Chalmers.

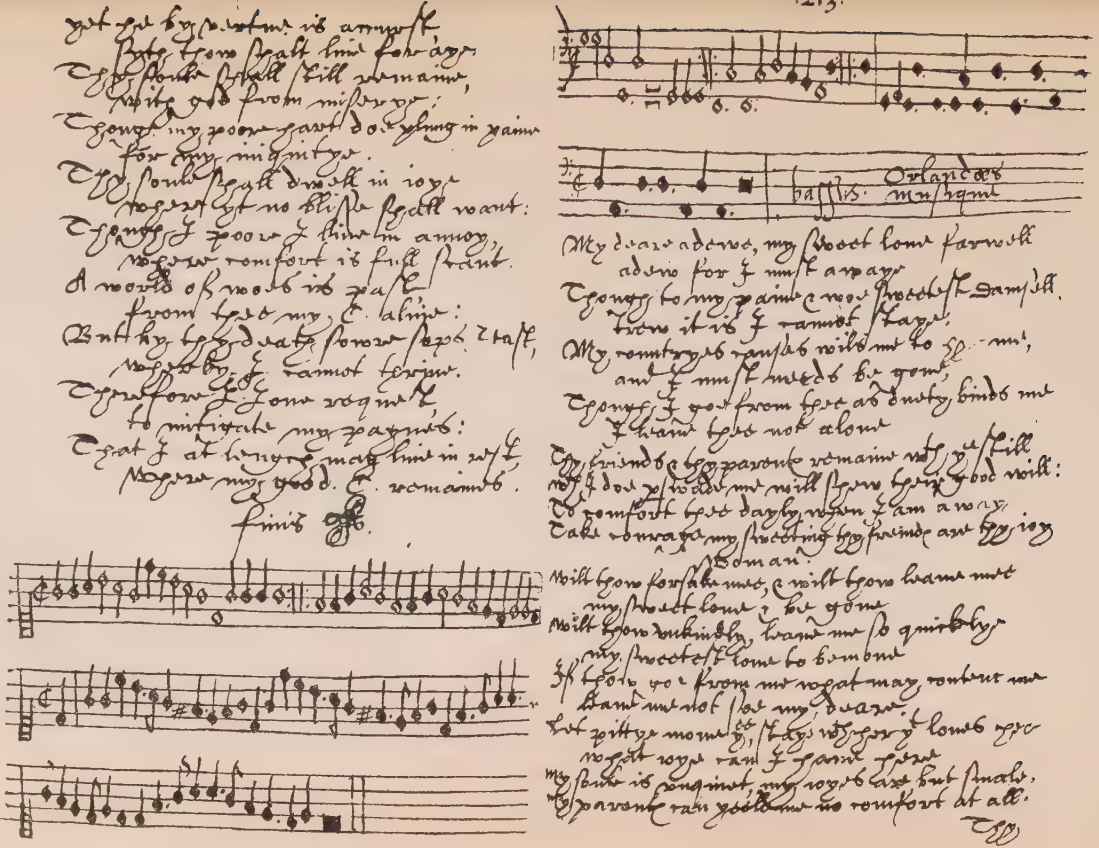
No. LVIII

My dear, adieu! my sweet love, farewell

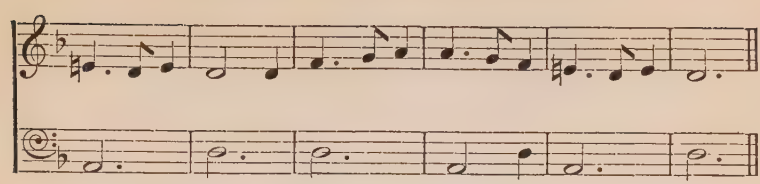
Fol. 213; has no title, and is incomplete, the next leaf after it having been cut out, prior to foliation. The music is noted in the MS. The soprano part is put first at foot of fol. 212^{v}. Then, at top of fol. 213, the 'bassus: Orlando'es musique', i. e. by Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625), organist of the Chapel Royal in 1604. This soldier's farewell to his dear belongs to one of the many over-sea enterprises of Elizabeth's reign, as e. g. 1597, when Maldon contributed 'towards the setting foorth of xv. souldiers vnto the shipps' for the futile Azores expedition, and also 'towards the setting forth of certeyne souldiers for her maiestie's service into Pycardie'.

ORLANDO (GIBBONS).





To face p. 236



[1] [Man.]

My deare, adewe! my sweet loue, farwell!
adew! for I must awaye.
Though to my paine and woe, sweetest Damsell!
trew it is, I cannot staye.
My countrye's causes wils me to hye me,
and I must needs be gone.
Though I goe from thee, as duety binds me,
I leaue thee not alone.
Thy friends, and thy parents, remaine with thee still,
which (I doe perswade me) will shew their good will
to comfort thee dayly when I am away.
Take courage, my sweeting; thy friends are thy ioy.

[2] Woman.

Wilt thow forsake mee? and wilt thow leaue mee,
my sweet loue, and be gone?
Wilt thow, vnkindly, leaue me so quicklye
my sweetest loue to bemone?
If thow goe from me, what may content me?
leaue me not soe, my deare!
Let pittye moue thee; staye with her that loues thee:
what ioye can I haue here?
My soule is vnquiet; my ioyes are but smale;
my parents can yeeld me no comfort at all,
thy selfe being absent which should be my ioy.
Then let my intreaty procure thee to stay.

[3] Man.

Sweet loue, content thee; leave to perswade me:
I shall come home to thee againe.
My Soueraigne's seruice may not be hindred.
Sweet loue, plead not in vaine.
What gould could cause me thus to go from thee,
but my sweet prince's cause?
Her graces binds me, with loyall duety,
to fight for her christian lawes.

[3] 6 prince's] i.e. Elizabeth's.

In these her proceedings yf I should be slacke,
the lord would through vengance and wrath on my back.
Her foes, most iniuriously, grudg at her grace;
come hell, and consume me, yf I turne my face.

[4] Woman.

My loue's delight, yf thow wilt goe wander
from her that loues thee soe well,
My hart shall mount her, on her loue's wings,
and ioyntly with thee shall dwell
On raging billowes, mounts, plaines, and medowes,
in sorrow and and annoye.
Packe hence, my pleasure; my soule's treasure,
yeeld me my former ioy.
Meane-while will I peirce the bright heavens with my prayer
that god will permit, in short time, thy repayre.
Sweet freind, in thine absence, wright home to me still,
and weare this my favour, in pledg of good will.

[5] Man.

My sou[l]diers call me, and I must leaue thee;
once more, my sweet loue, adewe!
Great charg was gyven me that I should hye mee;
I know not what maye ensewe.

No. LIX

What if a day, or a month, or a year

Fol. 214. The MS. copy begins with the second stanza, the first stanza and title having been on the leaf that was cut out at this point previous to foliation. Full text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 348, from Black-letter copies. From the Black-letter copy in 4to Rawl. 566, fol. 199 (*olim* 309), I have added the title and the missing first stanza. I have not added 'The second Part [in five stanzas]: to the same tune', because the blank space at foot of fol. 214^{v} shows that the copyist left it out. It is given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 351. The verses are found also in a Bodleian MS., MS. Rawlinson poet. 112, fol. 9, and are there attributed to 'E. of E.' ? Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex.

[3] 10 through] i. e. throw. [4] 6 and and] *read* and in. 11 wright] i. e. write. [5] 4 The piece is unfinished, a leaf being cut out.

[A Friend's advice, in an excellent Ditty, concerning the variable Changes in this life.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.]

[1]

[WHAT if a day, or a moneth, or a year,
crown thy delights, with a thousand wisht contentings?
Cannot the chance of a night, or an hour,
cross thy delights, with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, in her fairest birth,
are but blossoms dying.
Wanton pleasures, doting mirth,
are but shadows flying.
All our ioyes are but toys,
idle thoughts deceiving.
None hath power of an hour,
in our lives bereaving.]

[2]

What yf a smile, or a becke, or a looke,
feede thy fond thoughts with many a sweet contentinge?
May not that smile, or that becke, or that looke,
tell thee as well they are but vaine deceauinge?
Why should beauty be so proude,
in things of no surmountinge?
All her wealth is but a shrowd
of a rich accounting.
The[n] in this repose no blisse,
which is vaine and idle.
Beautye's flowres have their howres;
time doth hould the bridle.

[3]

What yf the world, with allures of his wealth,
raise thy degree to a place of high aduancing?
May not the world, by the checke of this wealth,
put the againe as lowe despisèd chancinge?
While the Son of wealth doth shine,
thow shalt have friends plentye;
But come want, then they repine;
not one abides of twentye.
Wealth and friends houlds and ends,
as your fortunes rise and fall;
Vp and downe rise and frowne—
certaine is no stay at all.

[1] 5 Fortune, in her] *read* Fortunes, in their. conceiving. 10 is vaine] *read* is so vaine. againe as] *read* againe to as. 5 Son] i. e. sun.

[2] 2 contentinge] *read* [3] 4 the] i. e. thee. 11 rise] *read* smile.

[4]

What yf a gripe, or a straine, or a fitt,
pinch the with paine, or the feeling pangs of sicknesse?
Doth not that gripe, or that straine, or that fitt,
shew thee the forme of thine owne perfect likenesse?
Health is but a glimse of ioy,
subiect to all changes;
Mirth is but a sillye toy,
which mishape estranges.
Tell me then, syllye man,
why art thow soe weake of wit
As to be in ieopardye,
when thow maist in quiet sit?

[5]

Then all this haue declard thine amisse
take it from me as a gentle friendly warninge.
If thow refuse, and good counsell abuse,
thow maist hereafter dearly buy thy learninge.
All is hazard that we have;
there is nothinge bidinge.
Dayes of pleasure are like streames
through the meddowes glidinge.
Weale or woe, time doth goe;
there is no returninge.
Secret fates guide our states,
both in mirth and morninge.

LX

If ever woeful tale moved man to pity

Fol. 215. Calais was taken by the Spaniards, 7 April, 1596. The capture was effected while Elizabeth was engaged in tedious and discreditable haggling for its delivery to England by Henri IV, who consoled himself for the mishap by the epigram that it was better to be beaten out of the town by his enemy than to be cheated out of it by his ally. The news that a port so favourable for a descent on England had become the possession of Spain produced consternation at Elizabeth's council board. The ballad seems written, under suggestions from Court, to enflame the national courage at this crisis by old animosity against, and ever present fear of, Spain. The stanzas are not presented in the form they have in the MS., but in a form in which the structure of the stanza is better seen, as in No. XLVI.

[4] 2 the] i. e. thee. [5] 1 Then all] *read* Then if all. 12 morninge] i. e. mourning.

Callis, his wofull Lamentation for her haplesse spoyle.

To [THE TUNE OF] *Crimson veluet.*

[1]

If ever wofull tale
movèd man to pittye,
or oppressèd greefe
vrgd a mornfull songe,
Then lett those lament
which doe heare this dittye,
made in mornefull plaintes
and distressèd wronge.
Callis doth complaine,
made a slaue to *Spaine*:
all her streets with bloud doth runne.
Her babs heer murthered lye;
in vaine her virgins crye,
helpleslye they are vndone.

Title: his] *read* her.

Death and horror fearefull,
cryes and clamors dolefull,
doe in everye corner sounde.
Buildinge[s] downe are fallinge;
mangled men lye sprawlinge,
horses tread them on the grounde.

[2]

Fathers see their sonnes,
sonnes their mother[s] dyenge;
husbands to their wiues,
wiues to husbands call;
At dead nurses' teats
lyttle babes lye cryinge;
steeples kisse the earth,
strongest towres fall.
My walles are battered downe;
warre hath wonne my towne,
warre, that sheweth no remorce—
The warre of tyrants fell,
whose horror doth excell—
I meane, the bloudy *Spaniards*' force.
'Kill, kil, kill, and spare not!
'murther still and care not!'
thus the cruell *Spaniards* crye—
'Braine the feeble old man;
'slay the kneeling woman;
'all shall feel our crueltye.'

[3]

When the worthy pow-er
of the *English* nation
wonne my mayden walles,
and did enter me,
In my conquered streets
no such lamentation;
no such fearefull sights
did my people see.
They, like gentle fowes,
pittyeng our woes,
did our heavy harts relieue.
When we did faint for breade
they our hungers fed,
suffering none our harts to greeue.

[2] 8 towres] i. e. tow-ers. [3] 1 Edward III took Calais 29 August, 1347. The writer is discreetly silent as to Eustace de St.-Pierre and the deputies of the town, with bare heads, and ropes in their hands for their own hanging. 6 no] *read* was no. 9 fowes] i. e. foes.

Our lyttle babes they nurrisht;
our beauteous virgins cherisht;
mercy did fayre *England* vse.
They comforted our ould men;
they spared our feeble women;
noe state they did abuse.

[4]

But the cruell foe,
never traind to pyttye,
lyke a Tyger fell,
spoyld his conquered praye.
It helpt not to be fayre,
to be wise or wittye;
beautye stainde with bloude,
learning murthered, laye.
The face that late was fayre,
deckt with golden heare,
nowe looke bloudlesse, pale, and wan.
The bodyes, whyt as milke,
clad in gould and sylke,
nowe hath nothing to put on.
Naked they deflower them;
death doth then devoure them,
when the *Spaniards'* lust is serude.
In the streets they trayle them;
then to death they hale them,
or to further vse reserude.

[5]

Lyke these wretched men,
in the *Indyes* conquered,
dogd ech daye to death,
and with dogs devourd,
So is *Callis* nowe,
and her people, hamperde.
God his heavye plague
doth vpon vs power.
If faythlesse *Turkes* had wonne
what prowd *Spaine* hath done
mercye more they would extende.
The *Lowe Countryes* long
haue indurde their wronge;
Spayne's oppression hath no end.
Where the *Spaniarde* winneth,
theire all griefe begynneth—
God confound his haughtye pryd!

[4] 1 the] *read* this. 10 heare] i. e. hair. 11 looke] *read* looks. 12 bodyes] *read* body. [5] 8 power] i. e. pour. 12 long] *read* for long. 16 theire] i. e. there.

Late I did not minde it;
now too soone I finde it:
never greater woe was tri'de.

[6]

England, kinde and fayre,
God preserue and blesse thee!
For thy royall Queene,
Lorde prolonge her dayes!
Flanders she hath holpe,
and poore *France* distressèd,
to her endlesse fame
and eternall prayse.
She stands, like *Sion's* hill,
vnremo[v]èd still,
in despite of *pope* and *Spaine*.
Their most accursèd hate
styrreth not her state,
for the Lord doth hir maintaine.
Happye be shee ever;
ende hir glories never:—
wofull *Callis* humblye prayes—
Jesu styll defende her,
and in *Englande* sende her
manye yeeres and happye dayes.

Finis.

No. LXI

As I went to Walsingham

Fol. 216v. This singular dramatic sketch consists of four acts, each with its own tune, and its own distinctive stanza. The last three acts have also initial stage-directions. In all four acts the stanzas are oddly broken up by distribution between the four *dramatis personae*. The personal substitution, on which the plot turns, may be compared with that in *Measure for Measure* (1604). The text seems defective, calling for frequent insertion of syllables to fill up the metre, and of interlocutors to carry on the dialogue. The latter insertions I have ventured on, in square brackets: the former I have relegated to the footnotes. As regards the title, a 'jig', it may be noted that in the Roxburghe Collection there are several Black-letter ballads, which are called by this name, and are carried on by dialogue between two speakers:—e.g. 'Clod's Carroll, a proper new jigg to be sung dialogue-wise between a man and a woman that would needs be married' (*Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 201); and 'a mery new Jigge', between a man and a maid (*Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 101). A 'jig', therefore, must be, specifically, a dramatic ballad, or ballad-drama, written to dance-music, and capable of presentment by dance-action on the stage. The title applies

[5] 19 soone] *perhaps* sore.

to the whole piece. But the tune, which precedes the title, and is at foot of fol. 216^{v}, belongs only to Act I.

'Mr. Attowel,' who is named as author (or at least actor) of the piece, is in all probability Hugh Atwell (Attawell, or Attewell), who died in 1621. He had been one of the 'children of her Majesty's revels', and in Elizabeth's reign a member of Edward Alleyn's Company of actors. He acted in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene* in 1609. It is singular that a piece by him, after being buried for three centuries, should now come to light.

At Little (or New) Walsingham, Norfolk, in the priory of Black or Austin Canons, was a chapel of the Annunciation with an image of Our Lady which, from Henry III to Henry VIII, was as noted a shrine for East Anglian pilgrimage, as was Loretto for Italian; see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pp. 122–3; Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, ix. 274–82. The music of the tune *Walsingham* is, of course, connected with the pilgrimage days, and is far older than the present piece.

No stage directions for the first act are given in the MS. I take the first four lines to be by way of prologue, and to belong to the old copy of words which went with the tune. The action begins, between the fourth and fifth lines, by Master Francis entering Richard's house, and finding Bess alone. The fifth line, apparently spoken by Bess, is not in character, but carries on the prologue into the piece: so also the sixth line, spoken by Francis. At the seventh line the actual drama is begun.

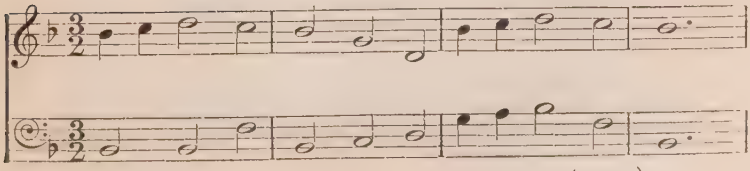
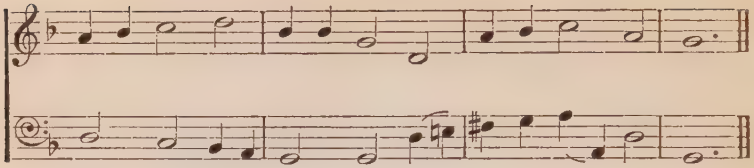
In stanzas 1 to 4, attend to the archaic use of the 2nd personal pronouns, as in modern French and German. The gentleman, speaking to a person of inferior social position, uses *thou, thee, thy*; the farmer's wife, addressing a superior, employs *you, your*. In stanza 5, line 7, on the establishment of intimate relations, Bess slips into the familiar 'thee'. Similarly, in stanza 7, the wife uses *you*; husband, as head of the house, uses *thee*.

The tune *Go from my windo, go*, to which Act IV is set, was familiar in Scotland early in Elizabeth's reign. In *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, printed in 1567, there is a pious effusion sung to this tune and with this burden, supplying an exact parallel to No. XVIII: see A. F. Mitchell's edition for the Scottish Text Society, 1897, p. 133.

Mr. *Attowel's* Jigge:
betweene
Francis, a Gentleman;
Richard, a farmer;
and their wives.

[ACT I]

To the tune of *Walsingham.*



[1]

As I went to *Walsingham*,
to the shrine, with speede,
Mett I with a Jollye palmer,
in a pilgrim's weede.

[Enter *Francis*]

[*Besse*, *Richard's* wife]
Nowe, God saue yow, iolly Palmer!
Fran[*cis*]
Welcome, Ladye gaye!
Oft haue I su'de to thee for love.
Besse
Oft haue I sayd yow naye.

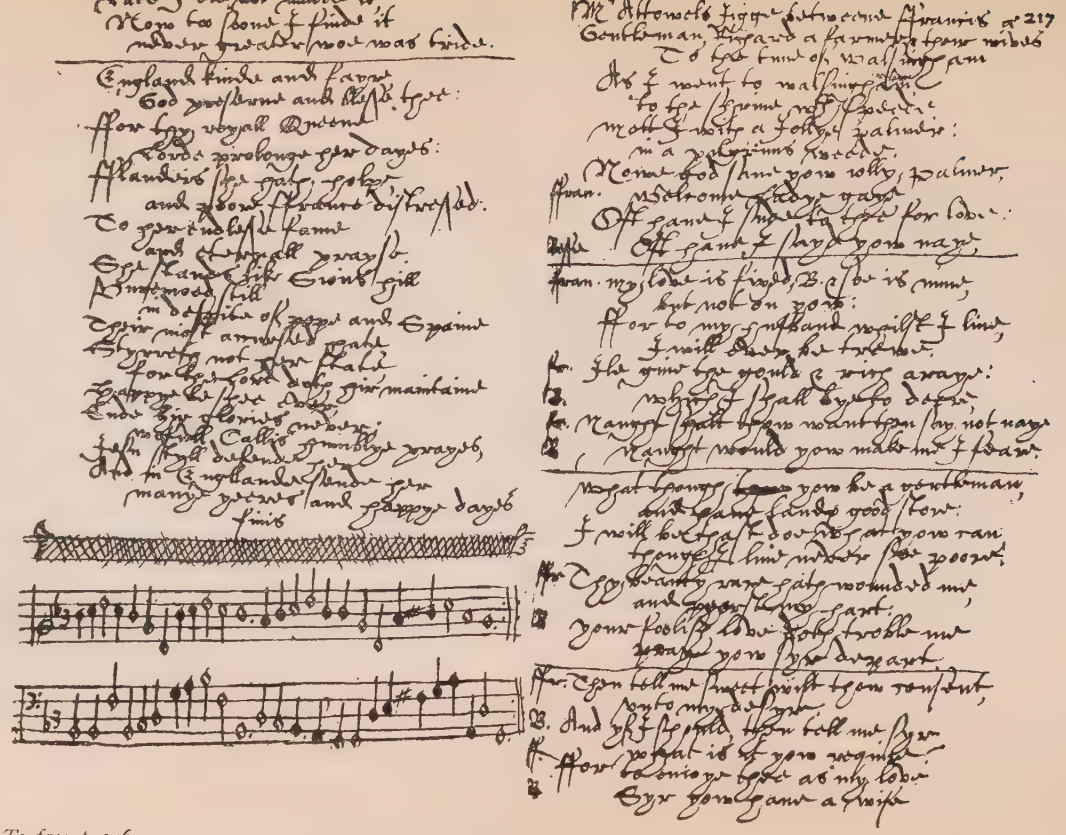
[2]

Fran[*cis*]
My love is fixed.
B[*ess*]
And soe is mine;
but not on yow.
For, to my husband, whilst I liue,
I will ever be trewe.
Fr[*ancis*]
I'le giue the gould, and rich araye—
B[*ess*]
which I shall bye to deere.
Fr[*ancis*]
Naught shalt thow want; then say not naye.
B[*ess*]
Naught would you make me, I feare.

[3]

What though yow be a gentleman,
and haue land and good store:
I will be chast, doe what yow can,
though I liue never soe poore.

[2] 2 not on] *read* not, be sure, on. 4 will ever] *read* ever will. 5 the] i. e. thee. 6 to] i. e. too. 8 Naught] Note the characteristic Elizabethan repartee, by means of a play on a word. [3] 4 never] i. e. ne'er.



To face p. 246

Fr[ancis]
Thy beauty rare hath wounded me,
and pyerst my hart.
B[ess]
Your foolish love doth troble me;
pray yow, syr, depart.

[4]

Fr[ancis]
Then tell me, sweet! wilt thou consent
vnto my desyre?
B[ess]
And yf I should; then tell me, syr!
what is it yow require?
F[rancis]
For to enioye thee as my love.
B[ess]
Syr! yow haue a wife.
Therefore, let your sute haue an end.
Fr[ancis]
First will I lose my lyfe.

[5]

All that I haue thow shalt commaund.
B[ess]
Then my love yow haue.
Fr[ancis]
Your meaninge well I vnderstand.
B[ess]
I yeeld to what yow craue.
Fr[ancis]
But tell me, sweet! when shall I enioye
my hart's delight.
B[ess]
I praye the, sweet-hart, be not coy,
even soone at night.

[6]

My husband is rid ten miles from home,
money to receiue.
In the eveninge see yow come.
Fr[ancis]
Tyll then I take my leaue.

[*Exit*

[3] 6 pyerst] i. e. pi-ercèd. 8 pray] *read* I pray. [4] 2 my desyre] *read* my fond desyre. 6 Syr!] *read* Fye syr! [5] 2 yow haue] *read* yow shall haue. 6 hart's delight] *read* hart's so wish't delight. 7 the] i. e. thee. 8 even soone at] *read* even this very. [6] 1 husband is] i. e. husband's. 2 money] *read* some money. 3 In the] *read* At.

B[*ess* soliloquizeth]
Thus haue I rid my husband full well
of my amorous love;
And my sweet husband will I tell
how he doth me moue.

[ACT II]

Enter *Richard, Bess'es* **husband.**

TO THE TUNE OF *The Jewishe dance.*

[7]

Ri[*chard*]
Hey downe, a downe!
Hey downe, a downe, a downe!
There is never a lustye farmer,
in all our towne,
That hath more cause
to lead a merye lyfe,
Than I, that am maryed
to an honest wife.

B[*ess*]
I thanke yow, gentle husband!
yow prayse me to my face.

R[*ichard*]
I crye thee mercy, Besse!
I knewe the not in place.

[8]

B[*ess*]
Beleeue me, gentle husband!
yf yow knew as much as I,
The words that yow have spoken
yow quicklye would denye:
For, since yow went from home,
a suter I haue had,
Who is soe farre in love with me
that he is almost madde.
He'le give me gould and Jewels store,
and money for to spend;
And I haue promist him therefore,
to be his lovinge friend.

[9]

R[*ichard*]
Beleeue me, gentle wife!
but this makes me to frowne.
There is no gentleman or knight,
nor Lord of high renowne,

[6] 5 my husband] *read* my self. 8 how he] *read* how ill he. [7] 1 *perhaps* Hey downe, a downe, a downe, downe! 3 There is] i. e. There's 12 the] i. e. thee.

That shall enioye thy loue, girle,
though he were ne'ere so good.
Before he wrong my Besse so,
I'le spend on him my bloud.
And therefore, tell me who it is
that doth desire thy loue?

B[*ess*]

Our neighbour, maister *Francis*, 'tis,
that often did me moue;

[10]

To whom I gaue consent,
his mind for to fullfill;
And promist him, this night
that he should haue his will.
Nay, do not frowne, good *Dickye*!
but heare me speake my minde;
And thow shalt see, i'le warrant thee,
i'le use him in his kinde.
For vnto thee I will be trewe,
so long as I doe liue:
I'le never change thee for a new,
nor once my minde soe giue.

[11]

Goe yow to mistris *Francis*,
and this to her declare;
And will her, with all speed,
to my howse to repayre:
Where shee and I'le devise
some prettye knauish wile,
For I haue layd the plot
her husband to beguile.
Make hast, I pray yow! tarry not:
for long he will not staye.

R[*ichard*]

Feare not! i'le tell her such a tale
shall make her come awaye.

[*Exit*]

[12]

[*Bess*]

Make hast sweet *Francis*,
what thow hast to doe.
Thy lover will come presentlye;
and hardlye will he wooe.

[11] 12 awaye] *read* straightway. [12] 1 *read* Make haste, then, my sweet *Richard*. 2 what] *read* in what. 3 Thy] *read* My.

I will teach my gentleman
a tricke, that he may know
I am to craftye and to wise,
to be ore-reachèd soe.
But here he comes! now, not a word:
but fall to worke againe.
[*She sowes*

Fr[*ancis*]
How now, sweet hart? at work so hard?
B[*ess*]
I sir! I must take paine.

[13]

Fr[*ancis*]
But say, my louely sweetinge,
thy promise wilt thow keepe?
Shall I enioye thy love,
this night with me to sleepe?
B[*ess*]
My husband is rid from home:
here safely yow may staye.
Fr[*ancis*]
And I haue made my wife beleeue
I rid a-nother waye.
B[*ess*]
Goe in, good syr! What-ere betide,
this night, and lodge with me.
Fr[*ancis*]
The happyest night that ever I had!
thy freind styll will I be.

[ACT III]

Enter M[ist]ris *Francis* **with** *Richard.*

TO THE TUNE OF *Buggle-boe.*

[14]

W[*ife*]
I thanke yow, neighbour *Richard*,
for bringing me this newes.
R[*ichard*]
Nay, thanke my wife that loues me,
and will not me abuse.

[12] 5 I will] *read* But I will. 7 to] i. e. too. 10 *sowes.* i. e. sews. 12 I sir!] i. e. Aye, sir! [13] 5 husband is] *read* husband, he is.

[15]

W[ife]
But see whereas she stands
and wayteth our returne.
R[ichard]
Yow must goe cole your husband's heat,
that soe in love doth burne.

[16]

B[ess]
Now, *Dickye*, welcome home;
and, mistris, welcome hither.
Greeue not, although yow find
your husband and I together.

[17]

For yow shall haue your right,
nor will I wronge yow soe.
Then chang apparrell with me,
and vnto him doe goe.

[18]

R[ichard]
No fayth, my louelye Bessee!
first I will lose my lyfe
Before I breake my wedlocke bonds
to seeke to wrong my wife.

[19]

Now thinks good master *Francis*
he hath thee in his bed:
And makes account he is grafting
of hornes vpon my head.

[20]

But, softlye! stand asyde.
Now shalt we know his minde;
And how he would haue used thee,
yf thow hadst beene so kinde.

[15] 1 stands] *read* stands alone. 3 cole] i. e. cool.

[ACT IV]

Enter Master *Francis*, with his owne wife (having a maske before her face) supposing her to be *Bessee*.

TO THE TUNE OF *Goe from my windo.*

[21]

Fr[*ancis*]
Farwell, my ioy and hart's delight,
tyll next we meete againe.
Thy kindnesse to requite
for lodging me all night,
here's ten pound for thy payne.
And, more to shew my loue to thee,
weare this ringe for my sake.
W[*ife*]
Without your gould or fee,
yow shall haue more of me,
Fr[*ancis*]
No doubt of that I make.

[22]

W[*ife*]
Then let your loue continue still.
Fr[*ancis*]
It shall be till lyfe doth ende.
W[*ife*]
Your wife I greatlye feare.
Fr[*ancis*]
for her thow needst not care,
. . . . .
W[*ife*]
But you'le suspect me, without cause,
that I am false to yow;
And then you'l cast me of
and make me but a scoffe,
since that I prove vntrue.

[23]

F[*rancis*]
Then never trust man, for my sake,
if I prove soe vnkinde.
W[*ife*]
So, often, haue yow sworne, syr!
since that thow were borne,
and haue soone changd your minde

[22] 5 A line is missing. 8 of] i. e. off. [23] 3 *omit* syr! 4 thow] *read* yow.

F[*rancis*]
Nor wife, nor lyfe, nor goods, nor lands,
shall make me leaue my loue.
Nor any worldlye treasure
make me forget my pleasure,
nor once my mind remoove.

[24]

W[*ife*]
But soft a while! who is yonder? do yow see?
my husband! out, alas!
F[*rancis*]
And yonder is my wife!
now shall we haue a lyfe!
how commeth this to passe?
R[*ichard*]
Come hether, gentle *Besse*! I charge thee, do confesse
what maks maister *Francis* heere?
B[*ess*]
Good husband, pardon me;
i'le tell the troth to thee.
R[*ichard*]
Then speake, and doe not feare.

[25]

[*Francis*]
Nay, neighbour *Richard*, harke to me:
i'le tell the troth to yow.
[*Richard*]
Nay, tell yt vnto me,
that I may quickly see
what yow haue here to doe.
B[*ess*]
But yow can make no scuse, to colour this abuse:
this wrong is too too great.
R[*ichard*]
Good syr! I take great scorne,
you should proferre me thee horne.
W[*ife*]
Nowe must I coule his heate!

[24] 1 *possibly* who's yonder? see! Cf. stanza 25. 6 *possibly* Come hether, Besse, and do confesse. Cf. stanza 25. [25] 5 Francis must here be supposed to whisper his confession to Richard; and is overheard by Bess, still disguised as Mrs. Francis and speaking her sentiments. 6 The line is too long, being modelled as if it came as third and fourth lines: cf. stanza 24. 9 thee] i. e. the. 10 Wife is disguised still as Bess: this line is *aside*.

[26]

Nay, neighbour *Richard*, be content!
thow hast no wrong at all.
Thy wife hath done the right,
and pleasurd me this night.
[*Francis*]
This frets me to the gall.
Good wife, forgive me this offence;
I doe repent my ill.
I thanke yow, with my hart,
for playinge this kynd part
though sore against my will.

[27]

[*Wife*]
Nay, gentle husband, frowne not so,
for yow haue made amends.
I thinke it is good gayne
to haue ten pound for my paynes;
then let vs both be freindes.
[*Francis*]
Ashamed I am, and know not what to say.
Good wife, forgiue me, this tyme.
Alas: I doe repent.
W[*ife*]
Tut! I could be content
to be served so many a tyme.

[28]

[*Francis*]
Good neighbour *Richard*, be content!
i'le woe thy wife no more.
I haue enough of this.
W[*ife*]
Then all forgiuen is:
I thank thee, *Dicke*, therefore.
And to thy wife i'le giue this gould,
I hope you'le not saye no.
Since I have had the pleasure,
let her enioye the treasure.
[*Francis*]
Good wise, let yt be soe.

Finis.

[26] 1 Wife unmasks. 3 the] i. e. thee. 5 Spoken aside. 6 Addressing his wife. 8 MS. begins Wife's reply here; no doubt wrongly. These three lines come better, as spoken by Francis to his wife. [27] 4 to haue] i. e. t'haue. paynes] i. e. payne. 7 forgiue me] *omit* me. [28] 10 wise] *read* wife.

No. LXII

We go to brave buildings of fair brick and stone

Fol. 221. Francis Russell was born 1527; succeeded as 2nd earl of Bedford, 14 March, 1554–5; was placed on the Privy Council by Elizabeth on her accession, and much trusted by her. He died at Bedford House in the Strand, 28 July, 1585. Arthur Collins, *Peerage*, i. 251, describes him as 'a person of such great hospitality that Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of him that *he made all the beggars*'.

The opening lines of the ballad had, for contemporaries, an intensity of meaning which is lost for us moderns. Remembrance was still fresh of the monasteries, in which the abbot (or prior) lived with his monks in a community, and the almoner gave bread to poor pilgrims. In the place of such a community was now found a courtier living 'lordly alone', either (as Sir Thomas Audley's heir, at Walden abbey[1]) in the transformed monastery itself, or (as Lord Rich, at Leez Priory) in a new mansion[2] erected on its site and partly out of its materials; and in place of the almoner, the 'proud porter' was ready (No. XXXVI, stanza 17) to 'hunte poore Lazare' from the door.

The loss of common by poor people, several times mentioned in these ballads, here receives great prominence. It was an incidental result of the confiscation of monastic estates. In the old land-system, each arable acre, or group of acres, had attached to it proportionate grazing rights over the unenclosed lands and the fallow, and often over the woodland and the meadow and pasture, of the manor. In Northamptonshire, e.g., Yardley Hastings manor (1348) had 400 acres arable, one third of which yearly lay fallow and was common of pasture; Wakerley manor (1347), had 10 acres pasture, common from 1 August to 3 May; Gretton manor (1347), 40 acres meadow, common for pasture from hay-lifting till 25 March; Weekley manor (1345), a wood of 20 acres, common for pasture; Fotheringay manor (1340), 90 acres of rough pasture, common in every third year. It was a vexatious and wasteful system, and austere lords must often have grudged such privileges to their poor copyholders. In monastic times these were protected by the fact that there was hardly a manor in the country in which some religious house did not hold land and rights of common. The lord of the manor, who then wished to take away common, was confronted by the formidable power of the church. After the dissolution, there was no such curb on the covetousness of the great landowners, and rights of common were everywhere taken away, without compensation; hence the bitter cry of the dispossessed in this and other ballads.

[1] Audley End, the great mansion which replaced the abbey, was not begun till 1603.

[2] Of brick; now partly in ruins, partly still occupied.

The poore people's complaynt: Bewayling the death of their famous benefactor, the worthy Earle of *Bedford.*

To the tune of *Light a Love.*

[1]

We goe to braue buildings of fayre bricke and stone,
Where men of great calling liue Lordly alone.
We aske yt for God's sake, but non will come neare vs.
We crave yt for Christ's sake, yet no man will heare vs.
Lord helpe vs, Lord helpe vs, Lord helpe vs with speede.
Come now, lord, and helpe thy poore people that neede.

[2]

For good hospitalitye was kilde longe agoe;
And our good howse-keepers haue felt the like woe.
For vsurye hath gnawed, and eaten them, as rust;
And never would leave them, till leaue them he must.

[3]

Now charity is choaked with picking bare bones;
And povertye compelled to lye on could stones;
And good men that give are soone dead and rotten;
But god, that doth giue all, is soonest forgotten.

[4]

Thow gau'st vs a helper, while here he did liue,
Whose hands was not empty his almes for to giue;
But now, lord, we lacke him; he is clothed in clay;
And woe be to the, death, that tooke him awaye.

[5]

Our good Earle of *Bedford*—that man it is he,
Which causèd this weeping and wayling to be.
And blame vs not, brethren, we beare him in mynd:
Such good men as he was, fewe we can find.

[6]

He was no such Courtier, all dayes of his lyfe,
That ever begd living from poore man or wife:
Though some would haue done yt, and sought for to get them,
Yet no man soe ready as he was to let them.

[1] 5 Refrain to be sung at end of each stanza. [2] 1 hospitalitye] i. e. hospital'ty. [4] 4 the] i. e. thee. [5] 4 fewe we] *read* few, few, we. [6] 2 from] i. e. to deprive them of it.

[7]

Methinks yet he lyveth, and standeth in place,
Preferring the poore man to come to her Grace,
To talke and to tell her, she may vnderstand
Some Courtyer hath beggèd his howse and his land.

[8]

Then coms the poore widdow, and she wrings her hands:—
'My good Lord of *Bedford*, now thus our case stands:
'Our commons are caught vp, where we fed our beasts.
'Lord *Bedford*, now helpe vs the same to release.'

[9]

Then, like a kind father, 'Good people,' sayth he,
'I am very willing youre helper to be.
'Our Queene is so gracious and loving in deed,
'That what I aske for yow, I know I shall speed.'

[10]

Her Highnesse then hearing his honour was there,
Sayth to him, 'My Lord, I pray yow come neere.
'What writing haue yow there? may I understand?'
He kisses it most humly, and giues it in her hand.

[11]

Her maiestye reads it, and sayth 'Who doth owe it?'
He tels her; she thanks him that would let her know yt.
Then sayth she 'My good Lord, I pray yow proceed;
'For herein your honour shall doe a good deed.

[12]

'My Lord, now I thank yow: what will yow haue more?
'Yet, good my Lord, spare non that hurteth the poore.'
'I thank your grace,' sayth he, 'both now and alwayes;
'And god of his goodnesse long lengthen your dayes.'

[13]

What man is he lyving, that now this songe heares
And hath his eyes open, can keepe them from teares
To think how few good men there dwels on this land,
And how soone they happen to come to deathe's hand?

[14]

Yet let vs not marvaile yf death will not staye:
For when the Lord sendeth, then lyfe must away;
And lyfe is vncertaine in this world to men,
But death is most certaine—What shall I say then?

[10] 4 humly] i.e. humbly. [13] 4 The earl died aet. 58.

[15]

But now who is ready to ride for the poore?
Nay, who is not ready to shut vp his doore,
And gleane from him, cunningly, his howse and his land?
But non of god's chosen takes such things in hand.

[16]

But time overtakes me; and I cannot show
So much as I would, nor halfe that I knowe.
For many men wealthy do giue vp howse-keeping;
And many poore widdows sit wayling and weeping;

[17]

And many that misse him do earnestlye pray
That god of his goodnesse would fetch them away;
And many poore children cryes out they haue wrong;
And many poore ploughmen sits singing this song:—

[18]

'He is our provider of money and corne;
'He was the best man that ever was borne.'
For sicke and sore folke, for halt and for lame,
His purse was a plaster, or salue, for the same.

[19]

For who hath not seene in everye streete
What flocks of poore people his honour should meete?
He, mindful of mercy, then wayling their griefe,
With hands of compassion, did giue them releife,

[20]

And bad them returne, and give god the prayse.
This good Earle of *Bedford* thus ended his dayes:
The earth was now ready to yeeld him a grave;
The heavens were as ready his soule to receiue.

[21]

Now let our rich stewards take heed how they liue:
For, though not in this world, account they must giue.
When god hath in iustice their conscienc appealing,
Their iudgement is '*Sathan*, take them for their dealing.'

[22]

And then this good steward the Lord calleth neare,
And sayth 'Thow art blessèd; thy conscience is cleere;
'For thow has[t] had alwayes a care and regard,
'And now thow art come to receiue thy reward.

[15] 1 to ride] i. e. to Court, to present a petition. [18] 1 is] *read* was. [19] 3 wayling] *perhaps* waying, i. e. weighing.

[23]

'The crowne of all glory I giue vnto thee,
'With lyfe everlasting; receiue them of mee.'
A blessed receiuing, good people, is this;
And thus the Lord dealeth with all that be his.

[24]

As for our rich worldlings that liue without shame,
There is a place also preparèd for them.
No heaven, but hell; no friendship, but fire;
No mercye, but iustice, their deeds do require.

[25]

Their gould, and their goods they so greedely got,
They leaue here behind them to rust and to rot.
They take nothing with them—and that they know well—
But onely their Conscience, to heaven or [to] hell.

[26]

Now god, of his goodnesse, giue vs of his grace
That, whiles we liue here, we may run the same race
Our good Earle of *Bedford* hath done heretofore,
To liue with CHRIST JESUS in heaven evermore.

[27]

And, Lord, with thy mercy hould vp with thy hand
Thy faythfull handmayd, the Queene of *England*.
Lord blesse her, Lord keepe her, Lord lengthen her dayes.
And, Lord, vnto thee be all honour and prayse.

Finis.

No. LXIII

As I walked forth in a morning tide

Fol. 222ᵛ. The ballad is prior to the Authorized Version of 1611, the quotations from *The Wisdom of Solomon* being taken from one of the numerous issues of either the *Geneva* or the *Bishops'* Bible, the text of these two being identical in the passages here cited.

The only remarkable point in this exceptionally dull effusion is the recognition (stanza 10) of the vileness of much contemporary verse.

The pittifull lamentation of a damned soule.

Inquisition shalbe made for the thoughts of the Vngodly; and the sound of his words shall come vnto god for the correction of his iniquityes. Sap[ientia] 1, vers[us] 9.

But the soules of the righteous are in the hands of god, and no torment shall touch them. In the sight of the vnwise they appeared to dye; and their end was thought greeuous, and their departing from vs destruction; but they are in peace. Sap[ientia] 3, vers[us] 1 [-3].

[1]

As I walked forth in a morninge tyde
I hard a voyce which bad me abyde,
And ever (me thought) to me it cryde—
Alas for woe that I did not repent!
for I am dampnèd by *god's iust iudgment.*

[2]

I was afrayd such wofull words to heare—
They sounded so greuouslye in mine eare:
Yet I tooke bouldnesse, and drew neare.
I demaunded what he was that did so lament,
and that was dampnèd by *god's iust iudgement.*

[3]

I am (quoth he) a soule in great paine,
That, before, in great pleasure did here remaine.
I sought for nothing but for fylthy gaine.
My tyme I past in synne, and did not repent;
but now I am dampnèd by *god's iust iudgement.*

[4]

I tooke whoredome for pastime and pleasure;
To robbe other men, I did styll procure,
In theft and couetousnes, I did styll indure,
Till death, all sodenly, awaye me hent;
and now I am dampnèd by *god's iust iudgement.*

[2] 3 drew] *read* drew at last.

[5]

I thought blasphemye to be a good sport;
I hated them that to goodnesse would exhort;
And to wicked company I did evermore resort.
Alas for woe! how evill my tyme I haue spent;
for now I am dampnèd *by god's iust iudgement.*

[6]

Without all care (alas!), I did evermore liue;
I did disdaine to poor men ought to giue,
Letting all passe through a bottomlesse syve;
To all kind of wickednesse I was vtterlye bent:
therefore I am dampnèd by *god's iust iudgement.*

[7]

To poule the poore I never thought it synne;
To scrape by extortion I could never lin;
I was a gentleman of great birth and kyn.
To liue in worldly pleasure was all my intent:
but now I am damnèd by *god's iudgment.*

[8]

Take heed, ye lords and gentlemen all;
Take heed, ye Ladyes soe proper and small;
Take heed, ye rich men, or death do ye call;
For, yf ye be taken before ye repent,
yow shall be dampnèd by *god's iust iudgment.*

[9]

Ye filthy whoremongers, by me take heede;
Swarers and blasphemers, repent [you] with speed;
Murtherers and theeves, Gog's vengeance dread;
Whores, fylthes, and drunkards, your synnes lament;
els shall yow be dampnèd by *god's iust iudgment.*

[10]

Ye traytors and slaunderers, repent in tyme;
Ye muttering Papists, repent your crime;
Ye wanton writers, leaue your fylthy rime.
Ye carnall Gospellers, yf ye doe not repent,
ye shalbe dampnèd by *God's iust iudgment.*

[11]

I thought to haue mended in mine old age:
Therefore, in youth, with pleasure I did rage:
But sodenly I was taken amyd my voyage;
And thus, being vnreadye, away I was hent;
but now I am dampnèd by *God's iust iudgment.*

[7] 1 poule] i. e. pillage. 5 *god's*] read *god's iust.* [8] 3 or] i. e. before. [9] 3 Gog's] *read* God's.

[12]

Alas! what paynes I suffer in this place.
Alas! I am vtterly cast from God's grace.
Alas for woe! I shall never see his face,
But remaine here ever in extreame torment,
condemnèd to paynes by *God's iust iudgment.*

[13]

Fye on whoredome, couetousnes, and pride,
Fye on sloth, and lying, wherein I did abide;
Fye on gluttonye eke, at every tyme and tyde;
Fye on envye also, whereto I was sore bent.
Fye on myselfe, for *God's iust iudgement.*

[14]

Wo worth the tyme of my first creation.
Wo worth the tyme of my generation.
Wo worth my wickednesse and abhomination.
Wo worth my synnes which maks me shent:
Wo worth my selfe, for *God's iust iudgment.*

[15]

Why did not I avoyd my synfull infection?
Why did I not labour to come to perfection?
Why did I refuse my Parents' correction?
Why did I so wickedly to all synne consent?
Why did I not rather avoyd *God's iudgment?*

[16]

No man is able to expresse the paine
That, with the Divils in hell, I do sustaine.
Wo vnto him that there shall remaine!
Take heed, ye worldlings! in tyme repent,
least ye be dampnèd by *God's iust iudgment.*

[17]

With that, the voyce did vanishe awaye,
With an horrible crye that did me afray.
My heare stood vpright; I stood in a staye.
Oh pittyfull case, to heare him thus lament,
and to be dampnèd by *God's iust iudgment!*

[18]

All you that be here, I giue yow warning;
Be not slacke in your lyves amendinge,
For even hard at hand is the world's ending,
Wherby God gyveth vs this warning to repent,
who graunt vs mercy at the day of iudgment.

Finis

[15] 5 *God's*] read *God's iust.* [16] 2 with the] *omit* the.
[17] 3 heare] i. e. hair.

No. LXIV

All such as lead a jealous life

Fol. 224ᵛ. A realistic novel, powerfully depicting the madness of jealousy in its inception and progress, with an intensity anticipatory of Zola's *La Conquête de Plassans*.

The torment of a Jealious minde, expressed by the Tragicall and true historye of one commonlye called 'the Jealous man of *Marget*' in *Kent*.

To the tune of *Rogero*.

[1]

All such as lead a Jealous lyfe,
as bad as paines of hell,
Bend downe attentiue eares to this
which I shall brieflye tell;
And, thereby, learne to liue content,
in quiet peace and rest,
And harbor not suspicious thoughts
within a troubled brest.

[2]

Vnto all maried men I write,
the which doth lead their liues
With proper women, fayre and fine,
their loyall wedded wiues:
Beare not a bad conceite in them;
suspect not without cause;
And, through a furious jealosye,
breake not true lovers' lawes—

[3]

As this olde man of *Margat* did,
whose wife was yong and fayre,
And not soe fayre as vertuous found,
yet still opprest with care.
Abroad, god wot! she could not goe,
but he would watch her styll,
And follow her in everye place,
for feare she did some yll.

[2] 5 in them] *read* of them.

[4]

If any man cast eye on her,
the iealous foole would sware
That she made him, in shamefull sort,
a payre of hornes to weare.
And, by this meanes, the woman liu'd
in dayly woe and strife;
And, in the flowre of her youth,
waxt weary of her lyfe.

[5]

Thus, having long suspected her,
in torment did he dwell—
For why? the minds of iealous men
are lyke the paynes of hell.
At last, behould! what hap he had
to set his thought on fyre;
What smale occasion he did take
her downfall to conspire.

[6]

It was his chaunce, vpon a daye,
some of his poynts to spye
Set to a servaunt's hose of his,
which he markt presently.
And, knowing them to be his owne,
he chargd his wife full ill
That she had gyven them to his man,
in token of good will.

[7]

'Thow falce and wicked wretch,' quoth he,
'that beares so smoth a face;
'Now is thy lewdnesse brough[t] to light,
'vnto thy fowle disgrace.
'Durst any servaunt in my howse
'be halfe soe bould with me,
'As, for their lyves, to take one poynt,
'but that 'twas gyven by thee?

[8]

'No! No! 'twas thow, decembling Drab,
'by lust most lewdlye led,
'That makes no conscience for to creepe
'to every rascal's bed.
'My aged yeares fyts not thy youth—
'so every *Jacke* can saye—
'And therefore yow must range abroad
'to find more pleasant play.'

[4] 7 flowre] i. e. flow-er.

[9]

'O husband, what meane yow?' quoth she,
'thus to accuse me heere.
'God knowes that I haue evermore
'esteemd my credit deere.
'Because your man hath got your poynts,
'yow iudge that I am naught,
'And that I wronge yow wickedlye—
'which thing I never thought.'

[10]

With that, her husband star'de on her,
with eyes as red as fire.
Quoth he:—'Confesse the deede to me,
'as I doe thee require;
'And I will freely pardon all
'which thow hast done amisse,
'And plague that villaine, for that fowle
'and wicked fact of his.

[11]

'But, yf thow seem'st to cleare thy selfe
'by any quaint excuse,
'And seeke by oathes for to denye
'this long-begun abuse,
'I will no whit beleeue thy words,
'nor oathes, in any case:
'But, presently, I doe protest,
'i'le kill thee in this place.'

[12]

Now iudge, all vertuous maydes and wiues,
in what a case was shee,
That falcely must accuse her selfe,
else murdred shall shee be.
Her conscience, and her credit both,
bids her denye the deede,
And willes her rather dye the death
then thus her shame to breed.

[13]

But feare of death doth turne her straight;
and, for to saue her lyfe,
Doth wish her to accuse her selfe,
and soe to stint the stryfe.
Wherefore, vpon her knees she fell,
her cheeks with teares besprent,
Saying:—'Husband, I confesse my falt;
'and my bad lyfe repent.'

[14]

'Ha! nowe I doe beleeve thee well,'
the iealous foole did saye.
'But tell me, with how many knaues
'didst thow the harlot playe.'
'With non but our man,' quoth shee
'whom I intist thereto:
'And long yt was, ere he agreed
'with me this deed to doe.

[15]

'Therefore the blame doth wholy rest,
'vpon my selfe,' quoth shee.
'Wherefore, according to your word,
'I trust you'l pardon me.'
'Well, wife!' quoth he; 'my word is past;
'thy faltes I doe forgiue;
'But on that roge I'le be revengd,
'yf god doth let me lyue.'

[16]

The woman, hearing him say soe,
made meanes for to bewray,
Vnto her servant, what was don;
and wil'd him get away,
For feare he should receiue some harme:
but yet the foolish youth
This warning wayèd not at all,
but stood vpon his truth.

[17]

Away this old man turnd his wife,
and to her friends she went;
And, of this matter past before,
she shewd the whole event.
To reconsile these grudges great
his freinds took wondrous paine,
And made such meanes that he receiud
to him his wife againe.

[18]

And, vnderneath a countenance fayre,
great mischeife did he hide;
Yet seemd to her, and each one else,
contented to abide.
Most sugred words to her he gaue,
and to his man likewise.
Receauing hir into his bed,
this mischeife did devise:

[14] 5 non] *read* no one. [17] 6 his] *read* her.

[19]

The next day, being sunday morne,
his folkes he sent out all,
To goe to church, all but his man,
whom he his mate did call.
A gallant peece to him he gaiue,
and bad him charg the same;
And, when that he the same had done,
to bring yt him againe.

[20]

The youth, which nothing did mistrust,
his maister's will obayed;
And did with hayle-shot stuffe the same,
as hee before had sayd.
'Goe nowe vnto my wife,' quoth he,
'to picke those raysons small.
'Abroad I will some Pigions kill,
'to make a pye with-all.'

[21]

The youth, to helpe his mistris, went,
the sooner to haue done.
Her husband, through the window, shoots,
and kyls them with his gun.
Then in he runs, incontinent,
as they lay fetching breath;
And, with his dagger, stabs them both,
to hasten so their death.

[22]

A pen, and Inke, strayght-waye he tooke,
and left in writinge playne,
How he him selfe, for meere revenge,
had both these persons slayne.
Then came he vp a chamber hye;
him selfe he threw out then:
And soe fell downe, and broke his necke,
in sight of sundrye men.

[23]

Loe heere, the end of iealousye,
sprung vp 'twixt youth and age,
which coupled were through vaine desire,
and both vndone through rage.—
To true, alas! this storye is,
as many a man can tell.
Of iealosye, therefore, take heed,
where lyfe is like to hell.

Finis.

[22] 5 vp a] *read* vp to. 7 take heed] *read* take good heed. [23] 5 To] i. e. Too.

No. LXV

Wit, whither wilt thou?

Fol. 227v. In this piece an odd effect is occasionally obtained by repeating, at beginning of fifth line, part of contents of fourth line. This piece so caught on as to give a new name to the tune to which it was set: cf. no. LXIX.

In each stanza the fifth and sixth lines are sung a second time, so making an eight-line stanza, with an echo-like effect.

A pleasant new Ballad, shewing how Loue doth bereaue a man of healthy, witt, and memorye.

To the tune of *Hart's ease.*

[1]

Wit, whither wilt thow? woe is mee!
  alwayes musinge, fye for shame!
Sorrye I am the same to see,
  that love hath brough[t] the out of frame—
    Out of frame and temper too;
    This can Love and fancye doo!
    Out of frame and temper too;
    This can love and fancye doo!

[2]

Once I knew thee well aduizd;
  but now, I am sure, 'tis nothing so.
Loue thy sences hath disguizd,
  and her beautye bred thy woe—
    Thy woe, thy time, [and] thy downefall;
    This can love and fancye doo!

[3]

Pale, and wan, and worne with care,
  and all to melancholly bent—
Thus doth mad-men vse to fare
  when their witts with love are spent—
    Content with discontentments too;
    This can love and fancye doe!

[1] 4 the] i. e. thee. [2] 2 I am] i. e. I'm.

[4]

Those humors purgd that stops thy breath;
purge those fancyes from thy head.
Such conceypts will breede thy death—
she will laugh when thow art dead—
Laugh she will and lye downe too;
These conceypts will wemen doo!

[5]

A Bird in hand's worth two in bryer;
why then should I say 'Woe's mee!'
Because the things that I desire
are true and constant vnto mee?
Therefore, I say, cast care from thee,
And never more saye 'Woe is mee!'
Therefore, I saye, [cast care from thee,
And never more say 'Woe is mee!']

Finis.

No. LXVI

Shall I wed an aged man

Fol. 228. The evils incident to marriage between January and May form one of the commonest themes of the ballad-writers: cf. no. XXVI, stanza 4; no. LXIV, stanza 23.

The complaint of a widdow against an old man.

To the tune of *Trentam's Toy.*

[1]

Shall I wed an agèd man,
that groaneth of the Gout,
And lead my lyfe in miserye,
within doores and without?
No! I will haue a Batcheler,
of lyvely bloud and bone,
To cheare me in my latter dayes,
or els I will haue non.

[4] 1 purgd] *read* purge. [5] 4 are true and constant] *read* are not constant.

[2]

For yf I take a Batcheler
that can both skyp and springe,
Then he will be my comforter,
to giue me every thinge.
If I be sad, or sorowfull,
at boord or els at bed,
A youngman will be pittyfull,
and help to hould my head.

[3]

An aged man is testye,
and set to hoorde and hyde;
With lame legges and restye,
bewayling back and syde.
A young man he is beautyfull,
couragious, trick, and trim;
And looketh with a merry cheere,
when aged men looke grim.

[4]

Better is a Batcheler,
of bone and body sound,
Then is an olde leacherer
with twentye thousand pound.
Who is so bad a market-man,
that buyeth flesh or fishe,
But lightly choseth for to haue
the yongest in his dishe?

[5]

Young bloud renueth olde,
as Phisicke doth expresse;
And age is ill to be contrould,
but cursse where they should blesse:
But yf I haue a young man,
and chaunce to catch the quacke,
He will provide me delicats,
and cheare me vp with sacke.

[6]

An aged man is quaffinge
in every cup or can,
with ioynts and synnewes shakinge,
much like a deadly man.
But looke vpon a young man,
in him yow shall espye
A good face, and a iollye cheere,
a pleasant rowlinge eye.

[3] 6 trick] i. e. trig. sickness.

[5] 6 quacke] i. e. ague, quaking

[7]

His countenaunce is chearfull,
at bed and eke at boorde;
His talke is never sorrowfull,
but Heigh! at every word.
An old man's coate it is beraide,
all overthwart the brest.
A young man is well-favored,
well-browed, and finelye drest.

[8]

An aged man comes drooping home,
as on that wanteth lyfe.
A young man sayes, when he comes in,
'Come, kysse me, gentle wife!'
And yf I take a young man,
although his wealth be small,
If that he vse me honestlye
he shall be lord of all.

[9]

Behould the little Spanniell,
and every beast in briefe,
Will likke, and leape vpon, their feete
by whom they find releife.
Much more then will a witty man,
whom natur's worke hath wrought,
Must loue the woman faythfullye,
that maried him of nought.

[L'Envoy]

Therefore I am determined
I cannot liue alone,
But I will haue a Batcheler,
or els I will haue none.

Finis.

No. LXVII

That gallant prince, Graaf Maurice

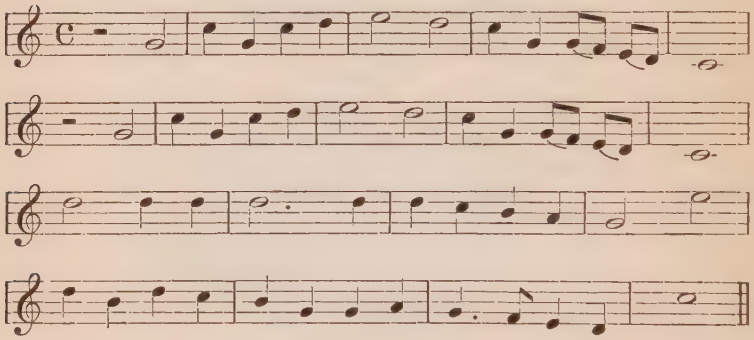
Fol. 229. The music is noted in the MS. The strongly fortified town of Rheinberg, then commonly called Berg, 24 miles NNW. of Düsseldorf, was of considerable military importance, as allowing, or checking, the flow of reinforcements and supplies from central Germany to the Catholic forces operating against the Dutch. It was taken and retaken several times by Dutch and Spanish. In 1601 Prince Maurice approached it, with an army of 12,000, on 10 June; greatly damaged the works by

[8] a on] i. e. one.

explosion of a mine, 11 July; and obtained the town, 30 July, allowing the garrison to withdraw. The Cardinal-Archduke Albert (stanzas 12, 14) had been too busy knocking his head against Sir Francis Vere in Ostend, to send succour. The ballad simply turns into metre a pamphlet of the day. The interest of the Ostend siege has banished Berg from most histories of the period.

A true discou[r]se of the winning of the towne of *Berke* by Grave *Maurice*, who besieged the same on the 12 day of June 1601, and continued assaulting and skirmidging there vntill the last day of July, at which time the towne was yeelded.

To the tune of *All those that are good fellowes.*

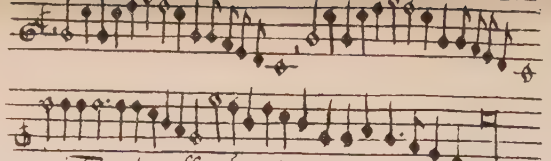


[1]

That gallant prince, Graue *Maurice*,
whose fame for Chiualrye
Throughout all parts of Christendome
is blazèd far and nye,
Having conferrèd with the *States*
and let them understand
The enimye by keeping *Berke*
did hurt the *netherland*

[2]

(For, by possessing of that towne,
they vnder tribute brought
Both *Over-yssell* and *Frezeland*,
which their great damage wrought).
Wherefore yt was by them decreed
he should beseige the towne,
And eyther wine yt from the foe
or els to beate yt downe.



That gallant yrince Grand mawnire
whose fame for Chimalry
throughout all parte of Christendome
is blazed far and nye:
Hauing rentwined with his state
and let them vnderstand
The Emmyes by becomyng Barke
did hunt the netherland.

ffor by possessing of that towne
they vnder tribute brought:
Both Ouer yssell and ffredeland
wch thinke that danger wrought
wherefore yt was by them deuised
the sconce to besiege the towne;
And eyther raise yt from yr foe
or els to brake the downe.

Then straytwayes ys selected
an host of lightlye men:
Both horse and foote & all thinge els
that for his enterprise them:
And with all speed he all might be made
vnto the towne the rather
Where both by water & by land
he did besiege the same.

Did ffell the Graues in sencion
he made thereof a fleet:
Bertause vnder ye towne
was yarded verye strong;
And rould not want cattlonge the sconce
should lye theire verye long.

But all his stoute and ffetinge
could not the Gentz affmaye:
ffor there ye plant his enimenure
in sight of them to laye
And made this men digg trenches
& ditches verye deepe
Then made they Pallisadoes
with iron pikes to keepe.

The Emmye from Emmye
wherewith the ranger did lye:
without the losse of manye
both men & horse thereby
Two ships likewise warlike taken
wherin did them belonge:
Both fraught with thinge most needfull
to make the towne more stronge.

Then came there men to skirmidge
in sundrie furious sort:
Bringing for many fresh supplyes
this strange fort to report
A trompet of ffrenchmen with did then
within the towne remaine
Came forth & brought tydinge on hyde
there were slayne a number vnstaynd.

To face p. 272

[3]

Then straytwaye he selected
an host of fightinge men,
Both horse and foot, and all things els
fyt for his purpose then.
And, with all speed that might be made,
vnto the towne he came,
Where, both by water and by land,
he did beseige the same.

[4]

When *Lewis Ferdinandis*,
the governour thereof,
Did see the Grave's inten-ti-on
he made thereof a scoffe;
Because (indeed) he knew the towne
was garded verye stronge,
And could not want, although the syedge
should lye their verye longe.

[5]

But all his flouts and scoffings
could not the Grave dismaye,
For there he plac't his ordinaunce.
in spight of them, to staye,
And made his men digg trenches
and ditches very deepe.
Then made they Pallizados,
with iron pikes, to keepe

[4] 8 their] i. e. there.

[6]

The enimye from comminge
whereas the campe did lye,
Without the loss of manye,
both men and harse, thereby.
Two ships likewise were taken,
which did to them belonge,
Both fraught with things most needfull
to make their towne more stronge.

[7]

Then came there men to skirmidge
in such a furious sort,
Bringing soe many fresh supplyes,
'tis strange for to report!
A troupe of *Frenchmen*, which did then
within the towne remaine,
Came forth, and fought tyll, on their syde,
there were a number slayne.

[8]

Don *Lewis Ferdinandis*,
who (I before did saye)
Was governour of that same towne,
whilst we did fight this fray
Did vp into a turret get
which they the round-howse call,
On which he might most plainely
stand and behould vs all.

[9]

Now, whilst he thus stood gazing
vpon our eager fight,
A bullet flew cleane through his cheek,
and forcibly did smight
Some of his teeth out of his iawes,
and also hurt his tongue.
But, whether it were friend or foe
by whom he was thus stung,

[10]

It is unknowen; but let that passe:
nowe must he wright his mind—
For speake he could not—to expresse
what was by him assignde.
Some of our horsmen after that,
being forth ranging on a day
Did take 2 men, which from their towne,
with letters, swame awaye.

[6] 4 harse] i. e. horse. [10] 2 wright] i. e. write. 6 being forth] *omit* being.

[11]

Lambert de Wit was on of them,
a man of mighty strength,
Who pul'd a horseman from his horse;
yet was he tooke at length,
And by his fellow hangèd,
because he had tooke paye
And serud the *states* before that tyme
(as many soldiers saye).

[12]

By those same letters they did beare,
the Grave perceiuèd plaine
In what estate the towne of *Berke*
did at that tyme remaine.
Their Captaine wrot they could not
indure past thirteene dayes,
Vnlesse the Duke did send some ayde
this mighty siedge to rayse.

[13]

Grave *Maurice* then gaue order
our Cannons should be layd
Vpon a mount, and there shote of
to make them more afrayd.
Then once more did they sally foorth,
and fought with us amaine,
In which most bloudye conflict
their Admirall was slaine.

[14]

And now report did tell abroad,
the Cardinall was at hand,
With syxteene thowsand soldiers,
well-armèd, in his band.
But when our foes perceiuèd
this newes did not prove true,
They did dispare of succour,
and bad their hopes adyew.

[15]

A parlé then the Graue did sound
in which they did agree
That, vpon some condi-ti-ons,
the towne should yeelded be.
On which conditions graunted,
our foes, without delaye,
Each man, with bag and baggage,
departed straight awaye.

[11] 1 on] i. e. one. 5 by] i. e. beside. 6 be] *perhaps* they.
[13] 3 of] i. e. off.

[16]

Thus hath Grave *Maurice* gotten *Berke*
to his eternall fame,
Slaying a thousand enimyes
ere he obtaind the same.
O Lord, still prosper his attemps,
so shall thy church increase.
Destroy all those that hate thy truth,
and send fayre *England* peace.

Finis.

No. LXVIII

When Troy town for ten years' wars

Fol. 231v. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 548, from numerous Black-letter exemplars.

The story told in the ballad is singular by reason of its divergences from classical tradition. In Ovid's *Heroides* the invective epistle to Aeneas is written by Dido, before her death; here, by her sister Anna, after Dido's suicide. In Vergil (*Aen.* v. 3–5) the mighty fire which consumes Dido's corpse lights up sea and land; here (stanza 13), she is given an English 'earth to earth' burial. Again (*Aen.* vi. 469–72), Dido's shade meets Aeneas in the under-world and refuses him look or word; here, her 'ghastly ghost' appears to him in a Grecian isle, and roundly scolds him. In Horace Aeneas is, *par excellence*, 'castus Aeneas,' lauded in the *Carmen Saeculare*; here, he is dragged down to hell, as the libertine in Mozart's *Don Juan* (1787). It would be interesting to discover the threads of folk-lore which connect the ballad with the seventeenth-century Spanish story to which Otto Jahn, in his Life of Mozart, traces the opera; and with Thomas Shadwell's *Libertine Destroyed* (1676), whose similar ending caused men (D. E. Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), ii. 370) to esteem it 'little less than impiety to represent it on the stage'. The childlike simplicity of the ballad-writer is well seen in his finding no incongruity between the forgiving death-bed prayer of stanza 16 and the ghost's unrelenting hate in stanzas 19 and 22, nor between the 'ghastly' of stanza 18 and the 'lovely' of stanza 20.

A proper new Ballad intituled The wandring Prince of *Troye*.

To the tune of *Queene Dido*.

[1]

When *Troye* towne for ten yeers' wars
withstood the *Greeks* in manfull wise,
Yet did their foes increase soe fast
that, to resist, non could suffice.
Wast lye those walles that were so good,
and corne now grows where *Troy* towne stood.

[16] 5 attemps] i.e. attempts.

[2]

Æneas, wandring Prince of *Troye*,
when he for land long time had sought,
At length, arriuèd with great ioye,
to mighty *Carthage* walles was brought,
Where *Dido* Queene, with sumptuous feast,
did intertaine this wandering guest.

[3]

And as, in Hall, at meate they sate,
the Queene, desirous newes to heare—
'Of thy vnhappye ten yeeres' wars
'declare to me, thow *Troyan* deere,
'Thy heavy hap, and chaunce so bad,
'that thow (poore wandring Prince) hast had.'

[4]

And then, anone, this comely Knight,
with words demure (as he could well),
Of this vnhappy ten yeeres' war
so true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighes so deepe,
that oft he made them all to weepe.

[5]

And then a thowsand sighes he fet,
and every sigh brought teares amayne,
That, where he sat, the place was wet,
as he had seene those wars againe.
So that the Queene, with ruth therefore,
sayd:—'Worthy Prince, enough! No more!'

[4] 3 this] i.e. these.

[6]

The darksome night apace grew on,
and twinkling stars in skyes were spred,
And he his dolefull tale had tolde,
and every one was layd in bed,
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
saue onely *Dido*'es broyling brest.

[7]

This sylly woman never slept;
but, in her chamber, all alone,
As one vnhappy, alwayes wept;
and to the walles she made her mone
That she should styll desire in vayne
the thing that she could not obtaine.

[8]

And thus, in griefe, she spent the night,
tyll twinckling stars from skyes were fled,
And *Phoebus*, with his glystering beames,
through mysty cloudes, appearèd red.
Then tydings came to her anone
that all the *Troyan* ships were gone.

[9]

And when the Queene, with bloudy knife,
did arme her heart, as hard as stone;
Yet, somewhat loath to lose her lyfe,
in ruthfull wise she made her mone;
And, rowling on her carefull bed,
with sighes and sobs, these words she sayd:—

[10]

'O wretched *Dido*, Queene!' quoth she,
'I see thy end approcheth neere:
'For he is gone away from thee,
'whom thow didst loue and hould so deere.
'Is he then gone and passèd by?
'O hart! prepare thy selfe to dye.

[11]

'Though reason would thow should'st forbeare
'to stay thy hand from bloudy stroke,
'Yet fancy sayes thow shouldst not feare
'whom fettereth thee in *Cupid*'s yoake.
'Come death!' quoth she; 'resolue my smart;'
and, with those words, she pearst her hart.

Finis.

6 [3] And] *read* Ere. [9] 1 when] *read* then. [11] 4 whom] *read* who (i. e. fancy).

The second part of The wandering Prince of *Troy*.

To the tune of *Queene Dido*.

[12]

When death had pierst the tender hart
of *Dido, Carthagenian* Queene,
And bloudy knyfe did ende the smart,
which she sustained in wofull teene,
Æneas being shipt, and gone,
whose flattery causèd all her mone;

[13]

Her funerall most costlye made,
and all things fashioned mour[n]efully,
Her body fine in mould was layd,
where yt consumèd speedylye.
Her sister's teares her tombe bestrewde;
her subiects' griefe their kindnes shewd.

[14]

Then was *Æneas* in an Ile,
in *Grecia*, where he lay long space;
When as her sister, in short while,
writ to him of his vile disgrace.
In phrases, letter to his minde,
she tould him playne he was vnkind.

[14] 5 letter] *read* little.

[15]

'False-harted wretch,' quoth shee, 'thow art;
'and traiterously thow hast betraide
'Vnto thy lure a gentle hart,
'which vnto thee such welcome made—
'My sister deare, and *Carthage*'s ioy,
'whose folly bred her dire annoy.

[16]

'Yet, on her death-bed when she lay,
'she prayed for thy prosperytye,
'Beseeching god that everye day
'might breed thy great felicitye.
'Thus, by thy meanes, I lost a friend;
'heavens send thee such vntimely end.'

[17]

When he these lynes, full fraught with gall,
pervsèd had, and wayde them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;
and straight appearèd in his sight
Queene *Dido*'es Ghost, both grym and pale,
which made this valiant Souldier quaile.

[18]

'*Æneas*,' quoth this ghastly Ghost,
'my whole delight when I did liue;
'Thee of all men I lovèd most;
'my fancye, my good will, did giue:
'For intertainment I thee gaue,
'vnthankfullye thow digdst my grave.

[19]

'Wherefore prepare thy flyghting soule
'to wander with me in the ayre,
'Where deadly griefe shall make it howle,
'because of me thow tookest no care.
'Delay no tyme; thy glasse is run;
'thy date is past; and death is come.'

[20]

'O stay a while, thow lovely spright!
'Be not so hasty to convaye
'My soule into eternal night,
'where it shall ne're behould bright daye.
'Oh do not frowne! Thy angry looke
'hath made my breath my lyfe forsooke.

[15] 5 Carthage's] *read* Carthage'. [19] 1 flyghting] i. e. fleeting. 4 tookest] i. e. took'st.

[21]

'But wo is me! It is in vaine;
'and booteles is my dismall cry.
'Tyme will not be recald againe;
'nor thow surcease, before I dye.
'Oh let me lyve, to make amendes
'to some of thy most dearest friendes.

[22]

'But seeing thow indurate art,
'and will no pitty to me show,
'Because from thee I did depart,
'and left vnpayde what I did owe,
'I must content my selfe to take
'what lot to me thow wilt partake.'

[23]

And thus, like one being in a traunce,
a multitude of vgly fiendes
About this woefull prince did daunce—
no helpe he had of any friendes.
His body then they tooke away,
and no man knowes his dying daye.

Finis.

No. LXIX

What greater grief than loss of love

Fol. 234. Notice the repetition effect in fifth line, as in No. LXV.

The description and qualitye of an vnconstant Lover.

To the tune of *Wit whither will thow.*

[1]

What greater griefe then losse of loue
can happen to a constant minde?
What greater paines can any proue
then for to meete with one vnkinde?
Vnkinde she is whom I did love.
Her falsehood I too soone did prove.

[22] 6 to me] *read* with me.

[2]

I livd in loue a certaine space,
and hopde of guerdon for my paine;
At length my love did me disgrace;
for my good will, did me disdaine.
Disdaine she did, as now I finde.
Who would think maydes would prove vnkinde?

[3]

She whom I lovd is well compact;
her stature, of a middle size.
Nature in framing did not lacke;
the *Muses* nine did make her wise.
Yea, wise she is; shee'le licke and leaue;
shee'le twenty honest minds deceiue.

[4]

Her hayre is of an Abronne hve,
both cleare and comelye on her head,
Which argues her a lover true—
but constant minds in mayds be dead.
Yea, dead indeed (I am sure) in shee;
for from her word shee'le dayly flee.

[5]

Her eyes, like sparklinge coales of fyre;
her forehead fayre, yet not to hye,
Which kindled much my firme desire.
A skarre she hath above her eye—
A scar indeed. Whoso will prove
shall finde her great deceit in love.

[6]

Her cherrye lips, that are so red;
her Ivory teeth, like Pearle within;
This causeth oft my hart to bleed
when I thinke on her dimpled chyn—
Her dimpled chyn and lyps so fine,
disgrast by her vnconstant minde.

[7]

Now for her cheekes, what shall I say?
the Lillye white, and Rose soe red,
Strives which of them shall beare the sway,
or haue in her the supreame-head.
For supreame-head these flowrs strive:
yet she as false as one alive.

[2] 2 hopde] i. e. hoped. [3] 5 licke] i. e. like.
[4] 1 Abronne] i. e. auburn. 5 I am] I'm. [5] 2 to] i. e. too.
[7] 4 supreame-head] i. e. supremacy. 5 flowrs] i. e. flow-ers.

[8]

Her necke a stately towre of love,
where *Venus* doth delight to dwell;
Her brests, like Alablaster cleare,
with Azure vaines, they do excell.
Excell they doe, in all men's view:
yet of her words she ne'are was trew.

[9]

Her tender body, and her skin
as soft in handlyng as is silke.
Well cleerèd is she to be seene,
like Roses that be stept in milke.
The milke so white, and Roses red,
shewes her to haue a changing head.

[10]

The parts vnseene I will let passe,
beseeming secrets not to shew;
Yet muse I must why Nature plas't
in such a corps. Yet this I knowe,
That Nature us'd her chyefest frame,
for vnconstant minds to worke their shame.

[11]

In greenest grasse the Serpent lyes,
and painted pots doth poyson hould;
The fayrest faces whosoe tryes
haue falsest harts. Of this be bould—
Be bolde indeed; for who will trye
shall find her full of flatterye.

[12]

My love, *Camelion*-like, will change;
as he his shape, so she her minde.
This day, shee'le seeme as though she lovd;
to-morrow, will she prove vnkinde—
Vnkinde indeed, and eke vntrewe:
Camelion-like, shee'le change her hewe.

[13]

A toung she hath, to traine one in;
and eyes, for to allure the sence;
Teares hath she also, to excuse;
and faynèd oathes, to hid offence.
Her teares are like the *Crocadile*,
that weeps when-as she will beguile.

[9] 4 stept] i.e. steept. [10] 3 why] *read* what. 6 minds] *read* mind. their] *read* her. [13] 1 traine one in] i.e. inveigle. 4 hid] i.e. hide.

[14]

Imbracements hath she, to provoke;
and flattering smyles she doth not want;
And, yf yow seeme to be but strange,
with kisses sweet she will enchant—
Enchant she will, with word and oath;
and, in the end, prove false of both.

[15]

And, when yow thinke yow haue her sure,
she farthest is from your intent.
Well may she becke; shee'le from your lure;
her onelye minde to change is bent.
Yea, change she will, and from yee flye;
and what she spake, shee'le flat denye.

[16]

Yet this I'le say, for her sweet sake—
although my love so much she scorne—
She onely doth a conscience make
of that which she hath cleane forsworne.
Forsworne some thing she hath, I say;
but words are winde that fleets away.

[17]

If maydens by these words are greeud,
and know not how to mend the same,
Let them henceforth take better heed
least false deceit do breed their shame—
Their shame, yea, and discredit to:
'tware pittye that it should be so.

[18]

Thus will I end, still wishing well
vnto the sexe of female kinde;
For some their be that will prove trewe,
and some will waver like the winde—
Yea, like the winde, their minds will change:
'tis maydens' vse; therefore, not strange.

[19]

Yow youngmen all, that meanes to prove
the quirkes and tricks of *Venus*' schoole,
Beware how first yow set your love,
least at the last yow prove a foole—
A foole, indeed, you may chance prove,
yf that yow trust to mayden's love.

Finis.

[17] 5 to] i. e. too. [18] 3 their] i. e. there.

No. LXX

In Christmas time, as it befell

Fol. 235ᵛ. A specimen of a semi-nonsense, improvised song, with swinging four-line chorus, thoroughly representative of the coarse humours of an Elizabethan tavern: cp. the similar, but far better, piece in No. XXI. *Dildo*, as a song-burden occurs in *A Winter's Tale*, Act iv, Sc. 3. Stanza 5, line 4, gives high antiquity to the line, which elicited Burns's song 'O whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad'. It seems to be quoted from some well-known ditty, as also are stanza 5, line 2, and stanza 8, line 4.

A new Song intituled: To wappe with a widdow.

TO A NEW NORTHERN TUNE.

[1]

IN Christmasse tyme, as yt befell,
the couldnes of the weather,
A bonny lasse, and her maister both,
the would go ligge together.
With—*hey dildedo, hoe dildedo,*
hey dildedo, dildelye!
The bravest sport that a man can devise
is to wap with a widdow, berladye!

[2]

The first good deed that Rowland did,
Rowland lope into the street;
He brooke a spare on a Scotchman['s] head:
si's—'Take thow this for my maister's sake!'

[3]

The mother got in at one side of the bed;
the daughter, in at the other.
And Lusty Rowland lope between;
si's 'wee'le ligg all together.'

[4]

Peggye is blinde, and cannot see;
and what she heares she dare not tell.
Blow out the candle that burnes so cleare,
for i'le haue Rowland to my selfe.

[5]

Rowland gaue her a taffata hat,
and—'Bony lasse, canst thow love me?'
She did him as good a turne for that,
and—'Whistle, and I'le come to thee.'

[1] 4 the] i. e. they. 8 berladye!] i. e. By Our Lady.
[2] 3 spare] *perhaps* spear *or* spar. 4 si's] i. e. says.
[4] 4 selfe] *read* sell (the piece is in north-country dialect).

[6]

My father he is gone from home;
my mother is blinde and cannot see;
And I am a bonny lasse left alone,
and here is a bed for thee and me.

[7]

If yow will buy a filly Nagg,
or a mare to win the bell,
Let them listen vnto me,
and i'le tell yow where one is to sell.

[8]

Rowland bought him a filly mare;
she would not be watered in a well,
But in the Chamber priuily;
and—'What they did I cannot tell.'

[9]

My husband is to *London* gone,
the great god be with him
I'le make him a Cuckold before he comes home—
he had better had taken me with him.

[10]

Rose is white and rose is red,
and rose is wondrous bonny,
And rose hath lost her mayden head
by playing with so manye.

[11]

Wist my mother that I were here
in playing with the widdowe's sonne,
She would set all the towne on fire,
but wee'le be dooing till she come.

[12]

If she had playd with one or two,
or yf she had playd with two or three,
The countrye would have borne her on;
but she hath playd with twentye.

[13]

Horne beasts are come to towne,
and pastures must be eaten:
And, maydens, be content a while—
your buskins must be beaten.

[10] 4 manye] i. e. mony (north-country dialect).

[14]

Rowland he is a high tall man,
the height of a wenches racket.
As I suppose, an elle of cloth
will make him hose and Jacket.

[15]

Wide inough, and syde inough,
they will come downe vnto his knee.
I pray thee, Lasse, make no more beds but one,
for we doe meane to lye all with thee.

[16]

I haue no more of my song to sing,
but Rowland did these wenches woo.
He gaue them many a pretty knack,
and thus must yong men vse to doo.
With—*hey dildedo dile*,

Finis.

No. LXXI

Mark well this story strange and true

Fol. 237: a long narrative, of the nature of a modern novel; drawn from, and too faithfully imitating the horrors of, some Italian *novella*.

A most lamentable or dolefull dittye, of an *Italian* Gentleman and his three sonnes, shewing how two of them were poysoned by their step-mother, and how, in the end, through her villanous practises vsed towards the third sonne, she came to her owne vntymelye deathe.

To the tune of *The Ladye's Fall.*

[1]

Marke well thys storye strange and trew,
yow wicked lovers all.
Retyre yow from the loathèd liues
for vice will haue a fall.

[16] 5 *sic.* [1] 3 the] *read* your.

Shun all incestuous, lustfull pathes,
which do direct to hell;
And giue attentiue eare a while
to this which I shall tell.

[2]

There was a worthy Gentleman,
of good account and fame,
Which had to wife a Lady bright,
a gallant worthy dame.
In great tranquilitye and peace
the lyvèd from annoyes,
And, in three yeares, God blessèd them
with three sweet pretye boyes.

[3]

It was the special care they had
to teach them holy truth,
That they might honour gaine in age
by that they learnd in youth.
God dayly blessèd their increase,
and they did growe in grace.
Dame *Fortune* never durst attempt
to shewe her frowninge face.

[4]

Full XX yeares this ioy remainde,
and they did well agree.
No crosse nor grieuous sicknesses
could work their povertye.
At length she waxèd great with child:
it was her hart's desire.
The lord had sent the wishèd ioy
which she did oft require.

[5]

The child that norisht in her wombe
was of the famale kinde,
Which made her, in her deepe distresse,
great comfort for to finde.
But weaknes in her laboringe tyme
had overcomd her so
That all the ioy which she conceiued.
was turnèd into wo.

[6]

Her husband came to comfort her,
but helpe was all in vaine;
Her vitall breath, being gon and spent,
would not be called againe.

[2] 6 the] i. e. they.

His lovinge armes full faste he twinde
about her middle small,
And, for to ease her wofull smart,
to god he lovde did call.

[7]

'Deale not extreamly, lord,' he sayd,
'with me, which am but dust:
'Take not awaye my loving wife,
'the hope of all my trust.
'First let me dissolve in Earth
'from whence I did proceed.
'For why? the groning paines she feeles
'doth make my hart to bleed.'

[8]

'Farwell, my husband deere!' q[uo]d she,
'and eke my children three;
'With mortall eyes your mother here
'yow never more shall see.
'Oh praye for me, my loving freinds:
'for why? my lyfe is done,
'And weaknes will not suffer me
'to end what I begunne.'

[9]

And, there-with-all, she fetcht a sighe
that pained her inwardlye:
Then, turning her to the wall,
she, like a Lambe, did dye.
The new-borne infant by her syde,
that had receiuèd breath,
Referde it to her maker's handes,
even at her mother's death.

[10]

And then this wofull gentleman,
with hart full sore dismayde,
At this unlookte for heavy chaunce
was wondrous ill apayde.
He wrong his hands in greuous sort;
he strocke his painèd breast:—
'My ioy, my loue, my dearest wife!
'whose soule is now at rest,

[11]

'Thow, and the ofspring of thy wombe,
'are flyed away in hast;
'And I remayne, lamenting still
'my pleasures that are past.

[9] 3 her to] *read* her face to.

'But, seeing it is *Jehouaye's* will
'to keepe yow in his power,
'Farewell, my wife and Infant sweet!
'farwell, my fancye's flowre!'

[12]

The mother, and her Daughter, then,
they buryed speadelye,
For to conuaye them from the sight
of sorrowe's carefull eye.
Both in one graue they were inclosed,
to take their quiet rest:
The pleasures that their soules inioy
by non can be exprest.

[13]

But, as the world's acustomed course—
she being layd in moulde,
Her husband had forgotten quite
his love that was of olde.
For scarse 3 months were past and gone,
after his wiue's discease,
But his affections entertainde
a quyet lovinge peace.

[14]

His fancy on a woman fixt,
which he tooke to his wife.
In short time after he was wed
did end his wretched lyfe.
His yongest sonne was all her ioy:
with him she fell in love;
And from his father, whom she wed,
her hart she did remove.

[15]

She vsèd many craftye wiles,
to trap him in her trayne.
She sent him many loving lines,
which he would not retaine.
And, for he never could enioye
his father's lands by birth,
Shee poysonèd his brethern twaine,
at supper, in their myrth.

[16]

Then, speaking to him, on a daye
these wordes she did expresse:
'Oh, drive me not of with delaye:
'but let me find redresse.'

[16] 3 of] i.e. off.

'My loving mother,' then quoth he,
'solicite me no more.
'I will not yeeld to your request,
'though I were ne're so poore.'

[17]

With heavye hart awaye she went
vnto her loving spouse:
Hee'le 'graunt whatsoever she requests,'
with faythfull hart, he vowes.
'I would not faine, my deare,' q[uo]d she,
'ere yow did end your life,
'Our sonne, with ioy, we both might see
'be maried to a wife.

[18]

'Here is a kinswoman of mine,
'a fayre and propper mayde.
'Let them in wedlocke's holy weede
'be speadylye arayde.'
'This damsell to my soone,' q[uo]d he,
'do presentlye convaye.
'And all the speed that may be made
'shall hast their wedding daye.'

[19]

This wicked woman had made knowne
the secrets of her minde
Vnto this gossip, whom she craved
to be to her thus kinde
As for to let her lye one night
betweene her husband's armes,
And she would keepe her safe and free
from all ill threatned harmes.

[20]

She graunted what she did require;
and then the mariage daye
Drew on, and was solempnized
in gallant sort ech waye.
The bridgrome, being somewhat ill,
to bed then straight went he.
His mother in the Chamber hid,
that no man could her see.

[21]

The Bride did faine a slight excuse
out of the bed to go.
Vnto his mother then she went,
to ease her paynèd wo.

[17] 5 not] *read* now.

Who, being naked to her smocke
into the bed did slyde.
And then the Bridegrome laye with her,
thinking it was his bride.

[22]

They past the time, till midnight cam,
in pleasing sport and playe.
They fell asleepe, as lovers vse,
vntill the breake of daye.
Her cousen, that should waken her,
slept fast, and closde her Eyes.
At length the Bridegrome did awake,
when yt was time to rise.

[23]

But when he had, with steadfast eye,
beheeld his mother there,
His cherye cheekes were pale and wan,
his hart was full of feare.
Alovde he scrikt most piteouslye,
and wakte his wretched Bride,
Who, with a fearefull countenaunce,
came neere to his bed syde.

[24]

'O wicked woman!' then he sayde,
'why hast thow me deceaued?
'And layde my mother in my place,
'whom I, vnknowne, receiued?
'Therefore both for your wickednes
'your hire I sure will paye;
'And all your soules shall take the flight,
'ere we depart awaye.'

[25]

Then with a knife, which he did vse
to carry in his sheath,
Himselfe, his mother, and his wife,
he wounded vnto death.
His father, hearing of the crye,
forth of his Bed did runne;
And, when his wife beheelde his face,
theise wordes she straight begun:—

[26]

'O pardon me, my husband deare!
'forgiue thy wicked wife,
'For murder[ing] thy children three'—
there-with she left her life.

[23] 5 scrikt] i. e. shriek'd. [24] 3 in my] *read* in thy. [26] 3 murdering] word written imperfectly in a smurched correction.

When he had hard her speake these words,
and knew how all things stoode,
Even with a knife, that they were slaine,
he shed his dearest bloud.

[27]

This is no forgèd, fainèd tale;
but trew it is indeede.
In Chronicles of *Italy*
the story I do reade.
Be warnèd, yow lascivious folke,
and all such ill despise;
For it seemes hatefull to the worlde,
and to *Jehoua's* Eyes.

Finis.

No. LXXII

Good Christians all, attend a while

Fol. 241. The mention of Elizabeth in stanza 14 fixes the date as March 16, 1601–2.

From lines 5 and 6 of stanza 9 it is plain that this ballad was copied from a printed example, which had a woodcut of the monster, exactly as No. XXXIII. These monstrous-birth ballads were in great demand. Accordingly, Shakespeare puts one of them into Autolycus's pack, in *A Winter's Tale* (1611), Act iv, Sc. 3. In connexion with stanza 8, it may be noted that William Prynne, who was to denounce 'the unloveliness of love-locks', was just over a year old at the date of this ballad.

A most strange and trew ballad of a monst[r]ous child borne in *Southampton* vpon tuesdaye being the 16. day of *March* last, 1602, as it is verified by the maiestr[a]ts and officers of the same towne, witnesses of this most fearfull sight.

To the tune of *The Ladye's fall.*

[1]

Good *Christians* all, attende a while
to that which I shall tell,
Which was a matter very strange,
yet knowne to manye well.
It is not fainèd, nor devisde,
but certaine 'tis and trewe,
As many men can witnesse beare:
then marke what doth ensewe.

[26] 7 with a] *read* with the.

[2]

In *Southampton* there dwelling is
a man of good report,
Anthonye Savadge cald by name,
who lyved in honest sort;
A Sayler, that doth vse the same,
and thereby doth maintaine
Himselfe, his wife, and all the rest,
that vnto him retaine.

[3]

Vpon the syxeteene day of *March*,
his wife with child was great.
She, knowing that her time was come,
her husband did intreat
The midwife should be sent for straite,
to helpe at such a neede.
Who came vnto her willinglye,
to stand her in some stead.

[4]

The woman then, immediatlye,
vnto her labour fell,
Whose gryping paynes increast so fast,
yt greeves my hart to tell.
At last, the wishèd tyme was come—
she was deliuered quite,
Not of a male or female kinde,
which did them much afryght,

[5]

But of a monster, and no childe;
which did increase her woe,
And greeved the mother, and the rest,
before that they did goe.
For, still as they beheeld the face,
the fashion for to see,
His countenance like a munky was:
no nose at all had he.

[6]

A mouth he had, without a tongue,
which stood right where it should.
Also, a mouth on ether cheeke,
which helpe noe waye they could.
A tongue in eyther of these mouths,
the which is strange and trewe,
With turfes of heare on eyther syde,
a wofull sight to vewe.

[6] 7 turfes of heare] i. e. tufts of hair.

[7]

Fowre eares he had vpon his head,
two of them grew vpright;
Much like a cat's eares they did seeme,
which was a greevous sight.
A hole vpon his crowne he had,
descending to his backe.
Quite through his bodye it did goe,
but yet a vent did lacke.

[8]

Alonge his necke and shoulders hung
blacke lockes of curlèd hayre,
Much lyke the locks that many men
vpon their heads do weare—
Which sight is growne soe odious,
as good men yt detest,
Because it makes a man to seeme
as yf he were a beast.

[9]

Dead was it borne; with eyes wide ope
(most gastlye to behould),
Which fyer seemd to sparkle forth—
none but the truth is tould.
Thus haue your hard, and here may see
his trewe proportion plaine.
Take warninge by this wofull sight,
and from your synnes refraine.

[10]

For god is angrye with vs all,
as dayly doth appeare
By manye signes and tokens sent
vnto vs which are heere.
His favour lately to vs shone
may move vs to amende
If we consider how the lord
his blessinges to vs send.

[11]

Where is the man that lives this day
that ever yet hath seene
A yeere more forward then this same—
I knowe haue never beene.
Of late all things were very deare,
and sould at prises hye,
But god above regarded haue
the poore's complaint and crye.

[9] 5 your] *read* you. 6 his trewe proportion] i. e. in the wood-cut at the top of the printed ballad. [10] 5 shone] i. e. shown.

[12]

And yf the lord had styll withhelde
his favour from the poore,
Ere this had many a needfull soule
starvd at the Richman's doore;
As *Lazarus* did at *Dives'* gate,
yet none but crummes did crave,
And could not haue them at his hands,
though they his life might saue.

[13]

Wherefore, with speed, repent yow of
that synne yow loved so long;
And nowe abandon all those wayes,
and do the poore no wronge.
All men, repent; and nowe giue prayse
vnto the lord above:
And, for his favour to yow shone,
his prayses see yow love.

[14]

And pray vnto the Lord our god
to blot out of his minde
Those synnes which yow committed haue,
that yow maye favour finde.
Thy servaunt Queene *Elizabeth*,
Oh lord, guide with thy hand,
That peace and plentye, all her reigne,
maye flourish in her lande.

Finis.

No. LXXIII

O what a plague is love

Fol. 242^{v}. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 461, from a Black-letter exemplar. This piece is a particularly good instance of the uncertainty of ballad texts. Not only does the order of stanzas in the MS. differ from that in the printed copy, but the printed copy leaves out six of the MS. stanzas, and brings in three which the MS. does not have. There are also continual differences of readings.

A prettye sonnet of the disdainefull sheppeardesse.

To the tune of *Dainty come thow to me.*

[1]

O what a plague is love!
how shall I beare it?
She will vnconstant prove,
I greatly feare it.
She so molests my minde
that my wit fayleth.
She wavers with the wind,
as the ship sealeth.
Please her the best I may,
she looks a-nother way.
Alacke and weladaye!
Phillida flouts me.

[2]

At the fayre, yesterdaye,
she would not see me,
But turnd a-nother way
when she came nye me.

[1] 8 sealeth] i. e. saileth.

Dick had her in to dine;
he might intreat her.
Will had her to the wine;
I could not get her.
With *Daniel* did she dance;
on me she lookt askance.
O thrice vnhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me.

[3]

I cannot worke and sleepe,
both at al season:
Love wounds my hart so deepe,
without all reason.
I do consume, alas!
with care and sorrow,
Even like a sort of beasts,
pinde in a medow.
I shall be dead, I feare,
within this thousand yeare;
and all for very care—
Phillida flouts me.

[4]

She hath a clout of mine
wrought with good *coventree*,
Which she keepes for a signe
of my fidelitye;
But, in fayth, yf she flinch,
she shall not weare it;
To *Tyb*, my t'other wench,
I meane to beare it.
Yet it will kill my hart,
so quickly to depart.
Death, kill me with the dart!
Phillida flouts me.

[5]

Yesternight, very late,
as I was walking,
I saw on in the gate,
with my love talkinge.
Every word that she spooke,
he gave her kissinge,
Which she as kindly tooke,
as mother's blessing.
But, when I come to kysse,
she very daintye is.
Oh what a hell is this!
Phillida flovts me.

[4] 11 the] *read* thy. [5] 3 on] i.e. one.

[6]

Faire maide, be not coy!
never disdaine me.
I am my mother's boy;
sweet! intertaine me.
She'l giue me, when she dyes,
all things befyttinge,
Her poultrye and her bees,
with her gose sytting,
A payre of mattrice beds,
a barrell full of shreds.—
And yet, for all my goods,
Phillida flovts me.

[7]

I saw my face, of late,
in a fayre fountaine.
I know ther's non so feat,
in all the mountaine.
Lasses do leave their sleepe
and flocke a-bove me;
And for my love do weepe,
and flocke above me.
Maydens in every place
striues to behold my face;
and yet, o heavy case!
Phillida flouts me.

[8]

Virgins haue stony harts:
who would haue thought it?
I know their subtill arts;
deare haue I bought it.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Farwell, fayre *Phillida!*
I dye with sorrow,
For I begin to faint,
and tremble every ioint;
help me to lose a point—
Phillida flouts me.

[6] 1 not coy] *read* not so coy. 8 gose] i.e. goose. 9 mattrice] i. e. mattress. B.-L. copy has 'mallards', which might mean stuffed with ducks' feathers. 10 shreds] i. e. for patchwork. [7] 5 sleepe] *read* sheep. 6 a-bove] *read* about. [8] 5 and 6, two lines are missing. 11 lose] i. e. loose.

[9]

Maide, looke what yow doe,
and in tyme take me;
I can have other two,
yf yow forsake me:
For *Doll*, the dyrye maide,
laught on me lately,
And wanton *Winifride*
favours me greatly.
The on threw milke on my clothes;
the other playes with my nose;
what loving signs be those!
Phillida flouts me.

[10]

Come to me, prety peate!
let me imbrace thee.
Though thow be fayre and feate,
do not disgrace me;
For I will constant prove,
(make no deniall)
And be thy dearest love—
proofe maketh tryall.
If ought do breed thy paine,
I can procure thy gaine;
yet, bootelesse, I complaine—
Phillida flouts me.

[11]

Thow shalt eat curds and creame,
all the yeere lasting;
And drinke the christall streame,
pleasant in tastinge:
Whig and whey whilst thow burst;
and bramble berryes;
Pye-lids and pasti-crust,
Payres, plumbs, and cheeryes.
Thy garments shalbe thin,
made of a weather's skyn—
yet all not worth a pin:
Phillida flouts me.

[12]

I found a stock-dove's nest,
and thow shalt haue yt.
The cheese-cak, in my chest,
for thee I save yt.

[9] 1 Maide] *read* Maiden. 5 dyrye] *read* dayrye. 9 on] i. e. one. [11] 8 Payres] i. e. pears.

I will giue the rush-rings,
key-knobs, and cushings,
Pence, purse, and other things,
bels, beads, and bracelets,
My shepe-hooke, and my dog,
my bottell, and my bag—
yet all not worth a rag:
Phillida flouts me.

[13]

Thy glorious beutye's gleam
dazels my eye-sight,
Like the sunne's brightest beam
shining at midnight.
O my hart! o my heeles!
fye on all wenches!
Pluck vp thy corag, *Giles*;
bang him that flinches.
Back to thy sheep againe,
thow sylly shepherd's swain;
thy labour is in vaine:
Phillida flouts me.

Finis.

No. LXXIV

Now draws on the fruitful time

Fol. 244. Possibly by reaction against the exaltation of celibacy over matrimony in conventual times, there was in the Elizabethan age a violent prejudice against spinsterhood. The Black-letter ballads inveighing against girls who have not mated are surpassed in number only by the contradictory ballads, which dilate on the unhappiness of ill-matched couples. The most that can be said of the present specimen is that it is not quite so bad as many of its set. A modern parallel, on a higher plane of feeling, is found in Alexander Rodger's (d. 1846) song of the smith's daughter's acceptance of her ragged wooer's offer of a runaway match:

Deed, lad, (quo' she,) your offer's fair:
I really think I'll tak it.
Sae, gang awa; get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For, gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na! I' marry in my prime,
An' mak a wife most thrifty.

M. C. Aitken's *Scottish Song* (1874), p. 220.

The refrain belongs to an older song and has a lilt which is absent from the rest of the piece. One is tempted to change 'lovlye', of the title, into 'lonely'.

[12] 5 the] i.e. thee. 6 cushings] i.e. cushions.

The loblye Lamentation of a Lawyer's daughter for lacke of a husband.

To the tune of *An Oyster Pye*, or *Robinson's Galliard.*

[1]

Now drawes on the fruitfull tyme,
when flowres sweetly springe;
And when, on everye blossom'd bough,
the Cuckoe merrye sings,
And also when the blushinge buds
of virgin's chastyty
Do flourish forth, but beares no fruite
vntill they married be.

[2]

This summer tyme maydes take delight
to steale the sports of love,
To their sweet harts making vowes
as true as Turtle dove;
And everye on assistance makes
to her fidelytye.
What shall I doe? shall I dye for love,
and never maried be?

[1] 4 Cuckoe] *read* Cuckoes. sings] *read* sing. [2] 3 making] *read* each making. 5 on assistance] *read* one assurance. 6 to] *read* of. 7 Refrain to be sung at end of all stanzas, except the first and last.

[3]

But I, poore mayde, haue lyvèd longe,
and many summers seene,
Yet fortune never yeelded me
a lovely gowne of greene,
Nor yet (alas!) any lusty youth
would never smyle on me.

[4]

All my thoughts and industrye
is youngmen for to please.
When they do talke on *Cupid's* toyes,
I am at setled ease;
But, yf they chaunce to looke a-syde,
I pyne in iealosye.

[5]

I am now thirteene yeares old.
God wot! I thinke it long,
And marvaile much that chastytye
in me should be soe stronge.
But now 'tys time to make asay
of my virginitye.

[6]

My father is a Counsellor,
and hoordeth mony store;
In pleadings of his cryents' cause,
doth labour very sore.
And I, poore peate, will him reward
that would pleade soe to me.

[7]

Love still resteth in my minde;
love perceth sore my hart.
Love many times increaseth ioyes;
love sometyme breedeth smart.
And thus doth love, in lovinge weyghts,
shew great extremitye.

[8]

My neyghbours maydens rounde abovt
suters enowe doe finde,
Walking with them in summer nights;
but I am left behinde.
There never a youth in our streete
that once regardeth me.

[6] 3 cryents] *read* clients. [7] 5 weyghts] i. e. wights. [8] 1 neyghbours] i. e. neighbour. 5 never] *read* is never.

[9]

My Cossen *Besse*, with great delight,
is nowe a marryed wife;
And, with her husband, ioyfullye
doth lead a maryed lyfe.
But I, poore I! vnmaryed am;
yet full as fayre as she.

[10]

My gowne is made of the finest stuffe
that is in *cheape-syde* Shops:
To keepe my breath as sweete as muske,
I feede on sugred sops.
The Taylor, on the fashion rare,
hath made yt cunninglye.

[11]

My shoes are made of the finest syze
with purple-coloured hose;
My handker-chefe is readye styll,
to puryfye my nose;
My pettycoate is made so short,
that yout[h]s my legges may see.

[12]

Every Sundaye I goe to church,
for no devotion sake,
But onelye to spye out one
I might my true-love make.
Alas! I wish, but dare not speake;
my blushinge letteth me.

[13]

With care I thinke on marriage state,
as I lye in my bed.
So feede my selfe with fond delayes
till I am almost dead.
I wishe and wishe, a thousand tymes,
I once that daye might see.

[14]

My aged parents, dotinglye,
from wedlocke keepe me styll;
But I would haue a lustye youth,
yf I might haue my will.
Would god they were but once in grave,
then—farwell, chastytye!

[10] Lines 3 and 4 should precede lines 1 and 2.

[15]

Some do vowe virginitye!
  but I thinke nothinge soe:
For the thoughts of such fond fooles
  doth breed my extreame woe.
Alas! to *Cupid* I must yeelde,
  and *Venus*, curtesye.

[16]

I am sprunge of a gentle stocke,
  indewde with nature's grace.
The fruitfull tree, virginitye,
  stands buddinge in my face.
I smyle, with lovlye countenaunce,
  on them that looks on me.

[17]

My love-sicke heart doth dye with greife;
  evill fortune, doth deplore.
My breath is spent with lyngring speach,
  that I can speake no more.
Send ye, oh gods, some harts' delight
  to me in miserye.
What shall I doe? shall I dye for love,
  and never maryed be?

[18]

Reviue my sports, o *Venus* bright,
  thow matron of my woe.
Renewe my hart with some delight;
  kinde favour to me show.
Send then some faythfull on to me
  that love will offer free,
That yt at length, in sollace bower,
  I maye once maryed be.

Finis.

[18] 2 matron] *perhaps* patron. 5 on] i. e. one. 7 yt] *read* so.

No. LXXV

It fell upon a Sabbath day

Fol. 246. As far back as Chaucer, the officer who acted as jackal to the archdeacon's lawyer was marked out as a scoundrel of the deepest dye and a pestilent blackmailer: see in Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* the description of 'the Somnour' (i.e., in later term, the apparitor). Some of Chaucer's brandings can still be traced on the unabashed forehead of the Elizabethan representative of the class. Of Latin he had (*corum nomine!*) 'a fewe termes . . . learned of some decree'; he could wink at the offences of every one who could be 'y-punished in his purs'; of all young people, he 'knew hir counseil', by spying. Corporations are found protecting themselves against this vile creature, by straitly limiting his interference to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical court over clerics and over wills. At Maldon, April 18, 1496, a by-law was made, allowing a 'peremptorius' to serve a citation on any executor, or on any rector, vicar, curate, or licentiate; but providing that if he serve a citation on any other person, it shall be at his own risk of being beaten or wounded, without remedy of law from the magistrates of the borough. Elizabeth's legislation gave fresh powers to this odious system; and in Charles I's time accumulated indignation against the ecclesiastical courts was one of the most powerful influences tending to the overthrow of both monarchy and church.

The Civil War suspended the abuses of the Ecclesiastical Courts, but they returned with the monarchy, and continued till the Revolution. In 1680 there appeared a quarto pamphlet of 24 pages, vigorously denouncing such oppressions as excommunication for refusal to pay fees (stanza 13):

'A discourse concerning excommunication as executed by Officials . . . discussed in a letter . . . by one who is a friend to the English liberty. Wrote before the Parliament which sat from March 1678 to the end of May 1679. . . . London, Printed for Tho. Parkhurst at the Bible and Three Crowns at the lower end of Cheap-side, 1680.' This pamphlet begins 'To his highly honoured friend, J. B. Esq. Honoured Sir, The charitable design of this paper is . . . to shew you one species of prisoners whom no Parliament hath had leizure as yet to take notice of.'

A new ballad of the Parrator and the Divell.

To the tune of *The Miller would a wooing ride.*

[1]

It fell vpon a Sabaoth day
The Divell he would a hunting ride;
To rang and ravine for a praye,
He beat the bushes that were so wide.

[1] 1 Sabaoth] i. e. Sabbath. 3 rang] i. e. range.

At last he tufled on a bush;
A provd Parritor out did rushe:
His *corum nomine* ready had he,
His pen and inkehorne standinge by.

[2]

With that the Divill amazèd was.
'What fellow art thow?' the Divill did say.
'I waite for profyt of all that passe,
'Of all that walke the feilds this waye.
'I am a Parrator by my art,
'As thow shalt know ere thow depart.
'My *corum nomine* here yow see,
'And penne and inkehorne standing nye.'

[3]

The Divell desired him, courteouslye,
His whole Authoritye for to tell.
'I am an Instrument,' quoth he,
'To punish those that liue not well.
'For yf I see to clyppe and kysse,
'Although they doe nothinge amisse,
'My *corum nomine* is ready heere.
'I'le cause them soone for to appeare.

[4]

'And this is a place that fits me so—
'There is none but that I can see;
'Yong men with mayds a-milking goe,
'That thinke full little I am so nye.
'Although they doe no other thinge
'But chang a glove, or (say) a ringe,
'My *corum nomine* is readye there,
'I'le cyte them at *Lytchfield* to appeare.

[5]

'And, when the sunne is gone to rest,
'At owlight, when the harlots walke,
'To the Towne I goe, and thinke me blest,
'Wher I heare manye laugh and talke.
'When they haue drunken hard all day
'They little care then what they say.
'My *corum nomine* is ready then;
'I note their names with my penne.

[1] 7 *corum*] i. e. quorum. Part of the formula of the citation to appear before the Archdeacon's official. [3] 5 to] i. e. two. [5] 8 names with] *read* names down with.

[6]

'Then I come in: for drinke I call,
'And tosse the pot as others doe.
'I note their names, and summon all,
'For drinkers and for Swarrers too.
'Then, in their Ale, they will vpbraid
'Each other with some wife or maide.
'My *corum nomine* is ready then;
'I note their names downe with my pen.

[7]

'And thus I spende the Sabaoth day,
'For that ys the cheefest of our gaine.—
'If all the weeke I find no praye,
'I must devise, I tell yow plaine.
'If one a-nother's howse doth vse
'I say him selfe he doth abuse.
'My *corum nomine* is ready heere,
'I summon them straight for to appeare.

[8]

'If a man or a woman strike awrye,
'Though yt be fortye yeares agoe,
'If I it heare, then hastylye
'I never rest but I worke them woe.
'Although the marry and 'mends doe make,
'Yet must they pay, for fashion sake.
'My *corum nomine* is readye heere;
'I summon them straight for to appeare.

[9]

'If worke be scant, as seldome is,
'I practize to set shrowd queanes at bate;
'I tell one what another is
'And soe do breede a deadlye hate:
'At whore and whore then will they bee.
'Citations then abroade must flye;
'My *corum nomine* is verye neare
'For to correct what I doe heare.

[10]

'And when the court daye draws neere,
'I must be sure to call to minde
'That none within the court appeare
'But such as haue their purses linde.

[6] 4 Swarrers] i.e. swearers. [7] 6 him selfe] *read* his wife. [8] 5 the] i.e. they. [9] 3 is] *read* says. 8 correct] *read* collect. [10] 1 draws] *read* draweth. 4 But such] *read* Of such.

'The rich will paye a double fee;
'The poore will yeeld something to mee.
'My *corum nomine* beares such swaye,
'They'le sell their clothes my fees to paye.

[11]

'Many esteeme soe much good name,
'Yow would laugh to see their pitteous looks;
'Thei'le paye me well to staye the same,
'For feare they come within my books.
'But those that agree with me for feare,
'My master of those shall not heare;
'My *corum nomine* makes no show
'That any such persons I doe know.'

[12]

'In fayth,' quoth the Divell, thow art to blame,
'To punish those that be innocent.
'The guiltlesse therby loose their name,
'Besyde the mony that is spent.
'But, sure, those people pay no fee,
'But answere, and dischargèd bee.'
'My *corum nomine* sayth not so,
'For all pay fees before they goe.

[13]

'The lawier's fees must needs be payd,
'And every clarke in his degree;
'Or els the lawe cannot be stayd,
'But excommunicate must they bee.
'For, yf they come within the courts,
'Full largely it will cost their purse
'(My *corum nomine* telleth me),
'How free from synne so ever they be.

[14]

'Well!' quoth the Divell, 'where I doe dwell,
'The lawes in sharpnes doth exceed;
'But yours excell the paines of hell,
'To punish men for no misdeedes.'
—'Why, felow!' quoth he, 'I can thee stay
'For traveling on the Sabaoth day—
'My *corum nomine* doth say so—
'Thow shalt pay fee befoore thow goe.'

[11] 5 agree] *read* 'gree. 6 My master of those shall] *read* Of those my master shall.
3 loose] i. e. lose. [12] 2 punish] *read* summon.
[14] 4 misdeedes] *read* misdeed.

[15]

The Divell he thought his money to save,
And thrust vnto his horse his spurres
And loath to be troublèd with a knaue;
But downe they were amongst the furs.
'Thow art no constable;' quoth the Divell.
'I'le plage thee, knaue, now, for the evill.'
His *corum nomine* could not stay;
The Divell he carried him quite awaye.

[16]

Thus this Parritor is gone to hell;
I wishe the rest for to take heede.
If they amend not—I can tell—
But styll on poore men pray and feede,
The Divell will haue an-other thrush;
And all he findeth in the bush
(Their *corum nomine* cannot staye),
For better and worse, hee'le carry awaye.

[17]

But I doe wish all maydes take heede,
And young men, that in fields do walke;
Beate well the bush ere yow proceede,
For feare the Parrator heare your talke.
Although this Parrator be gone to hell,
Ther's others as bad—not farre they dwell;
With *corum nomine* they will ye greete,
If that yow talke in open streete.

[18]

If every man now would beware,
And liue in compasse of the lawe,
The Parrator long might lay his snare,
And, in the ende, might prove a dawe.
Of all the plagues that may befall,
The Parritor's plague is worst of all;
From *corum nomine* vs defende,
Sweet Jesus Christ, vnto our end.

Finis.

[15] 3 And loath] *read* As loath. 4 were] *read* went. furs] i. e. furse. 6 plage] i. e. plague. for the evill] *read* for thy evill.
[16] 1 this Parritor is] *read* this apparritor 's. 4 pray] i. e. prey.
[17] 5 Parrator be] *substituted for* Parrator's.

No. LXXVI

When as our noble king came home from Nottingham

Fol. 248ᵛ: a sequel to No. LI. Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 543, from later Black-letter exemplars.

As in the companion piece (No. LI), the writer describes the events he narrates, in terms derived from the circumstances of his own time. The pursuivant (stanzas 3, 7), from the frequency of his visits, must have been a familiar figure in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. He brought with him his bundle of official orders printed in English on paper-sheets, and a MS. slip of parchment, directed to each local authority, containing commands in Latin to have the orders read in public places and then set up so that all might read. At Maldon, in 1565, we find 'payments of 3*s.* 4*d.* to the queen's pursevant, when he brought the proclamation for gould; 2*d.*, for nails and lether to nail up the proclamations': and in 1566, '3*s.* 4*d.* to the queen's pursevant bringing proclamations forbidding the export of corn; 4*d.* for nailing these proclamations to the posts of the market-cross.' The fee paid to the messenger is, generally, 3*s.* 4*d.*; but occasionally 5*s.*, 2*s* 6*d.*, or even 20*d.* Several of these proclamations, with the nail-marks and weather-stains on them, are preserved at Maldon. The most interesting is that given at Westminster, April 12, 4 Jac. I (1606), ordering all ships of Great Britain to 'beare in their maine-toppe the Red Crosse commonly called S. George's Crosse, and the White Crosse commonly called S. Andrewe's Crosse, joyned together according to a forme made by our Heralds'. But, to distinguish the shipping of the two kingdoms, ships of South Britain are to wear the Red Cross in their fore-top; and those of North Britain, the White Cross in their fore-top, as they were accustomed.

A merry Ballad of the miller and king *Henry* the second; shewing howe he came to the Court with his wife and sonne, and what merry conceits passed between the king and them.

To the tune of *The French Lauata.*

[1]

When as our noble king came home from *Notingham*,
and with his nobles in *Westminster* lay,
Recounting the sports and the pastimes that they had tane
in his late progresse along the way,
Of them all, great and small, this he profest
the miller of *Mansfielde's* sport likèd him best.

[1] 3 that they] *omit* that. 4 along the] *read* along by the.

[2]

'And now, my lords,' quoth our King, 'I am determined
'against s[ain]t *georg's* next sumptuous feast,
'That this old miller, your youngest confirmed knight,
'with his sonne *Richard* shall both be my guest:
'For, in this meriment, 'tis my desyre,
'to talke with that royall knight and the young Squier.'

[3]

When-as the noble Lords saw the king's pleasantnesse,
they were right ioyfull and glad in their harts.
A Pursevant there was sent strayght on this business,
the which had often tymes bin in those partes:
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
his messag orderlye then he did tell.

[4]

'God save your worship,' then sayd the messenger,
'and graunt your good Lady her owne hart's desire,
'And to your sonne *Richard* good fortune and happynesse,
'that sweete yong Gentleman and gallant Squire.
'Our King he greets yow all and thus doth say—
'yow must come to the Court on S[ain]t *George's* day.

[5]

'Therefore, in any case, fayle not to be in place.'
'I wis,' quoth the miller, 'this is an odde iest.
'What should we do there?' he sayd, 'faith! I am halfe afrayd.'
'I doubt,' quoth *Richard*, 'hangd vp at the least.'
'Nay,' quoth the messenger, 'yow doe mistake;
'our King he prepares a great feast for your sake.'

[6]

Then sayd the miller, 'Now, by my troth, messenger!
'thow hast contented my worship full well.
'Hold, here is three farthings to quite thy great gentlenes
'for this happy tidings which thow dost me tell.
'Let me see; hear'st thow me? tell to our king
'wee'le waight on his maistership in every thinge.'

[7]

The purservant smilèd at this their simplicytye,
and, making many legges, tooke their reward;
And, taking then his leave with great humilitye,
to the King's Court againe backe he repaird,
Shewinge vnto his grace, in each degree,
this Knight's most liberall gift and great bountye.

[2] 1 determined] *read* determined quite. 2 next] *read* next our 6 royall] *read* loyall.

[8]

When he was gone his waye, thus did the miller say:—
'Here comes expences and charges, in deede!
'Now must we needs be braue, though we spend all we haue;
'for of new garments we all haue great neede.
'Of horses and servingmen must we haue store,
'with brydles, and saddles, and twenty things more.'

[9]

'Tush, Syr *John*!' quoth his wife, 'neyther do fret nor frowne;
'yow shall be put to no chargs for me;
'For I will trurne, and trim vp, my old russet gowne,
'with every thing as fine as maye be;
'And on our mill-horses full swift will we ride,
'with Pannyels and Pillions, as we shall provide.'

[10]

In this most stately sort rode they on to the Court,
their lusty sonne *Richard* the formost of all,
Who had set, by good hap, a Cock's feather in his cap;
and so they ietted downe through the King's hall—
The merry old miller, with hands on his syde;
his wife, like *Mayd Marrian*, did mince it that tide.

[11]

The king and his nobles, that hard of his comming,
meeting this gallant Knight, with his brave traine,
'Welcome, syr knight,' quoth he, 'with this your gay Lady.
'Good Sir *Jhon Cockle*, once welcome againe;
'And so is this Squire, of courage so free.'
Quoth *Dicke*: 'A bots on yow! do yow knowe me.'

[12]

Quoth our King, gently, 'How should I forget thee?
Thow was my owne bedfelow, well I do wot!'
'But I do thinke on a tricke?' 'Tell me that, prethee, *Dick*.'
'How we with farting made our bed hot.'
'Thow horchet happye knave,' then quoth the knight,
'Speake cleanly to our King, or else go and shite.'

[13]

The King and his Councellors hartely laft at this,
while the King tooke them both by the hand.
With Ladyes and their mayds, lyke to the Queene of Spades,
the miller's wife doth most mannerlye stand—
A milkemaye's cursye at every worde,
and downe these folkes were set at a syde-boord,

[9] 3 trurne] *read* turne.

[14]

Where the King royally, in princely maiestye,
sat at his dinner, with ioy and delight.
When he had eatten well, to iesting then they fell.
Taking a bowle of wine, [he] drunke to the Knight:
'Heere's to yow both,' he sayd, 'in wine and beere,
'thanking yow for my good countrye cheere.'

[15]

Quoth Sir *Jhon Cockle*: 'I'le pledge yow a pottle,
'were yt the best ale in *Nottingham* shire.'
'I but then,' sayd our King, 'I do thinke on a thing—
'Some of our *Lightfoot* I would we had heere!'
'Ho ho!' quoth *Richard*, 'full well may I say it:
''tis Knauery to eate yt, and to bewray it.'

[16]

'What! art thow angry?' quoth our Kinge merylye,
'in sooth, I do take yt very vnkinde.
'I thought thow wouldst pledge me in wine or in ale hartely.'
'Y'are like to stay,' quoth *Dicke*, 'till I haue din'de.
'Yow serue vs twatlinge sweete dishes full small;
''Swounds! a blacke pudding were better then all.'

[17]

'I, mary!' quoth our King, 'that were a dainty thing,
yf that a man could get it to eate.'
With that *Dicke* straight arose, and pluckt on out his hose,
that, with heat of his breech, 'gan for to sweat.
The King made a proffer to snatch it awaye.
''Tis meat for your maister;' quoth *Dicke*, 'yow shall stay.'

[18]

Thus, with great meryment, was the time wholly spent,
and the Ladyes preparèd to daunce;
Old Sir *Jhon Cockle*, with *Richard*, incontinent,
vnto this practise the King did aduaunce;
Where, with the Ladyes, such sport they did make,
that the Nobles, with laughing, did make their harts ake.

[19]

Many thanks for their paines did our King give them then,
asking young *Richard* yf he would not wed:
'Among these Ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee.'
Quoth he, '*Jugge Gramboll*, with the red hed.
'Sheel's my love; sheel's my lyfe; shee I will wed,
'for she hath sworne I shall haue her mayden head.'

[14] 3 When he] *read* When they. [15] 3 I but] i. e. Aye but.
6 and to] *read* and then to bewray it] i. e. blab the secret of it.
[16] 3 or in] *omit* in. [17] 1 I] i. e. Aye. 3 on] i. e. one.
[19] 5 sheel's] i. e. she's.

[20]

Then Syr *Jhon Cockle* the kinge callèd to hym,
and of merry *Sherwood* made him overseer,
And gaue him, out of hand, three hundred pound yearely—
'But now, take heed yow steale non of my Deare!
'And once a quarter let 's here haue your view,
'and thus, Syr *Jhon Cockle*, I bid thee adyew.'

Finis.

No. LXXVII

England, with cheerful heart, give ear

Fol. 250v. Text given, in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 758, from a Black-letter exemplar. Elizabeth died March 24, 1602–3. Stanza 3 of the ballad expresses the surprise which was felt that, in spite of continual plots for her assassination, her reign had extended to 44 years 4 months 7 days. Henry VI, coming to the throne as an infant, and Edward III, as a boy, had longer nominal reigns; but Elizabeth, first of English sovereigns, had attained the 70th year of life.

The ballad gives voice to two feelings, generally entertained, which procured James I a warm welcome in the southern kingdom, (*a*) the feeling (stanzas 1, 2) that the throne was more fitly occupied by royalty than by an ex-subject; (*b*) the apprehension (stanza 19) of a war of succession between any English claimant, and the Scottish claimant supported by a strong following in England. It shows also the fierce indignation which was sure to arise when James developed his policy of seeking accommodation with the Pope and with Spain (stanzas 4, 6, 9, 24).

The classical allusions are, for these ballads, inexplicably recondite. In stanza 5 the month of March is said to be 'by the old world to wisdom dedicate'. The reference must be to the *Quinquatrus*, festival of Minerva, goddess of wisdom, which was held at Rome, March 19 to 23. Professor J. E. B. Mayor (note on Juvenal, x. 114) points out that when Church commemorations supplanted Pagan festivals, March 19 was appropriately assigned to St. Gregory, because he was the great patron of schools. In stanza 8 Saturn is treated as a gnome, the lord of mines and their wealth. In Rome Saturn, although the patron of agriculture, was also the guardian of the treasury; and hence, perhaps, the ballad infers his connexion with mining. In Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* (English translation, i. 248) mention is made of a 'burg' sacred to Saturn on the Hartz mountains, the centre of mines and gnomes.

The geography of the ballad is not free from obscurity. Stanza 7, from the separate mention in stanza 8 of Ireland and the islands, must describe Great Britain. The 'half' specified is probably England. We are to think of England (on the map), as a standing female figure, whose 'bosom' is the dimension from Flamborough-head to Fleetwood. 'The Virgin's sea' will thus be the Irish sea. The Black-letter version has 'the Virginian sea'. In stanza 8 the writer's enthusiasm spurns geology, and makes the chalk-cliffs of the Wight do duty also for the sterner granite of the Channel Islands.

From stanza 22 it is plain that the piece was written immediately upon Elizabeth's death, March 24. James left Edinburgh, April 5, 1603, and reached London May 7. The ballad, however, was not registered at the Stationers' Company till June 16, 1603.

Black feathers (stanza 23) had been worn in hats as Court mourning for Elizabeth. The yellow and red ribbons, by which they were now displaced, were in compliment to the blazoning of the royal arms (England, gules, 3 leopards passant or; but especially Scotland, where 'the ruddy lion ramps in gold'). Change of the royal arms in official places seems to have been deferred. It is 1606 before Maldon pays '4*s.* 8*d.* for blasinge of the king's armes and armes of the towne in the moote-hall'.

An excellent new ballad, shewing the petigree of our royal king *James*, the first of that name in *England*.

To the tune of *Gallants all come mourne with mee.*

[1]

England, ech cheareful hart giue eare
to that my muse shall now declare.
'Tis no bace thing I take in hand,
but what brings comfort to this land—
The Petygree of a noble king
whose name to thee doth honour bring.
O hone, honinonero, tarrararara,
tarrararara hone.

[2]

The dreadfull sting of cruell death
hath stopt *Eliza's* princely breath,
And, to her ioy, she now is gone
to heauen for an angel's throne,
Leaving her honors and her crowne
to princely *James* of great renowne.

[3]

She rulèd hath 'mongst vs longe tyme,
in spite of those that did repine
And sought to stop her princely breath,
but yet she dyed a naturall death.
And to our comfort god did send
King *James*, his Gospell to defend.

[1] 1 ech] *read* with. 7 Refrain to be sung at end of every stanza.

[4]

The *Romish* Pope, who many a day
hath lokèd for a violent praye,
Frustrate by wisedome's power and care,
is readye now for to dispare;
And in a sound he sincketh downe,
now noble *James* hath got the crowne.

[5]

With his raigne doth the spring begin,
as vsher, for to bring him in,
Which in consent doth well agree,
with yeere, the incarnate word to bee;
And in that month greeing, by fate,
by the old world to wisedome dedicate.

[6]

And I devine thus, by the yeere,
England shall haue no other peere;
But in his lyne yt shall remayne,
in spite of *Pope* and cruell *Spaine*,
Even vntyll the day of Doome
that CHRIST to iudgment downe shall come.

[7]

Eyght hundred myles his Empyre goes
in length, [in] spight of all his foes.
From *Cornewall* to past *Calidon*
is know[n]e to be King *James* owne,
Halfe which her beosome foorth doth lay
from *German* to the *Virgin's* sea.

[8]

A fertyle soyle is *Ireland*,
now subiect to his glorious hand.
Yea, all the Iles from famous *Fraunce*
their chalkye tops to him advaunce.
Saturne to him resignes his charge,
making the wealthy mine's way large.

[9]

My Pen, why stay'st thow to report,
to latisfye the vulgar sort,
The Petigree of *James* our King,
whose fame throughout the world doth ringe?
The *Infidell* and romish *Spaine*
shall tremble when they heare his name.

[4] 5 sound] i.e. swoon. [5] 1 begin] i.e. on March 25, 1603. 4 Annunciation of Mary was New Year's Day in the old reckoning. [6] 6 that] *read* when. [7] 4 James owne] i.e. James his own. [8] 1 Ireland] i.e. I-er-land. [9] 2 latisfye] *read* satisfye.

[10]

O let my Pen your eares inchaunt
to looke vnto braue *Jhon a Gaunt.*
Of *Edward* the third fovrth son was hee,
from whom we draw this petygree;
For he behinde him issue left,
Jhon, the Earle of *Somerset.*

[11]

Which likewise left a sonne behinde
called *Jhon*, of a noble minde,
The which was Duke of *Somerset*,
so made for his atchiments great,
The which did wine him great renowne,
but here I leave to set them downe.

[12]

Which Duke had issue, gentle Reader,
Margaret, matcht with *Edmond Tuder.*
Which *Edmond Tuder* had a sonne,
called *Henrye*, Earle of *Richmon*:
Which *Henrye*, after *Richard's* death,
espousèd fayre *Elizabeth.*

[13]

This *Elizabeth*, of famous worth,
was daughter to k[ing] *Edward* the fourth;
And thus, by their predestinate bed,
they ioynd the whyt rose and the red,
To *England's* great unspeable ioy
and to our enimyes' sore anoy.

[14]

By which most blest and happy vnitye
they had a daughter cald *Margaret*,
First matcht to *Scottish James* the fourth,
which was a man of mickle worth;
Which *Margaret*, to *James*, did bring
the fyft of that name, Scotland's king.

[10] 3 the third] *omit* the. 6 Jhon] *pronounced here* Johan. He died 1410. [11] 2 Jhon] *pronounced here* Johan. He died 1444. 3 Duke] so created in 1443. 4 atchiments] *read* atchivments. [12] 2 Margaret] *pronounced here* Margāret She died 1509. 4 Richmon] i.e. Richmond: afterwards Henry VII. 5 Richard's] i.e. Richard III. [13] 1 Elizabeth] i.e. El'zabeth. 2 the fourth] *omit* the. 3 predestinate] i.e. predest'nate. 5 unspeable] i.e. unspeak'ble. [14] 1 happy vnitye] *read* happy mate, i.e. match. 2 Margaret] i.e. Marg'ret. 3 James IV died 1513. 5 Margaret] *pronounced here* Marguerite. 6 James V died 1549.

[15]

This *James* a Daughter did possesse,
whose birth our sorrowes doth redresse,
Called *Marye*, by her name,
a very fayre and princelye dame,
The more her fame for to advaunce,
was matcht with *Frauncis*, K[ing] of *Fraunce*.

[16]

But leaue we her in *Fraunce* a whyle;
and nowe come backe vnto the style
Of *Henrye's* daughter *Margaret*,
whose blessèd wombe brought our delight:
For *Archeball Douglas* she did wed,
Anguis' braue Earle, whose issue bred.

[17]

By her, he had a Daughter bright
cald by name of *Margaret*;
To the Earle of *Lenox* wedded was shee,
and borne a son namèd *Henrye*,
The which was called the Lord *Darlye*,
and after wedded to *Scottish Marye*.

[18]

By whose most sweet and happy bed
our sorrowes nowe are quight stroke dead;
For to Lord *Darlye* she did bring
olde *Brittan's* hope, and *James* our Kinge,
As next of *Henrye's* lyne, both other,
Comming both by father and mother.

[19]

England, reioyce and now giue prayse
vnto the Lord, that so did rayse
Our sorrowfull harts with hops of ioy,
when we were drownde with sad anoy
For losse of sweete *Eliza'es* lyfe,
looking for nothing more then stryfe.

[20]

Yet god for vs did soe provide,
and held vs vp when we did slyde;
And, as *Eliza* she is gone,
he sent an-other to ease our mone.
King *James* is hee, by whose sweete breath
we still possesse Queene *Elzabeth*.

[15] 3 her name] *read possibly* her own sweet name. 6 matcht] in 1558. [16] 3 Margaret] *pronounced here* Marguerite. 5 Archeball] i.e. Arch'bald. 6 whose] *read* who. [17] 2 cald] i.e. callèd. 3 the Earle] i.e. th' Earle. wedded] *read* wed. 4 borne] *read* bore. 5 Darlye] i.e. Darnley. 6 wedded to] *omit* to. [18] 5 both] *read* 'bove. [19] 3 hops] i.e. hopes.

[21]

For, though her corps be lapt in leade,
and never on this earth shall tread,
Yet do her vertues styll remaine,
without [a] blot, blemish or staine.
I[n] noble *James* her vertues liue,
to whom god doth her honours giue.

[22]

O noble King, to *England* hast,
that our full pleasures we may tast.
For nothing now breeds our despite,
but that we want our Prince his sight.
Which yf we had, we more should ioye
then *Liza'es* death wrought our annoy.

[23]

Now, *Englishmen*, leaue of your griefe,
for noble *James* brings vs releife.
Pull morninge feathers from your bed,
And flourish now in yeallow and red.
Sing ioyfull Poems of his prayse,
that god may lengthen long his dayes.

[24]

God grant him amongst vs long to raigne,
to be a scorge to *Rome* and *Spayne*,
That, hating them and all their wayes,
he styll may stryve god's word to rayse,
And to defend the poore man's right
that they be not orecome by might.

[25]

O Lord, make thow his Counsell wise,
that the may gyve him good advise.
Blesse the Commons, and all those
that seeke the ruine of his foes.
And may he dye a thowsand shames
that with his hart loves not k[ing] *James*.
O hone honinonero tarrararara
Tarrararara hone.

Finis.

[23] 1 of] i.e. off. 3 morninge] i.e. mourning. bed] *read* head. [24] 1 amongst] *read* 'mongst. [25] 2 the] i.e. they. 3 Blesse the] *read* Blesse thou the.

No. LXXVIII

Of joyful triumphs I must speak

Fol. 253v. Essex was definitely given the command in Ireland, with 16,000 foot and 1,300 horse under him, on March 25, 1599. He set out from London, March 27, with a great attendance, and amid popular expectations of speedy success; and reached Dublin, April 15. There was thus ample time for him to arrange a ceremonial parade of troops on the festival of the militant patron-saint of England, April 23. This was a natural thing for him to do; and is, therefore, possibly not a mere ballad-fiction. On the other hand, we need not assume that the writer had any actual report of a 'grand review at Dublin' to versify from. He just described what might be seen on any general muster-day of the trained-bands of an English county. If Essex held a review, no doubt it proceeded on the same lines.

The ballad is interesting as showing the composition of an English army at the end of Elizabeth's reign; and is, in this respect, fully borne out by contemporary documents. Stanza 5 describes the brave, lace-bedecked array of the non-coms. Maldon accounts indicate that, until soiled by campaign in Irish bogs, even the privates were gayly attired. In 1599 we have charged 'for xii. yeards of cloth at ix*s.* vi*d.* the yarde to make viii. souldyers' coats for the towne; and for a grosse of lace, xviii*s.*; and for ix. dossen rybbon, xv*s.*; and for the making viii. souldyer's coates, xviii*s.*' The destination of the coats is fixed by ten shillings paid 'in Prest-money to souldyers that went into Ireland, which' (forgetful Elizabeth!) 'was not repayd agayne'. Stanzas 6 and 7 pass from gay uniform to (more or less) the stern equipment of war. It is to be noticed that special appeals must have been made by the queen to set out the horsemen who 'did praunce about'. Maldon 1598 account notes '2*s.* towards setting forth of light horse into Ireland, being wanting of that was to be collected for that service'; and the 1599 account, in a general bill of charges, includes expenditure 'for careinge [carrying] the money collected in this towne vnto Chelmesforde when the light horses went into Irelande'.

Two kinds of fire-arms are specified. There are (stanza 6) muskets, a heavier sort of fire-arm, discharged from a rest. Allusions to these are frequent in the Maldon papers. On January 29, 1587–8, Elizabeth called on the inhabitants to provide ten muskets in addition to what they had already, and a graduated tax was imposed to comply with the requisition. The chief piece of the musketeer's defensive armour was a morion. When he attended on the training day, he brought with him powder, match, and bullet 'to be spent in exercise of his arms': March 1625–6, ½ lb. of powder, 2 bullets, 1½ yard of match; May 1627, 2 lb. of powder, 6 bullets, 2 yards of match. The calivers (stanza 7) were lighter pieces, fired without rests, apparently with the arm extended (like pistols). They also were sent to the county muster-day, with powder, for exercise: e.g. 1573, 'half a pound of gunpowder to shoot off the callivers, May 19, 7*d.*'; and in 1596, '5*s.* 5*d.* for powder, match, and wages, for a man serving with a calliver, at the treyning at Chelmsford.' In Elizabeth's reign the caliver seems to go out of fashion, in favour of the musket. In January, 1602–3, Maldon armoury contained 'i. caliver furnished, with head-peece, [powder-]flaske, touch-boxe, molde [to cast bullets], etc.; ii. ould reicted callyvers; ii. ould barrells of callyvers'. But John Aubrey (*Brief Lives*, ii. 320–1) gives calivers, in Charles I's wars, renewed employment, as carbines for cavalry.

In stanza 8 we come to another main division of the foot-forces, the

pike-men, who were equipped in full body-armour, and were equal in number to the musketeers. The bill-men, in stanza 10, represent lighter troops, armed with the bill, now going out of fashion. Along with them rank the archers (stanza 10). The relative importance of these items is perhaps shown in the Maldon armoury return (1602–3), 'viii. long pykes all armed, [with] viii. corsletts whole and complete, with coates [=uniform], swords, daggers, gyrdles, and what other things therto belonging; iii. holbeards, wherof i. brocken; ii. black bills; ii. ould bowes and i. ould shieff of arrowes.'

The drums (stanza 9) were a regular feature of the county militia review-day. In 1598, 12*d.* was paid to a man 'for playing on the drum when our trayned men did show themselves in their furniture'. In 1612, 5*s.* was paid for wine and sugar (on the muster-day) 'for the muster-master and his drummer and fluter'.

The panegyric on the long-bow, in stanza 11, is especially characteristic of Elizabeth's reign. Constant efforts were made to enforce the statute, 33 Henry VIII, cap. 9, which required every able-bodied man to possess bow and arrows and to practise with them once a month. In April, 1561, Maldon constables were ordered to make search, 'yea or no,' whether every man and his sons had bow and arrows, according to the statute. In 1563 at the Epiphany, and again at the Easter sessions, the two chief magistrates, the four aldermen, and thirty-four others were indicted for not shooting monthly with the bow. In 1566, on market-day, Saturday, May 11, the statute was recited when the market was fullest. Maldon rebuilt its archery-butts, under pressure from the Crown, in 1574, and again in 1596. In 1581, there was paid 'to John Fletcher, her maiestie's comyssoner for the view of artylerie, 3*s.* 4*d.*; and for his paynes in trayning of the archers in Pottman mershe [the town common], and for i. kilderkyn of beere given to the archers, 10*s.* 8*d.*'

A new ballade of the tryumpes kept in *Ireland* vppon Saint *Georg's* day last, by the noble Earle of *Essex* and his followers, with their resollution againe there.

To the tune of *Tryumph and ioy.*

[1]

Of ioyfull triumphes I must speake,
Which our *english* friends did make,
For that renownèd mayden's sake,
that weares the crowne of *England.*
In *Ireland* S[ain]ct *George's* day
Was honored brauelye euery waye,
By lords and knights in rich array,
as though they had been in *England.*
Therefore let all trew English men,
With every faythfull subiect then,
Vnto my pray-ers say Amen!
Now God and s[ain]ct George for England!

Title. resollution] referring to the vow to fight fiercely, in stanzas 2, 6, 7, and 9. [1] 5 *Ireland*] i.e. I-er-land. 9 to 12 These four lines are to be sung in chorus at the end of every stanza.

[2]

The Earle ot *Essex*, by report,
That day did keepe a gallant Court,
Most loyallye in seemely sort,
in honour of famous *England*,
Attended on by many a Lord.
Lyke subiects trewe, did there accorde,
With pining, famishing, fire and soord,
to scorge the foes of *England*.

[3]

Full many a bould renownèd Knight,
Well trainde to armes and martiall fight,
Were seene that day, with great delight,
to honour S[ain]ct *George* of *England*,
With gentlemen of high degree,
Our choycest flowres of chyualrye,
As brave a sight as one might see
to honour S[ain]ct *George* of *England*.

[4]

Who had been there for to behold
Our Captaines and leiftenantes bolde,
Attirèd braue in cloth of golde
to honour S[ain]ct *George* of *England*,

Might truly then report and say
Our Champion bolde, S[ain]ct *George's*, day
Was nobly gracèd every way
to the honour of famous *England.*

[5]

The Seargeants there that day were seen
In purple veluet, red, and greene,
In honour of that mayden Queene
which weares the crowne of *England.*
The corporals, with gallant grace,
In rich aray did keepe their place,
With garments deckt with sylver lace,
in honour of famous *England.*

[6]

The horsemen they, with courage stoute,
Vpon the free steeds did praunce abovt,
Resoluèd brauelye, out of doubt,
to conquer the foes of *England.*
The valour of the musketyeres,
Whom death['s] alarum never feares,
Reioycèd all the *English* Peeres
which went to fight for *England.*

[7]

The nimble quicke Caliver-shot
Resolveth not to styrre a iot,
Although the fight be never so hot
against our freindes of *Englande*;
And there-vpon immediatelye
With thundring shot they dynn'd the skye
S[ain]ct *Georg's* day to gloryfye
to the honour of famous *England.*

[8]

The Pikemen there, like souldiers good,
In glistering corslets stoutlye stood,
Protestinge for to spend their bloode,
to the honour of famous *England.*
The insygne-bearers there likewise
Did waue their colours in the skyes,
And still 'S[ain]ct *George* for *England!*' cryes,
lyke souldiers braue of *England.*

[6] 2 Vpon the free] *read* vpon their. 6 feares] i. e. affrights.

[9]

The drummes and fyfts, with ioyfull sound,
Did make much musicke on that ground,
Wherby no feare[ful] heart was found
amongst our souldiers of *England*;
But every one doth hope soe well
Ere long to sound these rebels' knell,
And send them posting downe to hell
that troubles the peace of *England.*

[10]

The bilmen bolde stoode next in sight,
Attirèd braue in armour bright,
And there protested mortall fight
against the provd foes of *England.*
The Bowmen braue came not behind;
Of stomackes stout and valiant minde,
A Place amongst them they did finde
to show their trew loves to *England.*

[11]

For many a warlyke *English* King
Most noble conquestes home did bringe,
Obtainèd by the grey goose winge,
the auncient fight of *England.*

[9] 1 fyfts] i. e. fyfes. [11] 4 fight] i. e. national weapon.

Then bowes for *England!* bowes, we see,
Doth bring home fame and victorye.
For one Gun-shot, they will shoot three
against the proud foes of *England.*

[12]

S[ain]ct *George's* day thus had an end;
And those which did it nobly spend—
The lord preserue them, and defend
our gratious Queene of *England*;
And that the Traytor, base *Terone,*
May not be conquered all alone,
But all the rebels everye one
by noble *Essex* of *England.*
Therefore, let all true [*English men,*
With every faythful subiect then,
Vnto my prayers say Amen!
Now God and Saint George for England!]

Finis.

No. LXXIX

All you that cry O hone! O hone!

Fol. 255. A lament for Robert Devereux, 2nd earl of Essex, beheaded February 25, 1600-1 (Ash Wednesday). Text given in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 571, from Black-letter exemplars. The popularity of the piece changed the name of its tune: see No. XIV.

Stanza 2 enumerates various 'traitors' who had vexed Elizabeth. In its first line a name occurs which is absent from the B.-L. copies. It is apparently 'Sault', but it might be read as 'Saint'. It may be a misreading by the copyist. But, reading 'Saint', William Sterrell, *alias* Henry Saint Main, was an active intriguer.—State Papers (Domestic) 1591-4. Of Elizabeth's other enemies, with disyllabic surnames, Nicholas Sanders (d. 1581) comes nearest in lettering. Edmund Campion was executed Dec. 1, 1581; and Anthony Babington, 1586. Charles Neville, 6th earl of Westmorland, revolted Nov. 1569, was attainted 1570, and died in exile 1601. Ballads in Campion's praise, singular among the one-sided verses of the period, are given in Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from MS.* ii. 157.

Stanzas 3 to 5 describe the Quixotic exploits which had endeared Essex to the unreasoning populace. Decamping from court in April, 1589, he joined the fleet off the Portuguese coast on May 13. He rushed to be the first to wade ashore, May 16; and when the troops were preparing to attack Lisbon, he went up to the gates and offered to fight any of the garrison in the name of his mistress. In July, 1591, he commanded a force

[12] 5 *Terone*] i. e. Tyrone: see No. XLII.

of 4,000 men who were landed at Dieppe to help Henri IV. He rode, with a handful of followers, through the enemy's country, to interview Henri. He took Gournay, Sept. 27, 1591; and, in the following November, unsuccessfully besieged Rouen. Essex, in 1596, was joint-commander of the great armada sent against Cadiz. Essex dashed ashore with 3,000 men; pressed on to the market-place, June 21; and received the surrender of the town, June 22, 1596. The capture of the town was remarkable for the absence of outrage. What little pillage took place was ascribed to our Dutch allies. Stanza 11 says that Derick, an offender against the orders of the day, was pardoned, on condition of hanging his twenty-three accomplices; and that he, four years later, was his general's executioner.

Essex's wife (stanza 10) was Frances (Walsingham), widow of Sir Philip Sidney; his children, Robert (restored as 3rd earl, by James I, 1603), Frances (afterwards duchess of Somerset), and Dorothy (afterwards wife of Sir Henry Shirley, bart.).

Essex's rising took place after 10 a.m. on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1600–1. When it failed, he fled by boat to Essex House; and surrendered himself there the same night. The news of his outbreak was spread throughout the country next morning by the galloping of messengers sent out by the Privy Council (before his surrender was known) to prevent his escape by sea.

In 1589 Essex had been elected 'High Recorder' (i.e. High Steward, in modern parlance) of Maldon, at a yearly salary of £5. In the archives of Maldon we find (1) an official copy of the warrant against Essex, with Maldon endorsement 'Receyved this warrant the ixth of Februarie, about x. of the clock', and (2) appended note by the county magnate who transmitted it.

1. Whereas the Earle of Essex hath shewed himself an open Traytor, and it is greatlie to be dowbted that he will seeke the meanes to escape beyond the seas, Theis shall be therefore in her ma[ies]tie's name to requyer yow, that yow will take speciall order that no shippe departe out of that harbore or any the portes adioyning. Hereof see yow fayle not, as yow will answere the contrary at your perill. From the Courte at Whitthall the viiith of February 1600. To our loving freindes the Maiors and officers of the Portes of Essex.

Tho. Egerton, C[ustos] S[igilli]; G. Hunsdon; Will. Knollys; Ro. Cecyll; Jo. Popham; J. Herbert.

[i.e. Sir Thomas Egerton, Master of the Rolls and Lord Keeper; George Carey, 2nd baron Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain; Sir William Knollys, Comptroller of the Household; Sir Robert Cecil, Secretary of State; Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; John Herbert, perhaps Clerk of the Council.]

2. Forasmuche as, this mornyng erly, being mundaye and the ixth of feabruary 1600, a pursevantt browght vnto me, Sir Thomas Lucas, knyght, a warrant vnder the hands of these above-named, being all of his [*sic*] magestye's moste honorable privye councell, wherof this is a trwe copye; and forasmuche as the pursyvantt hym selfe is gone forward with all speed vnto the ports of Suffolke and Northfolke, with the warraunt it selfe, for the lyke service to be done; these are therfore, in his [*sic*] magestye's name to see this sayde warrantt, with the effecte, to be by you (the Baylyffs and officers of the porte of Malden) to be executed accordingly.

THO. LUCAS.

Sir Thomas Lucas had been High Sheriff of Essex, 1568, and was probably now a Deputy-Lieutenant. He died, aet. 80, August 29, 1611.

The obedience of Maldon authorities to this order is seen in the accounts for 1601, where 2*s.* 4*d.* is paid to John Smalwood 'for carrying letters to

Burnham[-on-Crouch] and Lee [Leigh-on-Thames], February 9, touching the late earle of Essex'.

The earl's personal popularity, and the unexpectedness of his fall, enlisted general sympathy, as is shown by numerous other ballads on this subject: e. g. a Black-letter one, in Wood 401, fol. 75^{v} ('Sweet England's pride is gone | Welladay! Welladay!'), printed in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 564; and two from MS. in Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from MS.* ii. 24, 217.

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of *Essex* death.

To the tune of *The King's last Goodnight.*

[1]

All yow that crye O hone! O hone!
come now and sing O lord! with me.
For why? our Jewell is from vs goone,
the valient Knight of Chiualrye.
Of rich and poore beloued was hee,—
in tyme an honorable Knight—
Who by our lawes condemnd was he
and late take *his last good-night.*

[1] 2 O lord] *read* O hone (i. e. Och hone), as in some B.-L. copies. 7 *read* But by our laws condemn'd to die. The misreading in the text is found also in B.-L. exemplars. 8 late take] *read* late did take. Some B.-L. exemplars have 'lately tooke'.

[2]

Count him not like to Sauit, nor Campion,
these traytrous men, or Babbinton,
Nor like the earle of Westmerlande,
by whom a number were vndoone.
He never yet hurt mother's sonne;
his quarrell still maintainde the right;
Which makes the teares my cheekes downe runne
when I thinke of *his last good-night.*

[3]

The *Portingals* can witnes be
his dagger at *Lisbone* gate he flunge,
And, like a knight of chevalrye,
his chane vpon the gate he hunge,
Would god that he would thither come
to fetch them both in order right,
Which thinge was by his honour doone;
yet lately tooke *his last good-night.*

[4]

The *Frenchmen* they can testifye
the towne of *Gourney* he tooke in,
And marched to *Roane* immediatlye,
not caring for his foes a pinne:
With bullets he persed their skinne,
and made them flye farre from his sight:
He, at that time, did credite winne;
and nowe hath tane *his last good-night.*

[5]

And stately *Cales* can witnesse well,
even by his proclamations right,
He did commaund them all straytlye
to haue a care of infants' liues,
That non should ravishe mayde nor wife,
which was against their order right
Therefore they prayed for his longe life,
which lately tooke *his last good-night.*

[3] 2 *Lisbone*] in 1589. 5 Would] *read* Vowed. [4] 2 *Gourney*] in 1591. 3 *Roane*] i. e. Rouen, in 1591. 5 bullets he persed] *read* bullets then he pierc'd. [5] 1 *Cales*] i. e. Cadiz, in 1596. 1 and 2 and 4: the MS. readings are wrong. For 'well' *read* 'be', to rhyme loosely with line 3. *Read* 'proclamation strong' and 'infants young' in ll. 2, 4, which ought to end differently from ll. 6, 8. 6 their] *read* his. right] *read* quite.

[6]

Would god that he had ne'ere *Ireland* knowne,
nor set his feete in *Flaunders* ground,
The[n] might we well inioyde our owne
where nowe our Jewell will not be found;
Which makes our woes still to abound,
trickling with salt teares in my sight,
To heare his name in our eares to sound—
Lord *Deureux* tooke *his last good-night.*

[7]

Ashe-wenesday, that dismall daye,
when he came forth of his chamber-dore,
Vpon a Scaffold there he sawe
his headsman standing him before.
The Nobles all that did deplore,
sheading their salt teares in his sight.
He bade farwell to rich and poore,
at his good-morrowe and *good-night.*

[8]

My Lords, (quoth he) yow stand but by,
to see performance of the lawe;
It's I that haue deserued to dy,
and yeeldes my selfe vnto the blowe.
I have deserved to dye, I knowe;
but never against my cuntrye's right,
Nor to my Queene was never foe;
vpon my death, at my *good-night.*

[9]

Farwell, *Elizabeth*, my gracious Queene!
God blesse thee and thy counsell all.
Farwell, my Knights of chyvalrye;
farwell my souldiers, great and tall;
Farwell, the Commons, great and small.
into the hands of men I light;
My lyfe shall make amends for all,
for *Essex* bids the world *good-night.*

[10]

Farewell, deare wife, and children three;
farewell, my yong and tender sonne.
Comfort yourselues; morne not for me,
although your fall be nowe begun.

[6] 1 that he] *omit* that. 2 *Flaunders*] 'Flanders' is wrong: *read* 'Munster's', the scene of the futile expedition May 29, to July 3, 1599, which caused his disgrace. 3 well inioyde] *read* still enioy. 8 *Deureux*] i. e. Dev'reux. [7] 1 Ashe-wenesday] February 25, 1600–1. [9] 4 great] *read* stout.

My tyme is come; the glasse is runne.
Comfort yourselues in former light.
Seeing, by my fall, yow are vndone,
your father bids the world *good-night.*

[11]

Dericke! thow knowst, at statelye *Cales* I saude
thy lyfe, lost for a rape there done,
Which thow thyselfe canst testyfye—
thy owne hand three and twenty hung.
But now, thow seest, my tyme is come;
by chaunce into thy hands I light.
Stricke out the blow, that I maye knowe
thow *Essex* lovedst at his *good-night.*

[12]

When *England* counted me a Papist,
the works of Papists I defye.
I never worshipe S[ain]ct nor angell in heauen,
nor to the Virgin *Marye*, I;
But to CHRIST, which for my synnes did dye.
Trickling with sad teares in his sight,
Sp[r]eading my armes to god on high,
Lord JESUS receive my soule this night.

Finis.

No. LXXX

Rest thee, desire; gaze not at such a star

Fol. 257. This is a singular piece to be found in a collection of ballads. Stanzas 3, 5, 7 are, in origin, a condensation of the delicately tripping verses of Anacreon:—

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις—

as may be seen in Robert Herrick's version. This version of them (with some differences of reading) is one of the poems brought into Robert Greene's romance of *Orpharion* (1588). Here, to Greene's version an initial stanza has been prefixed, to convert the piece into the musing of a married man on an ideal beauty beyond his reach. Further, to extend the piece to the length requisite for a half-sheet, and to adapt it to the vulgarity of 'the vulgar sort', stanzas 2, 4, 6, 8 introduce the scoldings of the wife, whose jealousy has been stirred by the husband's restlessness. Stanza 9 expresses their reconcilement.

[10] 7 Seeing] *read* Since. [11] 1 *Cales*] i. e. Cadiz. [12] 1 When] *read* Though. counted] *read* counteth. 2 defye] *read* denye. 3 *omit* in heauen. 4 to] *read* yet. 5 But to] *omit* to.

A pleasant dreame.

TO ANY NEW TUNE.

[1] M[an.]

REST thee, disire; gaze not at such a starre:
sweete fancy, sleepe: love, take a nap awhile.
My busy thoughts that reach and rome soe farre,
with pleasant dreames the length of tyme beguile.
D[e]are *Venus*, cool my overheated breast,
and let my fancy take her wonted rest.

[2] Wo[man.]

A-lacke, good syr! what troubleth so your minde?
yow cannot sleepe, for being over kynd.
Sure yow are vexed with fancyes in the night:
yow naught but dreame of her that's your delight.
But, take good heed she coms not crosse your nose,
for here lyes shee that now weares yellow hose.

[3] Man.

Cupid abrad was latèd in the night;
his wings were wett with ranging in the raine.
Harbour he sought; to me he tooke his flight
to drye his plumes. I hard the boy complayne;
My dore I opte to graunt him his desyre,
and rose my selfe to make the wag a fyre.

[4] Wo[man.]

Are yow so great growne with that little god,
that in your breast he maketh his abode?
It had beene better sure he had from hence be gone;
ther's other matters, syr, for yow to thinke vpon.
Are yow soe idle, syr, yow dreame of naught but loue?
I know a meanes that will those things remove.

[5] Man.

Looking more nearer, by the fyre's flame,
I spi'de his quiver hanging at his backe.
I feard the child might my misfortune frame—
I would haue gone, for feare of further wracke:
And what I durst, poore man, did me betyde:
for forth he drew an arrowe from his syde.

Title. any] *read* a colour of jealousy. narrow (in Greene). Greene has 'drad'.
[2] 3 vexed] i.e. vext. 6 yellow] i. e. the
[3] 1 abrad] i. e. abroad. [5] 1 nearer] fyre's] i. e. fi-er's. 5 durst] i. e. dreaded.

[6] Wo[man.]

Had yow such eyes yow can so clearly see,
and had no eares to listen vnto me?
I haue a bow, syr, more fytter for your bent,
where yow may shoote your fill and not be shent.
But yf yow range, syr, to mysse yow shalbe sure;
The buzzard neere will stoope to grant your lure.

[7] Man.

He pierst the quicke, that I began to starte:
the wound was sweet, but that it was to hye.
And yet the pleasure had a feeling smart.
This done, awaye he flyes (his wings were dry);
But left his arrow styll within my brest,
that now I grieve I welcomd such a ghest.

[8] Wo[man.]

Your wound, good man, is dangerous and deepe.
It needs insic-i-on (poore soule) your health to keepe.
Be ruld by me; and I your griefe will ease.
Turne this way quickly; here's help for your disease.
Leave of your dreming: vse yow more delay.
To mend your maladye, this is the readye way.

[9 L'Envoy.]

The goodman and his wife they both so well agree:
'This is the only meanes, sweet hart, indeed;
'to keepe me walking.' 'Then, prethe, be content;
'let's end this dreaming with this night's meriment.'
Thus then yow see that dreams somtyme prove true.
Conceit their pastimes, and byd them both adew.

Finis.

HORACE [*Epist.* 1. xi. 27]:

'Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.'

[End of the MS. as now made up. End, as I assume, of the portion first written.]

[6] 6 grant] *read* grasp. [7] 2 to hye] *read* too nye. 6 now I grieve] sore I greeude (in Greene). [8] 5 of] i. e. off. yow] *read* no. [9] 3 walking] i. e. waking: see n. 1, p. 43. prethe] i. e. prithee.

APPENDIX OF SUPPLEMENTARY BALLADS

THE Bodleian has a small oblong MS. (shelf-mark MS. Rawlinson poet. 185), written in 1589 or 1590, of the same type as the Shirburn MS., and supplying a most interesting supplement to it. This volume now contains twenty-four leaves of paper (leaf 25, as foliated, being the old back-cover of the MS. and of thicker paper), but a leaf has been torn out after fol. 24, and a leaf or leaves between fol. 5, 6. The writing is in a good, scholarly hand, which uses English letters for the body of the text, and Roman letters for titles, refrains, &c., exactly as the scribe of the Shirburn MS. (see pp. 1, 2). Three names are found in the book; but, to my mind, they are all later than the text, say of date 1600 to 1620. 'Dorothy Halford' occurs at the top right corner of fol. 1: cf. Richard and William Halford (p. 2). 'William Wagstaffe' is written between the columns on fol. 9; and 'William Wagstaffe' and 'Thomas Wagstaffe', among scribblings, on fol. 25. The leaves are $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches high by $8\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide. This oblong form seems chosen to allow the longer lines to be written continuously across the page. Where the pieces are in short lines, they are written in double columns.

The MS. has several points of interest. It affords additional indication of the surprising amount (p. 2) of printed matter, which people in Elizabeth's time thought it worth while to transfer from the perishable printed Broad-sheet to the more lasting MS. notebook. It supplies also ballads descriptive of important features of Elizabethan life (country pursuits, street cries, the apprenticeship system) which are absent from the Shirburn MS. It furnishes a quaint additional example of the ballad-drama.

The volume had not escaped the search of the pioneers of ballad-studies. To Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from MS.* it has yielded two lengthy panegyrics on Queen Elizabeth, comparable to, but without the individualities of, No. XLII, viz. the piece (on fol. 13) beginning:—

London! london! singe and praise thy lord,

to the tune of *Tarleton's caroll* (*Ballads from MS.* ii. 92); and that (on fol. 11v) beginning:—

Prepare with speed:
CRIST['S] comming is at hand.

to the tune of *The Medley* (ibid. ii. 109).

Appendix I

Will you buy any broom-birches green

Fol. 1 of the Rawlinson MS.

A sounge of the guise of London.

[1]

WILL you buy any broome birch and greene,
The finest Broome that euer was seene,
Broome of the best, you knowe what I meane—
Will you buy any Broome, Mistris?

[2]

Will you buy any brushes that be stronge,
Brushes shorte and Brushes lounge,
Lylie-white Brushes, this is my sounge—

[3]

Will you buy any Brushes for your Cotes,
To brush away dust, and allso motes,
Very fine Brushes for gownes and Clokes—

[4]

Will you buy any Rods or holly-wands;
Pyes the best that euer came in your hands:
I haue the daintiest puddinges in all these lands—

[5]

What lacke you, goodwife? What do you seeke?
A goode neate's foote? or a good hogg's Cheeke?
My ware is the best that you saw this weeke—

[6]

New place, new, as new as the daye;
New whittings, new, here haue you maye.
Come, buy all my fishe, and send me awaye—

[7]

Mackrell new, Choppers longe and greate;
Walflett oysters, they be very good meate;
Fishe of the best and scant to gett—

Title. guise] *read* cries. [1] 1 birch and] *read perhaps* -birches green *or* fresh and green. 4 Refrain to follow each verse. [6] 1 place] i. e. plaice. [7] 1 Choppers] i. e. big ones.

[8]

Will you buy any flory that is blacke?
Worke for a tinker? Mistres, what do you lack?
Haue you any olde Bellows to mend that be in wrack—

[9]

Will you buy any milke and firmetie?
A good sawsedge, a good, comme buy of me.
Fine Oranges, the best you did see—

[10]

Pippins fine, the best in the streat;
Quinces and wardons, the best you can meete;
Nutts of the best, both smale and great—

[11]

Haue you any old Iron to sell?
Old broken silver? I pray you tell.
An old broken goblett would do very well—

[12]

Old pasles or Cunneyskines, maides;
Good shomakers heres, or good all blades.
In *Smithfield* is to sell good horses and Jades—

[13]

Chimney sweep, maides! Chimney sweepp!
Aqua-vite of the best, to spend or to keepp.
Callis sande of the best between *london* and *deepp*—

[14]

Kitchen stufe, maids! haue you any to sell?
Shirte laces and bottons that bere the bell;
I haue other thinges that will like you well—

[15]

Hard young letuce, faire and white!
A ripe Cowcumber, a ripe!
I haue all fine herbes that you can resite—
Will you buy any Broome, mistres?

Finis.

[8] 1 flory] not in the Dictionaries. 2 heres] i. e. hairs. all] i. e. awl. [12] 1 pasles] *sic.* [13] 3 *Callis* sande] white sand for scouring. *deepp*] i. e. Dieppe.

Appendix II

These passions here which you profess

Fol. 1ᵛ. The antithesis of No. LXXIV and its kidney.
The last ballad in the MS. is also :—

A sounge in praise of the single life.

To the tune of *The goste's hearse* alias
The voice of the earth,

a dreary piece in six 15-lined stanzas, beginning

Some do write of bloodie warres;
Some shewes the sundrie iarres
'twixt men through envie raised. . . .

A prety songe.

To the tune of *legeranto.*

[1]

These passions here which I professe,
good sir, requires great cost.
I pray you make not to much hast
lest that your loue be lost.
When sommer is goinge then winter is comminge apace.
I you advise, if you be wise,
in tyme to stay your chase

[2]

Lest that you run, as *Phebus* did
who *Daphne* did persue
With flyinge flyght, yet naught avayld
although his loue was trew.
For she desired rather Peneius her father agree
to tourne this wench Jove's loue to quench
into a lawrell tree.

[1] 1 I] *read* you.

[3]

I pray you therfore stay your steppes;
your sute is very colde.
To loue to soone without advise,
I dare not be so bolde.
The tymes they do varry, and I cannot tarry
or staye.
Your sute, or prayer, I will not here;
for needs I must awaye.

[4]

Diana'es Love I doe embrace,
from which I will not change.
I meane as yet to locke my love
least frowardly it range.
The thinge you requested to grant I detested
for why?
I will be said to liue a maide
till *atrapos* drawe nye.

[5]

Your foresaid love and sute I scorne;
from *Cupid* I am free.
In Baies I boste, with *Daphne* faire;
I loue the lawrell tree.
Then who can remove me, although ye do love
me so dere.
For *Cupid's* lawe I passe not a strawe:
his shafte I little feare.

[6]

What Cankered care and Jelowsie
the maried wiues sustaine:
What fancie[s] fond the husbands haue,
to show it were in vaine.
If I should be maried my Corpes should be Caried
awaye.
For stormes of stryfe would end my life,
and close me fast in Claye.

[7]

Behold how *Jove* most cunnyngly
did take the shape of Bull;
Who, though he maried *Juno* faire,
deceiued many a trull.
Seeth gods have abused the thynge that well vsed
should bee,
I'll not be made, but very glade
to lov̄e the Lawrell tree.

[4] 1 Love] *read* Lore.

Appendix II

[8]

The silly soule, poor *Prochris*, once,
who was a maried wife,
the Crooked carlle Jelowsie
did cause her end her life.
For when her spouse Cephall, in huntyng thus
call . . . for ayre,
With leveled darte, he perced her harte,
thinking she was a dere.

[9]

A virgin hath none of these harmes
her daintie minde to cloye.
A maiden hath noe Jelows thoughts
to kill her with anoye.
A maide hath no moninge, in Childbed no groninge,
but still
she lives in Joy; far from anoye
she houldes her ease at will.

[10]

Yet surely I am sorye, sir,
because such paines you take.
In lovinge her that loves not you,
who doth you quite forsake.
Yet reson pretendeth, and wisdome intendeth
to vse
a med'cine pure your wittes to cure,
the which you do refuse.

[11]

Let reason rule the raginge loue
of *Cupid's* flaming fire.
Let wisdome haue the vpor hande
of this your fond desire.
Let not loue dismaye you; sweete freend, I pray
you, remaine
in wisdome's power and reason's bower,
then shall you be whole againe.

Finis.

[8] 5 Margin frayed. [11] 3 vpor] i. e. upper.

Appendix III

It was a maid of Islington

Fol. 5v. The beginning of a ballad which harps on the same theme as No. LXXIV.

The tune-title possibly connects with *Lady Jane Grey's Lamentation* in Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from MS.* i. 427, or *Lady Jane's Lament*, ibid. 429.

A pretie dittie.

To the tune off *ladie Jane.*

[1]

It was a maide of *Islington*,
and her wheell ran very rounde;
and many a waton web she spun,
and it cost her many a pound—
Alas! (she saide) what hap had I!
run round, run round, my whele!
I fere a maiden I shall die,
before my web I rele.

[2]

My mistres is a daintie dame,
and bravely she can iet it;
and if my whele runs out of frame,
she will say 'wanton letts it.'
Thus many a Check and taunt haue I
run round, run round, my whele!
I fere a maiden I shall die,
before my web I reele.

Appendix IV

An art whose end was never known

Fol. 6. The first line of the last stanza is taken to name this ballad, because the title and beginning are wanting, a leaf or leaves having been torn out before fol. 6. To judge by the length of the companion piece (Appendix V), a stanza and a half are missing here. The theme is 'the Admonition of a Father to his Son, whom he is binding apprentice' to a weaver (stanza 9). His text is the great advantage that a man has who

[1] 3 waton] *sic.*

is a capable craftsman (stanza 7), much in the strain of one of Thomas Tusser's (d. 1580) *Good husbandly lessons* :—

> The greatest preferment that child we can give
> is learning and nurture to train him to live.

The *Mother's Admonition* (Appendix V) takes a less exalted point of view, and describes the social arts by which the apprentice may escape too much stick.

It is impossible for us to take in the full extent of the social difference which the abandonment of the apprenticeship system has made between Elizabeth's days and our own. The statute which codified the system was 5 Eliz. c. 4 (1562–3). By this no one might open shop or practise trade unless he had become free of the traffic or trade by having served his seven years of apprenticeship. Hence, a very large number of lads were taken from home at tender years to live for a protracted period in a master's house. If they ran away, owing to home-sickness, weariness, or even ill-treatment, the law and the constable sent them back. The term of years was usually seven, as in the statute (5 Eliz. c. 4, § 24); but much longer periods are known. Thus, at Maldon, November 12, 1593, John Loffe was apprenticed 'for twelve years with Thomas Bennett, musicion, of Maldon, to learn the art of a musicion or mynstrell'. The indentures by which lads were bound apprentice contained these stipulations by the master :—(1) he is to instruct the apprentice 'in every feate, cunning, and skill, apperteyninge to the science, mistery, or trade' in question; (2) (and this receives as much prominence as is given to instruction) he is 'to chastise and correct him for his faultes and offences charitably and moderately'; (3) to supply him with board and clothing; (4) and, at the end of his time, to give him an outfit of 'double apparell, that is to saie, one good sute for the Lord's daye, and the other for the workinge dayes, meete and decent for such a servant to have and weare'.

Stanzas 8 and 9 speak of the weaver's craft as a somewhat dignified one. This is found even in the cold style of the Statute. 5 Eliz. c. 4, § 23, enumerates twenty-five trades (bricklayers, &c.) which may take for apprentices boys whose parents have no lands; § 20 forbids merchants taking apprentices unless of parents who have lands of yearly value of £2; but § 25 forbids woollen-cloth-weavers taking an apprentice except father or mother have lands of yearly value of £3.

[2]

> And he that hath the hevenly skill
> of Lerning's lore attaind,
> a Jewell rare, a perle of price,
> that happie man hath gaind.

[3]

> Though now to thee the frutes therof
> doth not so fully growe,
> the profit of so rare a tree
> thow shalt hereafter knowe.
> For why? by learninge first the trew
> and livinge god was knowne,
> whose perfect truth from falshood vile
> therby is plainly showne.

[4]

The vertue eke of Sune and Moone,
the stares, and plannets seven,
and each thinge els that beareth life
and dwelleth vnder heaven.
Yea, every beast and fethered foule,
the fish in fominge flood,
each plant and tree in Summer tyme
that one the earth doth bood.

[5]

Then, sith it is so rare a thinge
with lerninge to abide,
forsake not thou that gratious guest
which is so good a guide.
And, last of all, my loving sonne,
haue thow in heedfull mynde
the perfect knowledge of the trade
wherto I shall thee binde

[6]

That thou maist be, in tyme to come,
a worthy workman deemd,
and, for thy skill in Curious arte,
amonge the best esteemd.
Apelles and *Pigmalion* both
examples well may be
whose fame doth live (though they be dead)
and florish still we see.

[7]

Then thinke no scorne, my lovinge sonne,
a handy-craft to learne,
though yet the profit of the same
thy witts do not discerne.
No one thinge in the world so sure,
by all men's just consent;
for skill doth stay when goods be gone
and riches all be spente.

[8]

No Tyrant's traine, nor furious foe,
can reeve thee of thy skill,
except that they by envie seeke
thy guiltles life to spill.
Besides it is no triflinge trade
that I would haue thee vse,
but such a one as worthie weightes
to do did not refuse;

[4] 8 one] i. e. on. bood] i. e. bud. [8] 2 reeve] i. e. reave, deprive. 7 weightes] i. e. wights.

Appendix IV

[9]

An arte whose end was never knowne,
  a curious arte and fine,
even such as *Pallas*, hevenly dame,
  did practis many a tyme.
Therfore, to doe thy father's will
  thy paines do thou imploye:
so shalt thow be a common-welth
  a member of great ioy.

Finis.

Appendix V

My father having moved his mind

Fol. 6^{v}. See introductory note to Appendix IV. Stanza 4 makes mention of the boy's 'fellows' in his master's house. Many weavers had quite a large household of apprentices, the only statutable restriction being (5 Eliz. c. 4, § 26) that one journeyman must be employed for every three apprentices. Maldon records suggest that there were occasions on which telling of tales was not uncalled for. May, 1623, alderman John Rudland, webster (i. e. weaver), asked the borough authorities to control his unruly apprentices. They (four in number) slept in a room which was supposed to be entered only through their master's bedroom. They had found that, by pushing up the ceiling-boards of their room, they could pull themselves up into a loft which ran the whole length of the house, and so, by again shifting some loose boards, let themselves down into empty rooms at the far-end of the house. On Thursday, May 15, having been locked in their room by their mistress, their master being then in London, the four left the house at 10 p.m. and went down to the harbour, where they did much damage to the salt-pit and salt-house, threw goods from the quay into the Channel, and, on their way home, broke latches off people's doors. Unsatisfied with this mohawking, the elder three came out a second time, threw down the stocks, and cast fish-stalls into the cart-way. When this came out, the youngest apprentice submitted to 'sufficient correction' at his master's hands; but the three others were defiant, and had to be bound over to the Sessions to answer for their conduct.

By the Statute 33 Henry VIII c. 9, § 11, playing at cards (stanzas 6 and 7) was expressly forbidden to apprentices, under penalty of 6*s.* 8*d.* for each offence, except during Christmas-tide, when they might play in their master's house or in his presence.

[9] 7 a] *read* in.

The admonitions of his Mother, and her counsaile at his departing.

[1]

My father having moued his minde
that now his tale was done,
with watery eyes my mother dere
vnto me straight doth tourne;
and takinge oft my hand in holde,
when teres were wipte awaye,
her inward thoughtes she vtterèd,
and thus she gan to saye—

[2]

Marke well (quoth she) the sage precepts
thy father lately taught;
and set not thow thy Mother's words
and counsell cleane at naught,
but ponder well within thy brest
the things I shall declare;
and evermore in redie minde
thy mother's saings beare.

[3]

Although thie father, with great care,
hath well instructed thee,
yet, eare thow parte, my lovinge sonne,
somme counsaile take of me.
When to thy master thow arte bound,
apply thy busie paine
in each respect to plese him well,
his favour to obtaine;

[4]

So shalt thou be in happie case,
and live in quiet rest.
But yet, to be in ioyfull state,
plese thou thy Mistres best:
for why? thy meirth is very smale,
wheras her friendshipp fayles.
And of thy fellowes in the house
take heede thow tell no tales.

[5]

Thus breefly haue I tould the summe
of that I had to say;
but why thou shouldst observe the same
I will somme resons laye.
The *london* dames be hasty shrowes;
and therfore it is best
to win ther favour first of all;
soone shalt thow haue the rest.

[1] 5 oft] *read* of. [5] 8 the rest] i. e. (the favour of) the rest (of the household).

[6]

For, if that stubborne thow remaine
against thy mistres mynde,
thow shalt be sure, of all the rest,
the hardest mache to finde.
If thow shouldst chance in *christmas* tyme
the knaue of clubes to playe,
she wilbe sure the Queene of trumpes
vpon thy trycke to laye.

[7]

And if she see, by course of Cards,
her porposse do not frame,
she will not sticke to steale a Carde
but she will win the game.
But if thy master chance to Chide,
and she remaine thy freend,
the wande shall not come nere thy backe
before she hould the end.

[8]

And if intretance may prevayle
thy suretyshipe to crave,
then maist thou make thy full accompt
thy pardon for to haue.
Thus maist thou live in good accompt,
if thou regarde dost take.
These resons, from an hundred more,
I vtter for thy sake.

[9]

Now, if thow hast thy maister's love,
thy mistres eke as well,
yet, if thy fellowes bere thee spight,
thow art not far from hell.
And therfore, seeke, with willinge mynde,
to plese thy fellowes all;
so shalt thow be esteemèd well,
and loved, of great and smale.

[10]

And thus I end for want (quoth she)
of longer tyme and space,
beseeching him that rules the heavens
to sheeld thee with his grace.

Finis.

[6] 3 the rest] i. e. the inmates of the house. 4 mache] i. e. match. [9] 3 bere] i. e. bear.

Appendix VI

Prepare yourselves to fast this Lent

Fol. 7v. Thomas Preston (d. 1598), to whom the MS. assigns the ballad, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, occupies a niche in the Temple of Fame by reason of Shakespeare's allusion (1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4) to the ranting style of his *Tragedy of Cambises* (1569). There are several contemporary allusions to him as a writer of ballads; so it is pleasant, after so long a time, to recover one of these. The theme of the ballad is the spiritual discipline which ought to accompany the Lenten fast, and without which the material observance of Lent is nothing worth. We are at once reminded, in the next generation of Englishmen, of Robert Herrick's *To keep a true Lent*, in his *Noble Numbers*:—

> Is this a fast, to keep
> the larder lean
> and clean
> from fat of veals and sheep?

Laying the two pieces side by side, we are helped to judge of the gulf which separates the parson who versifies from the poet who preaches.

The occasion of the ballad was the recent tightening of the Statute enforcing the observance of Lent. The Statute, 5 Eliz. c. 5, § 12 (1562–3), had subjected to a penalty of £3, or three months' close imprisonment, all persons who (without licence) ate flesh-meat in Lent, and to a penalty of £2, any householder who connived at their doing so. Licence could be purchased by a peer for 26*s.* 8*d.* yearly; by a knight, for 13*s.* 4*d.*; by a commoner, for 6*s.* 8*d.*—the fees to be paid to the poor-box of the parish in which the person so licensed lived. A later Statute, 27 Eliz. c. 11, § 5 (1584–5), provided that 'no inholder, taverner, alehousekeeper, common vitteler, common cook, or common-table-keeper, shall utter or put to sale, upon any day in the time of Lent, any kind of flesh victuals' under penalty of £5 and ten days' imprisonment, one-third of the fine to go to the Crown, one-third to the lord of the leet in which the offence was committed, and one-third to the informer. Henceforward, right on to the outbreak of the great Civil War, yearly, at the approach of Lent, printed proclamations enforcing the Statute were issued by the Privy Council to the Justices of the Peace. These justices, or, in the case of the privileged boroughs, the corporations, then bound over butchers, innholders, and victuallers, themselves in £10 each and two sureties in £5 each, to observe the regulations. Every Easter Quarter Sessions there was a good deal of business in inquiring into, and inflicting fines for, breach of the Statute. A definite instance occurs at Maldon, February 14, 1586–7, when Sir Arthur Herrys, High Sheriff of Essex, sent to the borough the Privy Council orders about 'the restraynt of kyllinge, utteringe, and eatinge of fleshe in Lente', with a covering letter, enjoining their due execution. Occasionally the Privy Council added special reasons for enforcing the orders. In 158(?8) the Council's letter states that the Queen requires last year's orders to be very strictly observed this year, 'the rather in respecte of the late greate mortallitie of sheepe and other kinde of great cattle, generallie, almost thoroughowte the realme, and of the dearth and scarcetie also of other kinde of victualls at this tyme.' The signatures are:—Jo. Cant., W. Burghley, H. Darbie, T. (?) Cobham, T. Buckhurst,

Appendix VI

F. Knolls, Jamys Croftys, Jo. Wolley—i. e. Arbp. John Whitgift; William Cecil, baron Burghley, Lord High Treasurer; Henry Stanley, earl of Derby; (probably) William Brooke, baron Cobham; Thomas Sackville, baron Buckhurst; Sir Francis Knollys, Treasurer of the Household; Sir James Croft, Comptroller of the Household; and John Wolley, perhaps Clerk of the Council. No doubt the authorities had intimated to the courtly clergy that the Crown would be grateful if they could persuade the people to ready acceptance of the orders about Lent.

A ballad from the countrie sent to showe how we should fast this lent

To the tune of *the crampe.*

[1]

Prepare yourselves to fast this lent,
as princesse law hath willed;
to obay the same be you content,
and let it be fulfilled.
Submit yourselves, most humbly,
to the hyare powers hartely;
for cons[c]ience sake, doe not denie.

[2]

And, seeth a fast commanded ys,
I wish you to obay it,
and fallow ther precepts in this:
seeme not once to denay yt.
And though from flesh restrayned ye be,
observe a greater fast must we,
for *Christ* and *pall* made that decree.

[3]

It is not for to fast from meate,
of yt to make a sparinge;
but fast above that, and more great,
for this we must be caringe.
Our hands, and feete, and members all,
must fast this fast, as tell I shall,
as all should fast in generall.

[4]

With all our power, to fast from sinn,
and keep vs vndefiled;
this lent therfore let vs begine,
lest that we be begyled.

[1] 2 princesse] i. e. queen Elizabeth's. 6 hyare] i. e. higher. [2] 1 seeth] i. e. sith, since. 3 fallow] i. e. follow. 7 *pall*] i. e. Paul.

Let vs no longer glottons rest;
and lyve in sin, but it detest—
to learne this fast I thinke it best.

[5]

From thinking evill, or wishing it,
our mynds must fast each day a;
but thinking good, and seeking it,
so that it ought to stay a.
For many wayes the mynde is bent;
to many eviles yt doth consent,
from which the mynde must fast this lent.

[6]

The head must fast from craftines,
which ever is devysing
to splay the flage of wickednes
by sutteltye dysguysinge.
For heads in these dayes svttle be
for to devise—the world may see—
to finde out a commoditye.

[7]

In singlenes the eye must fast;
not wish to see thing wicked,
on vanetie the sight to cast,
which is not to be lykèd.
As eyes should fast and should not see,
some eyes at these dayes blynded be
to *england's* harme—the more pittie.

[8]

The tounge must fast from sclandering,
or vsing for to lye a:
the mouth allso from evill spekinge
where no treuth one can flye a.
Who keeps this fast I do not knowe:
some tounges to swift, and some to slowe,
both good and bad, *Esopp* doth showe.

[9]

Our eares lykewise from hering evyll
should fast, and keepe a dyet.
When wordes be spoke, even from the devill,
they should not then be quiet.
But few men['s] eares this fast do keepe;
for they can heare, and seeme to sleep—
a covetous man can play bopeep.

[6] 3 splay] i. e. display. [8] 4 flye] *read* spy. 6 to] i. e. too.

[10]

From hatred should our hartes all fast,
and ever feed on pittie;
and shew mercy while life doth last,
in countrey, towne, and cittie.
But many hartes be frosen harde;
and hartes from treuth haue lately erd;
from falshed hartes haue no regard.

[11]

The bodye also it must fast
from meates and drinkes excessing:
superfluytye they must of-cast,
lest yt suffer oppressinge.
Continew not in banquet styll;
set not delight the panch to fill;
lerne now, this lent, to fast from ill.

[12]

The hands allso must fast likewise
from brawling, and from fitetynge,
from theft, or mvrdor, or yll gvysse,
from rounging and from smittinge.
To fast from bribes hands must begine,
and hands must fast from gaines of sinn,
from dice, from cardes, and polling in.

[13]

But let our hands wide open bee
to helpe the poore afflicted;
to distribute where need we see
let hands be so adicted.
And let our hands no whitt be slow
our charetie for to bestow:
we fast to much from this, I know.

[14]

And feet also this fast must keep.
They must not still be runnynge
for to shed blood, and make some weepe—
from that they must be turninge.
And feet must fast for making hast
to hurt our neighbour, him to wast:
but of this fast but few will tast.

[11] 3 of-cast] i. e. off-cast. [12] 2 fitetynge] i. e. fighting.
[13] 7 to] i. e. too. [14] 5 for] *read* from.

[15]

For feet be redy, at this day,
to go for to do wrong a;
to run to law, each weeke and day,
feet thinkes no iorney long a.
And feet can go, for to beguyle
another man, an hundred myle.
Eares, mouth, and feet, worke many a wyle.

[16]

For eyes can see, loung time before,
what afterward will hap a.
The mouth can speake, and eares can heare,
and hands can it vp snap a.
And feet can run before it fall;
mouth, hands, be ope to swallow all:
this fast is kept of great and smale.

[17]

From whordome, drunckennes, and such,
we all should fast and leaue yt.
And covetousnes is vsèd much;
each one doth still receaue yt.
From vsery but few will fast;
in pryson still the poore they cast:
oppression setts them on the last.

[18]

Thus few, or none, lernes the trew fast,
and few ther be will vse yt.
Away from vs we do it cast,
and styll we do refuse yt.
Yet every man can fast amysse;
and every man can hould fast this,
and eeke that keep, that's none of his.

[19]

Each man fasts from restoring that
which wrongfully is gotton.
They feed still of I wot not what;
all serues, be it ripe or rotton.
God grant vs the trew fast to learne,
to driue the fox out of the fearne,
the wolves from lambes for to descerne.

Finis: *q*[*uo*]*d* Tho. Preston.
1589.

Appendix VII

Regard my sorrows, you lasses that love

Fol. 10. This lament raises difficult questions as to who is the *sweet Willie* here mourned over, and what is his kinship to Edmund Spenser's *pleasant Willy* in *The Teares of the Muses* (1590), ll. 205–210:—

> And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
> to mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
> with kindly counter under Mimick shade,
> our pleasant *Willy*, ah! is dead of late:
> with whom all ioy, and iolly meriment
> is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

The piece is assigned (p. 353) to Richard Tarlton, Elizabeth's favourite jester, died 1588. If that attribution be correct, we are thrown back upon an older explanation of *pleasant Willy*, viz. that Sir Philip Sidney (d. 1586) is meant, and is thus commemorated because of the masques he had conducted at Court. On the other hand, the points touched on in the ballad are all consistent with what we know mainly from John Stow of Tarlton's life. He was (stanza 2) a maker of mirth of the greatest popularity. He was a special favourite of Queen Elizabeth's (stanza 8), even in her bitterest moods. He was an original member of her company of twelve actors (constituted 1583), who received pay and allowances as a groom of the chamber (stanza 9). His forte was improvising doggerel verses (stanzas 12, 13) on subjects suggested to him by his audience. On the whole, therefore, it seems that we should set aside 'quod Richard Tarlton', and take the verses as a lament, by an unknown pen, over the famous jester, singer of ballad-dramas, and comedian. In that case, strong support is given to the suggestion that by *pleasant Willy* Spenser meant Tarlton.

A pretie new ballad, intituled *willie* and *peggie*.

To the tune of *tarlton's carroll*.

[1]

Regard my sorroes, you lasses that loue;
for now I haue cause to complaine.
The weight, whome I loued in harte aboue all,
is now away from me tane—
My trewest loue, he is gone:
my nowne sweete willie *is laide in his grave.*
Ay me! what comforte may peggie *now haue:*
sweet lasses, then ayde me to waile and to moone.

[1] 3 weight] i. e. wight.

[2]

I morne for to here how, in bower and hall,
men say 'sweet *willie*, farewell!'
His like behinde him for merth is not left:
all other he did excell.
But now he is dead and gonne:
my nowne sweet willie *is laide in his grave.*
Aye me! What comforte may peggie *now have:*
sweet lasses, then aide me to waile and to moone.

[3]

Commended he was, both of great and smale,
where-soever he did abide,
in courte or in cittie, in countrie or towne—
so well himselfe he could guide.

[4]

His lookes and his gesture, his tornes and his grace,
each man so well did delight
that none would be wery to see him one stage
from morning vntill it were night.

[5]

Admetus to *Alcest* was never more trew,
sweet *willie*, then thow arte to me;
and as *alcest* for *admetus* her life would give,
so would I haue donne for thee.

[6]

Rest[s] naught for *peggie* but sorroe and care,
to waile the losse of her frend.
Seeth Death he hath taken my *willie* away,
would god my life it would end.

[7]

Dead is my *willie* whome one *peggie's* white hands
bestowèd perfumèd gloves,
his silver, himselfe, and his gaye gould ring,
as token of our trew loues.

[8]

Tyme caused my *willie* to come to the courte,
and in favour to be with the Queene:
wher oft he made her grace for to smile
when she full sad was seene.

[9]

A groome of her chamber my *willie* was made
to waight vpon her grace,
and well he behavèd him selfe therin
when he had obtaynèd the place.

[2] 5 Refrain to follow every stanza, except the two last. [4] 3 one] i. e. on. [6] 3 seeth] i. e. sith, since. [7] 1 whome one] *read* who on. 3 i.e. in the marriage ceremony.

Appendix VII

[10]

Regarded he was of gentelmen all
that in the corte did remaine,
and ladies desirèd his companie oft
because of his plesant vaine.

[11]

Lyke *argoes* my *willie* had eyes for to see
least any he might offend;
and though that he iested, his iestes they weare such
as vnto reason did tend.

[12]

To rich and to poore my *willy* was found
so meeke, so courteous, and kynde;
to singe them their themes he never denied,
so that it might plese their minde.

[13]

O poets, now aide me with your grave style
to deck his toome with your verse,
seeinge, whilst he was living, on themes so hard
the meaning he could well rehersse.

[14]

Now farewell my *willy*, my ioy and delight;
my turtle so trew of love.
Though dead be thy bodie, thy soule yet (I hope)
in heaven is dwelling above.
And seeth thow arte dead and gonne,
sweet *willy* now farewell and adew.
I will never forgett thee for no new
but like the turtle still will I moone.

[15. L'Envoy]

Thus *peggy* bewailèd the losse of her freend
whom fates had taken away,
and wishèd her bodie intoombèd with his
in graue wheras he lay.
But seeth thy *willy* is gonne,
What needs thow for to waile and moone.
Be merry, I say; let sorro alone.
Some other will love the as he hath done.

Finis: *q*[*uo*]*d* RICHARD TARLTON.

[11] 1 *argoes*] i.e. Argus.

Appendix VIII

Tell me, John, why art thou so sad

Fol. 15^{v}. Another example of a four-act ballad-drama, similar to No. LXI, but of simpler construction, having only one tune and one form of stanza throughout. There are three *dramatis personae*; stage directions are absent, but can easily be supplied. The subject is the risky one of a husband wronged, beaten, and duped by his faithless wife and manservant. This is a stock piece in Italian *novelle* (e. g. Boccaccio, *Decameron*, 1352, day vii, novel 7; Bandello, 1554), and French *fabliaux* (Brabazon-Méon, *Fabliaux* (1808), iii. 161). See a long list of analogues and imitations in Henri Regnier's *Œuvres de J. de la Fontaine* (1887), iv. 83–5. Granted the situation, the ballad steers clear of further offence.

The title 'Rowland's godson' is peculiar. When taken in connexion with No. LXX. it seems as though Rowland in Elizabethan folklore were a generic name for a libertine or Don Juan.

Notice again (cp. p. 245) the 'you' of the servant speaking to the mistress, and of the wife speaking to the husband; and the plain 'thou' of mistress to servant, and husband to wife.

A proper new ballett, intituled *Rowland's* god-sonne.

To the tune of *Loth to departe.*

[Act I: Bess; to her enters John.]

[1]

Besse. Tell me, *Jhon*, why art thow soe sade?
Tell me, *Jhon*; tell me, *Jhon*,
what is'te will make thee glade?
Thow knowest thy misteries loues thee well,
soe dearelye as I shune to tell.
Tell me, I praye thee;
lett nothinge dismaye thee;
but let mee inioye thy loue, thy loue

[2]

Jhon. O misteris myne, I cannot be merrye.
Be[sse]. Tell mee, *Jhon*; tell me, *Jhon*,
why lookes thow soe heauylye?
Jhon. My master carries a Jealous eie,
and warnes me from your companie.
Bess. Heauens forfend it!
Jo[hn]. You maist amende it;
or ells farewell to our loue, our loue.

[1] 4 misteries] i. e. mis-ter-ess, mistress. 5 shune] i. e. shun.
[2] 7 maist] *read* (*perhaps*) must.

Appendix VIII

[3]

Be[ss]. Why, *Jhon*, thy master mis-trustes not thee.
Jo[hn]. Wo is me! wo is me!
much he mistrusteth me,
and sayes he sawe me kisse your lippes,
suspectinge other secrete slippes.
Be[ss]. I will excuse thee.
Jo[hn]. I will refuse thee,
except you excuse our loue, [our loue.]

[4]

Be[ss]. Why tell me, *Jacke*, and be not afrade;
tell me, *Jacke*; tell me, *Jacke*;
haste thow not hard it saied
that weomen in loue haue witt at will?
Jo[hn]. I praye you, misteries, show your skill;
heare comes your husband!
Be[ss]. Hid thee, my leaman;
and I will goe plead for our loue, our loue.
[Exit John.]

[Act II: Husband; to him enters Bess, looking sad.]

[5]

Hu[sband]. How now, sweete wife! what, all amorte?
Be. I! my deare; I! my deare;
I haue no lust to sporte.
Although I was tempted very late
to abuse your bed and my mariage state,
yet, in my tryall,
I made a denyall.
Hu. How happie am I in my loue, my loue!

[6]

But tell me, wyfe; who tempted thee.
Be. *John*, your man; *John*, your man,
Vrginge me shamfully;
and, had I not graunted to meete him at length,
he would have forst me with his strength.
Hu. Out one him, villaine!
Be. Not for a millaine
of gould, would I loose my loue, my loue.

[4] 7 hid] i. e. hide. [6] 6 one] i. e. on. 7 millaine] i. e. million. 8 loose] i. e. lose.

[7]

Hu. O *Besse*, the knaue is growne to proude:
take him downe; take him downe;
such twiges must needs be bound.
Be. But in the Orcharde, where I should meete him,
there, in my apparell, yourselfe shall greete him.
Gett thee a coudgell—
Hu. I'le pay the young losell
for offering to tempt my loue, my love.

[8]

Thou didst appoynte to meete him there.
Be. Out, alas! out, alas!
I did it all for feare.
Hu. How didst thow say thow wouldst come attired?
Be. In my blacke silke gowne, for soe he desired.
Hu. That will I put on.
Be. Looke to thy selfe, *John!*
Hu. I'le course him for tempting my loue, my loue.

[9]

But when did he point this sporte should bee?
Be. All alone; all alone,
vnder the holly tree.
Hu. Then of that tree I'le get [me] a wande.
Be. I would you had a stronger hande
to chastise the treacher.
Hu. Out on him, leacher!
that would have defielèd my loue, &c.

[10]

O what a wife haue I of thee.
Be. Praise thy god, praise thy god!
'Tis he hath blessèd thee.
Hus. Would all my neighbors were so sped
with such a trew loue in their bed.
Be. Good wives are daintie.
Hus. Not one amongest twentie
so constant as thow in thy loue, &c.

[11]

Hus. Vppon what houre did you agree?
Be. By and by, [by] and by,
after the stroke of three.
Hus. Then it is tyme that I were gone—
Be. I! if you meane to meete with *John*.
Lay him one sowndlye.
Hus. I'le beat him profoundly,
for offeringe to tempte my love, &c.

[7] 1 to] i. e. too. 3 bound] *read* bowed (i. e. bent). [9] 6 treacher] i. e. treacherous one. [11] 6 one] i. e. on.

Appendix VIII

[12]

Be. But hide your bearde in any case.
Hus. Hould thy peace, hould thy peace,
a moufler shall hide my face:
and, when he comes, and thinkes to settle,
his flowre shall prowfe a stinkinge nettle.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

[13]

Be. Then goe and make you readie straight.
Hus. Now I goe, now I goe,
for *John* to lie in waight.
The goose is betraide vnto the fox.
Be. The ase will prowfe himselfe an ox.
Hus. What sayest thow, my sweetinge?
Be. I say, in your meettinge
you will course him for tempting your loue, [your loue.]
[Exit Husband: Bess moralizes.]

[14]

Thus doe the weeds overgroe the corne,
alunseene, alunseene,
with laughing and great scorne.
I'st not a world to heare vs speake:
then doe your vessels soonest leake.
Men are importune;
then blame not our fortune,
our sexe were ordainèd to loue, to loue.

[Act III: Bess; to her enters John.]

[15]

Jo. Say, mris, which wayes blowes the winde?
Be. Towards the cost, towards the cost
which we too strive to finde.
Jo. Oh that I could that cost descerne!
Be. Playe thow the pylat at the stearne;
and feare not aryving,
no winde is dryvinge
to hinder vs of our loue, our loue.

[12] 5 stinkinge] *read* stinginge. 6, 7, 8 Blank left in MS. for the three missing lines. [13] 5 Spoken by Bess aside, and imperfectly heard by husband. [15] 2 cost] i. e. coast. 3 too] i. e. two. 5 pylat] i. e. pilot.

[16]

Jo. What sayes my master to this geare?
Be. Now the mouse, now the mouse
sleepes in the catt's eare.
Jo. But tell me, mris; what doth hee say?
Be. That he will wincke while we two playe.
Io. Is all this veritie?
Be. I! of my honestye.
Io. But tell me how, my loue, my loue.

[17]

Be. O *John*! I haue complayned of thee,
Blamynge thee, blamynge thee
all for thy leachery.
Jo. Out alas! why did you soe?
Be. Thow knowest not how the winde doth blowe.
It was my pollicye—
Jo. to kyll his Jelowsie?
Be. Onely for that, my loue, my loue.

[18]

Jo. I stande accusèd in this case—
Be. Be content! be content!
I'le keepe thee from abuse.
Within the orchard looke thow staye,
and when thy master comes this waye
in my apparell—
Jo. Will he not quarrell
with me about our loue, our loue?

[19]

Be. Thow must suppose him to be me:
raile one me, raile one me;
blame my dysloyaltie.
And, to make his loue to roote the faster
. . . . . .
and, in your talkinge,
let blowes be walkinge,
and call him a whore in his loue, his loue.

[20]

Jo. The finest device that euer I harde,
that so soone, that so soone
my loue hath got a bearde!
Therefore, mris, get you awaye.
Be. Looke, in the orcharde see you staye.
Jo. I do conceyte you.
Be. I will awaight you,
and see how you handle our loue, our loue.

[18] 3 abuse] *read* disgrace. [19] 2 one] i. e. on. 5 Line dropped; something like—'fail not to protest thou dost honour thy master;'.

Appendix VIII

[Act IV: Husband finds John in the orchard, and is drubbed by him.]

[21]

Hus. Now, *John*, we will pay the score—
Jo. Fye one thee! fye one thee!
thou art an arrant whore.
Hus. *John*, I know thou doest but iest.
Jo. I know thou art a filthie beast
to fawne one a leaman,
and leaue thy good husbande.
Hus. O *John*! it is for loue, for loue.

[22]

Jo. The devill in hell take such a wife!
Hearest thou me? Hearest thou me?
'tys pittie of thy life.
Hus. Why wilt thou wound, and give no plaster?
Jo. Why wilt thou haue me wroung my master?
Hus. Thou saidst thou didst loue me—
Jo. I did it to proue thee;
and therefore, take this for thy loue, thy l[oue.]
[Beats him.]

[23]

[Bess emerges from her hiding-place.]

Be. Be advisèd and hould thy hand.
See'st thou not, see'st thou not
where thy master doth stand?
Jo. What makes my master in your weede?
Be. He came to rate thy filthy deed.
Hus. O *John*! I loue thee;
for now I have proved thee:
thou wilt not fleet in thy loue, thy loue,

[24]

Be. O husband! you will not take it soe?
Hus. Yes, my love; yes, my love,
and ioy in every blowe.
Jo. Master, my mris is very light.
Hus. No, *John*! my wife is pure and right.
Now I haue try'de ye—
Be. Knave, I defie thee
for callinge me light in my loue, my lo[ue].

[21] 6 one] i. e. on. [24] 1 Bess hypocritically remonstrates with Husband, for putting up with the beating.

[25]

Hus. O *John!* thou art my seruant trew
and my love, and my love;
I'le change the for no new.
Jo. A seruant's dewtie prict me one—
Hus. Now JESUS blese thee, gentle *John!*
O ioy out of measure
to haue such a treasure
of such a seruant and loue, and loue.

[26]

Goe, wife! goe, make vs merrie cheare
of the best, of the best:
let nothinge be to deare.
Be. I will, seeth you will haue it soe. [Exit Bess.]
Jo. About your business I will goe.
Hus. Doe soe, good *John!* [Exit John.]
How happie I am
That haue such a seruant and loue, and loue.

Finis.

Appendix IX

A prince doth sit in slippery seat

Fol. 19v. This tuneful piece may well have suggested Robert Herrick's similar musing on *The Country Life* in his *Hesperides*:—

> Sweet country life, to such unknown
> whose lives are others', not their own;
> but, serving courts and cities, be
> less happy, not enioying thee.

Most of the stanzas have some detail of interest. In stanza 3 we have the long winter evening by firelight, all hands at some profitable work, and all minds interested by story or song. When I was a boy in Scotland, old labouring men used to relate their reminiscences of just such evenings. Candles were dear; reading-matter, and the power to read, were scarce. The family had no other light than the fire of wood or turf. Every one had some work in hand. The mother and the older girls had whorl or spinning-wheel to make flax-thread or woollen thread. The father and the older boys split wood with their knives to form pegs for shoemakers, or, when dipped in brimstone, lucifer matches. The younger children peeled rushes, that the pith-stalks might be dipped in tallow to make candles. Stories were told of ghost, and witch, and fairy, of brownie, and kelpie, and Satanic visitation; of omens dire, and second sight, and presentiments of death, all with local attribution of person or place. Here, in the same way, the wife peels hemp, and the husband pegs his

[25] 3 the] i. e. thee. 4 one] i. e. on. 5 blese] i. e. bless. [26] 3 to] i. e. too. 4 seeth] i. e. sith, since.

clogs; and tale is not lacking. The mixture of apple-pulp and ale made the lamb's-wool of No. LI, stanza 18.

In stanza 5, and again in stanza 10, tabor and pipe are mentioned as the staple of country music. John Aubrey tells us (*Brief Lives*, ii. 319) that this continued till the great Civil War, when 'the drumme and trumpet putte that peaceable musique to silence'.

Stanza 7 dilates upon the feast which rewarded the labour of sheep-washing and shearing. Tusser gives this *Sheep-shearing* due notice among his *The Ploughmen's Feasting days*:—

> Wife, make us a dinner:
> spare flesh, neither corn.
> Make wafers and cakes, for
> our sheep must be shorn.

Stanza 11 shows that the piece is from the pen of a parson-poet, as was Herrick; but an optimist, not a realist. Neither his contemporaries, nor any of their successors, have found, or find, that cheerful alacrity in the payment of tithe. Thomas Tusser (d. 1580) lays down, as a general maxim of husbandry, that 'some in their tithing', i. e. payment of tithe, 'be slack'; and, from his painful personal experience as a collector of tithe at Fairstead, Essex, recounts how:—

> The tithing life, the tithing strife,
> through tithing ill of Jack and Gill,
> ... too long I felt.

Stanza 12 describes riding at the Quinten (quintain) as a sport associated with the mounted escort of the bride at a country wedding. John Aubrey (*Brief Lives*, ii. 330) records how this continued to the Civil War and then ceased. In Aubrey's time the rider used a club, and gave 'a lusty bang' at one of the swinging arms of the apparatus, and, if his horse was too slow, got a knock on the head from the other arm. According to the ballad, the sport had at the earlier date more resemblance to the exercises of the tilt-yard, the rider thrusting with a spear, and, if he missed the right point, suffering the penalty of his arm being jarred by the splintered wood.

A proper new Ballad, Intituled The Very Life of the Countriman, etc. wherin is Shewed his contented minde, and labour-some toyle mixed with pleasure: most pleasaunte and delightfull: to be songe.

To the tune of *Lacaranto*.

[1]

A Prince dothe sit a slippery seate,
and beares a carefull minde:
the Nobles, which in silkes doe iet,
do litle pleasure finde.
Our safegard and safetie, with many great matters,
they scan;
and non liues merrier, in my mynde,
than dothe the plaine countryman.

[1] 1 a] *read* in.

[2]

Although with patchèd clothes he go,
and stockinge out at heele,
he litle knowes the greife and wo
that mightie men do feele;
But merrely whistles, and plowes vp the thistles
a pace.
When sunne goes downe so rounde as a crowne,
his oxen he doth vnbrace.

[3]

When they are in stall, his wife he dothe call:—
'Come hether, my owne sweete *megge*,
'and peele the hempe at the chymney wall,
'while I my shewes do pegge.'
Then, by good fier, he merrely tels her
a tale.
And then, with delight, to quicken their sprite,
they drinke of their apples and ale.

[4]

When springe time comes, his pleasure he turnes
about his grownd to go,
to see howe trime his corne dothe springe,
which he did lately sowe.
Which when he perceiueth bothe forwarde and fruitfull
to bee,
vpon his toe he turnes him tho,
so pleasant as any can see.

[5]

And then in *may*, by breake of day,
with morrice daunces trime
his men and he dothe quickly agree
to fetch their may-powle in.
With pipe and with tabor, in very good order,
you knowe,
throughout the towne, bothe vp and downe,
their may-game they will sho.

[6]

And though they do great toyle abide,
and labour, all the weeke,
of a sommer lorde, at *whitsontide*,
they will not be to seeke.
The lorde and the lady, so merry as may be
all day,
like kinge and queene, will there be sene,
all in their best array.

[3] 4 shewes] i. e. shoes. [4] 4 lately] i. e. in the winter wheat-sowing. 7 i. e. he cuts a caper, for joy.

Appendix IX

[7]

At sheeringe of sheepe, which they do keepe,
good lorde! what sporte is than.
What great good cheire, what ale and beare,
is set to euery man.
With beefe and with baken, in wooden browne platters, good store,
they fall to their meate, and merrily eate:
they call for no sawce therfore.

[8]

When midsommer comes, with bauens and bromes
they do bonefiers make,
and swiftly, then, the nimble yong men
runnes leapinge ouer the same.
The women and maydens together do couple their handes.
With bagpipe's sounde, they daunce a rounde;
no malice amongest them standes.

[9]

When sommer's day hath dry'de the hay
that growes vppon the grownde,
they merrily iet, their sythes to whet;
and downe they cut it rounde.
Their wiues and daughters, with forkes and with rakers, do come,
in petticotes gay, to spread out the hay,
with a strawne hat for the sunne.

[10]

When corne is ripe, with tabor and pipe,
their sickles they prepare;
and wagers they lay how muche in a day
they meane to cut downe there.
And he which is quickest, and cutteth downe cleanest the corne,
a garlande trime they make for him,
and brauely they bringe him home.

[11]

And when in the barne, without any harme,
they haue layd vp their corne,
In hart they singe high praises to him
that so increast their gaine.
And vnto the parson, their pastor and teacher also,
With harts most blyth, they geue their tyth—
their duties full well they knowe.

[8] 1 bauens] i. e. bavins, loppings of hedges, brushwood. 2 fiers] i. e. fi-ers. [9] 8 strawne] i. e. straw-en, made of straw.

[12]

But when they ride to fetche home a bride
the bagpipe's not forgot;
Nor bridecakes fine, to beare with them,
whether cut do amble or trot.
And then, at the Quinten, the yongemen prepare them
to ride,
and manly their they break a speare
in honnour of mistris bride.

[13]

When Ch[r]istmas drawes neare, to make good cheare
they nede not to market go,
for brawne and souse they haue in the house,
with goose and capon also.
For brewer and Baker they care not a couple
of flyes,
Yet will they haue ale, bothe nappy and stale;
yea, white loues and Ch[r]istmas pyes.

[14]

And thus you heare, throughout the yeare,
the merrie Countrieman's life,
how pleasantly they do spende the day,
with litle trouble or strife.
For backe and for belly if that they haue redie
in store,
and rent to pay at the quarter day,
they never desier more.

[15]

But with a quiet contented minde
he spends his time till deathe;
yet beares away as muche as they
that liues like lordes on earthe.
And allwayes continewes to god and his princesse
most true,
and geueth plaine, without disdaine,
to euery man his due.

[16]

Whose harte is not ambitiously bent
to clinke to high estate;
but, all his life, is well content
to liue in simple rate.
Through faith in CH[R]IST JESUS his soule is sauèd
from thrall,
and plast in ioy, where CHRIST, we pray,
bringe vs bothe great and smale.

Finis.

[12] 4 cut] farm-horse. 7 their] i. e. there. [13] 8 loues] i. e. loaves. [15] 5 princesse] i. e. Queen Elizabeth. [16] 2 clinke] *read* climb. 7 plast] i. e. plac'd.

GRAMMAR NOTES

It seems desirable to bring together, under a few heads, some characteristic features of grammatical construction which appear in these ballads. It is to be borne in mind that the copyist of the Shirburn MS. and the copyist of the Rawlinson MS. were by no means illiterate persons. It is plain from their respective handwritings (pp. 1, 334) that they were of scholarly attainments. For this reason, their grammatical eccentricities are not blunders, mere and positive, but expressions of a general carelessness as to inflexions which was afterwards corrected and curbed by the influence of printed matter.

Plural subject with singular verb. This is of frequent occurrence. e. g. with the inflexion **-th**, we have :—men who doth, 26 ; some riseth, 68 ; climbers doth, 114 ; foes that doth, 128 ; blossoms aboundeth, 186 ; stories hath, 192 ; streets doth, 241 ; bodies hath, 243 ; thoughts doth, 305 ; laws doth, 309 ; fruits doth, 341.

With the inflexion **-s**, we have :—things that is, 27 ; pleasures is sought, 51 ; wonders foretells, 80 ; those sits, 114 ; things is, 131 ; beagles that hunts, 152 ; years was, 165 ; fowls sits, 187 ; sons was, 231 ; graces binds, 237 ; causes wills, 237 ; friends holds, 239 ; hands was, 256 ; men dwells, 257 ; children cries, 258 ; men sits, 258 ; years fits, 264 ; humors stops, 269 ; maidens strives, 299 ; buds bears, 302 ; them that troubles, 325 ; passions requires, 337.

In several cases, rhyme is a motive for neglect of pure grammar, as in these instances :— people bestows, 69 ; they craves, 70 ; friends makes, 70 ; lives lies, 79 ; lips misses, 87 ; those knows, 122 ; wights fights, 227.

In still other instances, the construction may be glossed over (i) by the subject being two-membered and of only cumulative plurality :—e. g. heaven and earth doth, 86 ; care and woe hath, 109 ; theft and robbery follows, 23 ; shaft and bow seeks, 121 ; grief and care kills, 137 ; cinnamon and sugar grows, 173 ; conscience and credit bids, 265 ; thoughts and industry is, 303 ; lily and rose strives, 282 ; milk and roses shews, 283 ; men and he doth, 362 ; or (ii) by the subject being collective, e. g. news was, 17, 232 ; tidings comes, 171 ; or (iii) by inversions, e. g. doth madmen use, 268 ; was men, 131 ; is nectar and ambrose, 173 ; was sorrows, 198 ; is others, 310 ; comes expenses, 313.

Conversely, *singular subject with plural verb* occurs :—e. g. nature seeke, 58 ; the which (thing) were, 70 ; safety do abide, 99 ; mind despise, 114 ; the younger (brother) were, 168 ; fortune are, 239 ; face look, 243 ; year have, 295 ; god have, 295.

This is sometimes disguised by *ad sensum* construction :—e. g. myself (with others) were, 200, 201 ; myself (with more) were, 201 ; or by inversion, e. g. have England won, 124.

Peculiar uses of the pronouns. (i) There is carelessness in attaching person- and number-inflexion-marks to pronouns:—e.g. I yields, 330; thou was, 313; thou were, 252; looks thou, 354. (ii) The archaic use in which *thou* was spoken by superior to inferior, and *you* by inferior to superior, is still prevalent, 245. (iii) Confusion is creeping in, e.g. *thy* and *you*, in the same connexion, refer to the same person, 149, 150. (iv) *She* occurs for the objective case (*her*), 282.

Double comparison is frequent:—e.g. more sharper, 137; more vilder, 167; more worse, 168; more purer, 189; worser, 201; more nearer, 332; more fitter, 333.

Double negative is equally frequent:—e.g. no . . . not, 45; nor . . . never, 73, 303, 330; nor . . . not, 83, 112, 171; nor . . . no, 211.

I. INDEX OF TUNES

The number of the ballad is given. P.M. refers to William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855–7; O.E.D. to Oxenfoord-Macfarren, *Old English Ditties* [1881]; and R.B., to *Roxburghe Ballads*, edited by J. W. Ebsworth.

All in a garden green (LII): P.M. 110; O.E.D. ii. 84.
All those that are good fellows (LXVII): P.M. 151.
All you that fathers be (XXXIII) = All you that love good fellows: P.M. 149.
Awake, awake, O England (XLIII) = O man in desperation.

Beggar comes, the (XXXIV).
Bragandary (I, V): R.B. viii. 14.
Bride's good-morrow, the (XLIV): R.B. i. 62.
Buggleboe (LXI, act III).

Cramp, the: Appendix VI: O.E.D. ii. 184.
Crimson velvet (XXXIX, XLVI, LX): P.M. 178; O.E.D. ii. 168.

Dainty, come thou to me (XVIII, LXXIII): P.M. 517.
Down Plumpton Park (II).
Dulcina (XI, XII, XIII): P.M. 142; O.E.D. i. 208.

Essex's (= the King's) last good-night (XIV): P.M. 174; O.E.D. ii. 192.

Flying fame (XXIII, XLVIII): P.M. 198.
Fortune my foe (XV, XXVI, XXVII, XXXI, LV): P.M. 162; O.E.D. ii. 188.
French lauata (= levalto), the (LI, LXXVI): P.M. 169.

Gallants all come mourn with me (LXXVII): R.B. viii. 758.
Galliard, *see* Robinson's, Wigmore's.
Ghost's hearse, the, p. 337.
Gigg-a-gogg (XLV) = Over the water fain would I pass.
Glass doth run, the (XVII) = Wigmore's Galliard.
Go from my window (LXI, act IV): P.M. 140, 142.

Heart's ease (LXV): P.M. 209; O.E.D. ii. 170 = Wit whither wilt thou.
In Christmas time as it befell (LXX).
In Crete (XXVIII).

Jewish Dance, the (LXI, act II): cp. the eighteen-lined ballad to the tune of *The Jewish Coranto*, R.B. vi. 420.
Jovial Tinker, the (XXII): P.M. 187.

King's (= Essex's) last good-night, the (LXXIX): P.M. 174.

Labandalashot (IX): R.B. vii. p. xx.
Lacaranto: Appendix IX: *see* Legoranto.
Lady Jane: Appendix III.
Lady's fall, the (III, X, XVI, XLIX, LXXI, LXXII): P.M. 196.
Legoranto: Appendix II: *see* Lacoranto.
Light o' love (LXII): P.M. 221; O.E.D. i. 84.
Live with me and be my love (XXX, L): P.M. 213.
Loath to depart: Appendix VIII.

Medley, the: p. 334.
Merchant of Emden, the (XXXIX): P.M. 179.
Miller would a wooing ride, the (LXXV).

Nay fie! Nay fie! (IV).
Newton fields (IV).
Nutmegs and Ginger (XXIX).

Oh hone (XXXV): P.M. 369.
O man in desperation (VI, XXXVIII, XL): R.B. viii. p. xxi = Awake, awake, O England.
Oyster pie, an (LXXIV).

Pagginton's round (XXXII): P.M. 123.
Peascod time (XLIX): P.M. 196.
Peggy Ramsay (XXXVII): P.M. 218; O.E.D. ii. 172.
Phillida flouts me (LXXIII): P.M. 182; O.E.D. i. 18.
Pity, pity me (LIII).
Plumpton Park (II).

Queen Dido (XXXVI, LXVIII) : P.M. 370–2.
Queen's hunt 's up, the (XLII) : P.M. 60, 62.

Rest thee, desire (LXXX).
Robinson's galliard (LXXIV).
Rogero (VIII, LXIV) : P.M. 93, 96 ; O.E.D. ii. 26.

Shore's wife (XXV, XLVII) : P.M. 215.
So ho (XX).
Stand thy ground, old Harry (XXI) : P.M. 365.
Sweet Gardiner (XIX).

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